True Story Magazine

July

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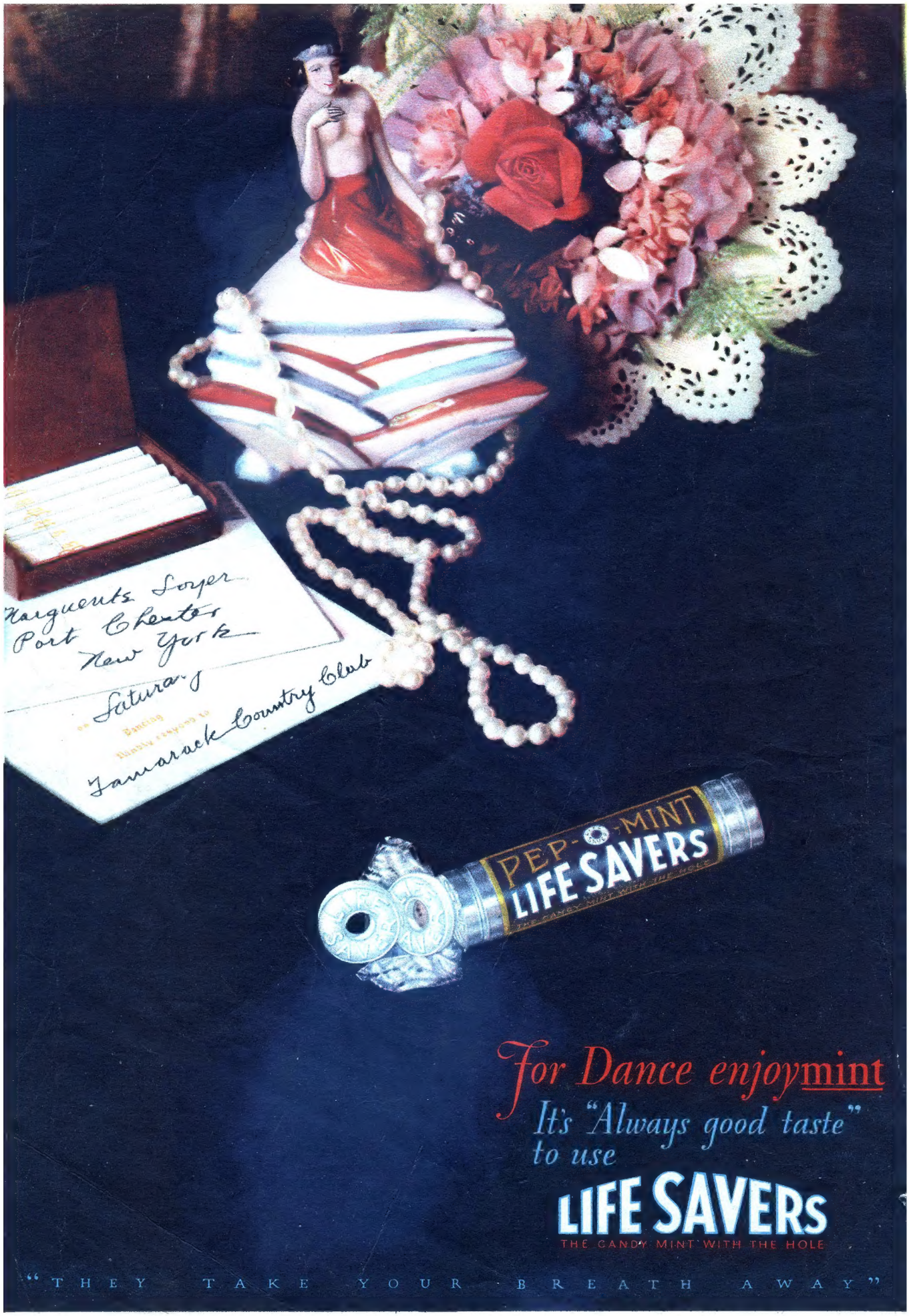

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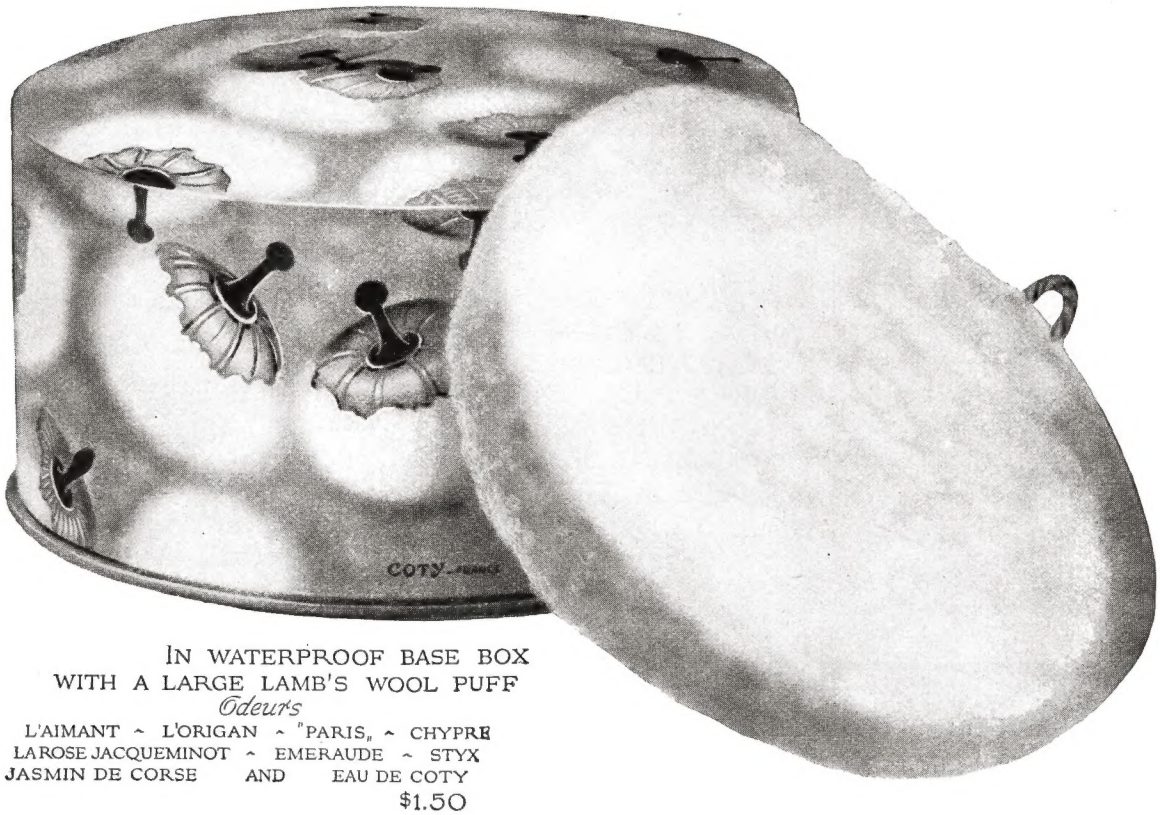

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True Story for July

Vol. 20 No. 6

CONTENTS

Cover: Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a photograph by Hommel, of Esther Ralston, Paramount Player.

LOVE STORIES MAKE HOMES
By Bernarr Macfadden 23

THE MAN SHE COULDN'T DENY
What Was His Secret Claim? 24

MEDDLING WITH DESTINY
Does Love Excuse All? 28

ONLY A WOMAN COULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS!
How One Wife Solved the Mother-in-Law Problem 31

DEVIL DRIVEN
She Thought She Was Finding Romance 34

NO MATTER WHERE SHE WENT
The Heart of a Clinging Vine 37

CAN A MAN EVER UNDERSTAND?
For the Sake of the Other Woman 40

THE LOVE HE COULDN'T FORGET
A Man Who Was Blind to Beauty 43

WHO CASTS THE FIRST STONE?
She Was Condemned by the Mob 45

LUXURY BLINDED
Gay Society Hypnotized Her 48

WHY SHE DISAPPEARED
Between Love and Fear 51

THE ONE THING I COULDN'T DO
Her Code of Honor 54

UNDER NORTHERN LIGHTS
The Strangest of Rivals 57

YOUNG SINNERS
The Love Adventures of a Real Modern Girl 60

ONLY A POOR RELATION
In Search of the Greatest Thing in Life 63

Special Features

STRANGER THAN FICTION 4
HOME PROBLEMS FORUM 6
CRITICISM CONTEST WINNERS 10
WHAT TRUE STORY MEANS TO THE AMERICAN WIFE 16
$3,000.00 IN PRIZES FOR TRUE STORIES 15
MIRROR OF BEAUTY 17
THE TRUE STORY HOME MAKER
Helps to Happier and Healthier Homes 67

What One Woman Did for Love

Lola sat on the witness stand facing the relentless questions of the other woman's attorney. And listening tensely to her every word were the two men who meant most in her life.

Suddenly, the one vital question was shot at her. Her own happiness, and more important still, the very lives of these two men hung upon her answer.

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August
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On Sale Everywhere
July 5th

The stories in this magazine are about REAL PEOPLE, and because of this fact, fictitious names, which bear absolutely no relation to the real characters and places involved in the story, have been used.

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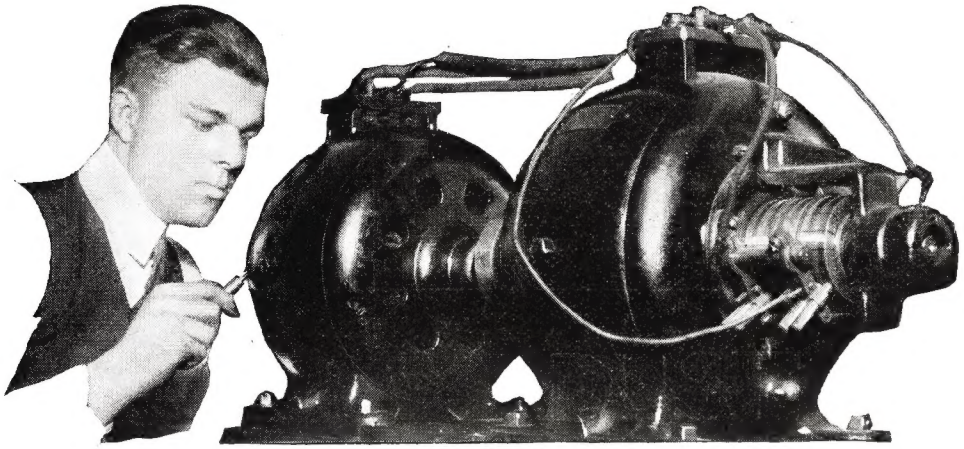

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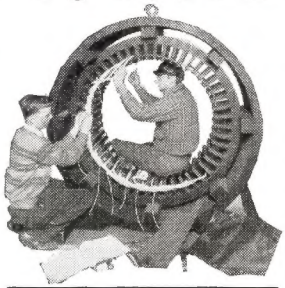

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Here are a few of hundreds of positions open to COYNE-trained men. Our free employment bureau gives you lifetime employment service.

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H. C. LEWIS, Pres. ***Established 1899***
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Stranger than Fiction

The most poignant drama can often be told in a few words. It is the editors' object to give in this department brief sketches from life which shall be intensely interesting and call forth the same emotions as those stories written in greater detail

Mother

JOHN Sephton had an office high up in one of those multi-elevator buildings on lower Broadway, and I frequently had occasion to visit him there.

Just inside the entrance there was a diminutive cigar and paper stand kept by a kind faced old lady. From her I used to buy cigarettes whenever I was in the neighborhood. She was an interesting old woman with a gracious way about her which impressed me.

Every one in the building seemed to know her, and she always had a cheerful greeting for those who stopped at her stall and a smile for those who hurried by with a nod. The men all were "her boys" and she took a motherly interest in them, while more than one stenographer had gone to her for advice and comforting word when the burdens of a business girl became unbearably heavy for young and slender shoulders.

Most of these friends called her "Mother."

One day I dropped in a little later than usual. John asked me to wait a few minutes and then he would leave the office and we could discuss our business over the dinner table as he was to meet his wife later and go to the theater.

When we came down in the elevator, we stopped at the news stand where the old lady greeted us with a smile.

"Hello, mother!" said John. "How has business been today?"

"I can't complain," she replied. "At least I don't have as many worries as you big business men, even if I don't make as much money. Besides, every one is so nice to me."

"They ought to be," said John gazing at her with a strange look in his eyes. "You mother them all and spoil them."

"He's jealous," she said with a laugh as she turned to me. "You see they all call me mother. It's a big family I have here, but of them all, Mr. Sephton here is my favorite." And she beamed on the broad-shouldered man beside me.

"DON'T stay here too late," he warned her as we turned away. "And be careful of that cold. This corridor is drafty and that lazy superintendent hasn't put up your glass screen yet. You had better speak to him about it again tonight before you leave."

She smiled at the concern on his face and waved her hand.

"I'll mind," she said.

A few minutes later we found a table in a nearby restaurant and the incident at the news stand was swept out of our thoughts by the business matters we had to discuss.

It was two weeks before I again called at the office of John Sephton. As I entered the building my eyes sought the little news stand and its cheerful proprietor. I was surprised to see that the little old lady was no longer there. Instead, a rather sour-faced man was in charge, so I did not stop, but went on up to John's office.

I was scarcely prepared for the serious-faced man who greeted me; it was far different from the cheerful reception I usually received.

"What's wrong, old timer?" I asked. "Bottom drop out of your pet stock, or did you lose an election bet?"

He shook his head and I saw that my jovial air was out of place. There was no smile in the deep, dark eyes he turned full upon me.

"Did you happen to notice as you came in that there has been a change at the news stand?" he asked slowly.

"Yes," I answered. "What has happened to the little old lady you all called mother?"

"Dead," he replied dully. "She had a cold which turned into pneumonia and she snuffed out like a candle in a draft."

He swung around in his luxurious desk chair and stared out of the window to where a silver strip of the Hudson showed below.

On the hurrying river a weather-beaten old steamer was slowly slipping down toward the sea. Amid complaining, work-scarred tugs, sloshing ferry-boats, and pompous millionaires' liners, the little steamer seemed to maintain a quiet dignity, wearing with conscious pride the frayed rigging which bespoke storm and stress beyond the meager experiences of the other ships around her.

WHEN the man who could write his check in many figures turned back toward me there were tears in his deep-set eyes. I wondered what was behind this situation which could stir him so.

"Do you remember the last time you were here and we stopped at the news stand for a few minutes?" he asked. I nodded.

"The little old lady remarked at the time that you were her favorite of all those who called her mother," I said.

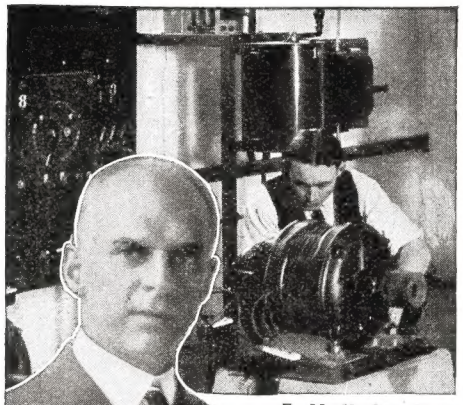
"There was a reason," he said huskily. "She was *my own* mother."

I was too surprised at his words to say anything and after a few moments he went on:

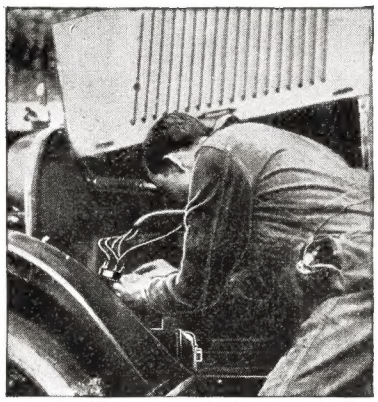
"We came from a small town across the river," he said. "There father had a little shoe store, and all her life mother had helped him.

"When I went into business, I seemed to strike luck. Everything I touched made money, and before long I was wealthy, and built a big house out at Pelham.

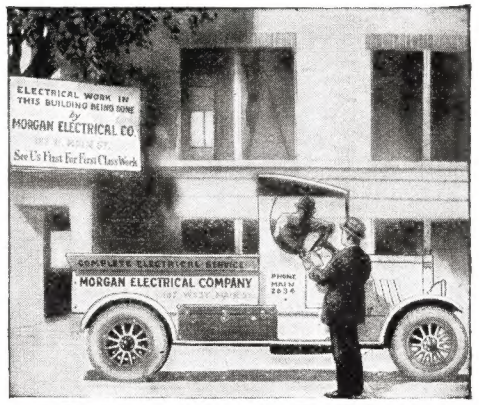
"My wife and I both begged my parents to come and live with us, but mother decided they would not feel at home in such elaborate surroundings. When my father died, we again tried to get mother to come with us, but she refused, laughingly but firmly. (*Continued on page* 12)



E. M. Hughes, Terre Haute, Ind., makes $12,000 a year



Automotive Electricity pays W. E. Pence, Box 921, Palo Alto, Calif., over $9,000 a year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TRUE STORY'S INTIMATE

Home Problems Forum

A New Problem to Be Solved

ERNEST and Alice, a childless couple, have brought a problem to the Forum anent the wisdom of adopting one, or even two children. Alice is tensely keyed up and feels that with the advent of the children into her home, all her troubles, both mental and emotional, will end. Her husband, on the other hand, considers it a passing fancy and not really a desire to bring happiness into the life of some poor waif.

They ask you, our readers, to help them solve this question and promise to be guided by your opinions. Their letters will be found beginning on page 10.

The Decision in the Case of Ed and Olga

THE problem of Ed and Olga, told in the April issue, must be one which many couples are facing today, because the response was unusually enthusiastic. Thousands of our readers wrote of their experiences in the matter of installment buying.

Olga wishes to purchase a radio on time payment, while her husband argues that cash down is cheapest and wisest in the end. Our readers give logical reasons on both sides, but most of them seem to agree with Olga that the pleasure derived from owning the article compensates for a slight addition to the cost. They argue that big business is carried on on a credit basis, and the home is, in a small way, a business.

First Prize Letter

MY DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

It is not surprising that Ed and Olga have had difficulty in deciding what attitude they should take toward installment buying. The question of whether or not we should take advantage of deferred payment plans, and the effect of such buying on the family purse and national prosperity has, for a number of years, been a topic for discussion among bankers and financiers.

Most of the arguments, however, seem to indicate that Olga is right in urging her husband to buy a radio, furniture, and perhaps other household equipment and furnishings, by making a down payment, with the balance on "easy terms."

No one can tell Ed and Olga, or any other couple, whether to buy the radio without knowing more about the amount of money they have to spend, the amount they owe, if any, and what other obligations and responsibilities they have. I can, I am sure, give them some worth-while thoughts about installment buying.

I wonder if Ed and Olga ever stopped to realize that when the Government, or any business concern, issues bonds that it is, in reality, buying on the installment plan?

I wonder if they remember all the Liberty Loan drives during the war? The Government was simply buying the use of money—which it is paying back on installments. Suppose the Government had said, "We will save our money, little by little each year, and when we get enough to meet our needs then we will enter the war." What would have been the result? Buying on the installment plan is the first principle of successful business.

Cities, states and business houses, however, have a limit placed upon the bonds they can issue. A certain sum, determined by the wealth of the concern, is all that it is safe for them to borrow. It's the same way with Ed and Olga, and all the rest of us. It is perfectly safe and wise for us to buy some things on the installment plan—but there's a limit beyond which we cannot go with safety.

Ed and Olga can afford that radio, I am sure. They are perfectly safe in buying some things on the installment plan. Their only problem is: How much can they afford to buy, with safety, on the installment plan?

RECENTLY I read a most interesting article on this subject. It appeared in the February issue of the *Nation's Business* and was written by that most human newspaper editor, W. O. Saunders.

Under the title, "I've Gotten Ahead by Installment Buying," this is what he said:

"Pretty much everything I have in life, including my wife and my spiritual outlook, I owe to the deferred payment plan.

"I am persuaded that I never would have captured the handsome and helpful wife who has stuck by me through thick and thin for a quarter of a century if it hadn't been for the installment jewelry house that enabled me to make her a gift of a piece of jewelry that she wanted very early in my courtship.

"Having married the dear girl, we should have lived in a boarding house the rest of our days (*Continued on page* 8)

Have You a Problem?

SOMETIMES there is nothing better than being given an opportunity to tell some one else the things that are weighing on your mind.

If you are confronted by a problem that you do not seem to be able to solve, why not write to Mrs. Helen Willman, who is conducting TRUE STORY'S Intimate Home Problems Forum, and let our readers tell you what they think?

So sit down today and tell us about your problem, and here on this page under Mrs. Willman's sympathetic guidance, let us talk it over together.

Every month TRUE STORY offers three prizes, of $15, $10, and $5, for the three best letters of advice to those whose problems are presented in these pages.

Society simply *won't* stand for Indelicate Women

As quick as a wink, a few sprinkles of Amolin will guard your freshness and wholesomeness all day long!

AS SOON as you step from your bath, while the delicious glow of the towel is still upon you, throw under your arms a light coating of Amolin.

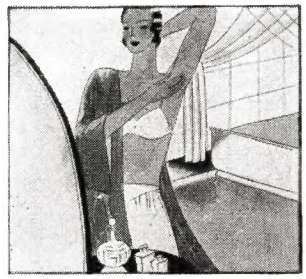
For Amolin is a delicate deodorizer *sans reproche*. It does not cover up odors but absorbs them as they arise all day long! It is the clean, fastidious way of disbarring from society the slightest trace of offensive personal odor.

Without smothering the natural function of the pores, Amolin actually counteracts the odors as soon as they are formed. And it protects, rather than harms, your silken underclothes.

This Personal Deodorant has many uses

There are many uses of this wonderful, scientific powder! Use it after your bath, sprinkle it, if you wish, into your lingerie as you dress, put it in your slippers—you can be free with its use for it is harmless and not at all costly! It is pleasant to smell—but its odor is gone as soon as it touches you! For Amolin does not cover up one odor with another, but neutralizes all personal odors as they arise!

So, go dancing, go shopping, swing your arms in golf or tennis, do a day's work in a hot office, for Amolin used after your bath or sprinkled in your underclothes will protect you all day long!



1 *Always use Amolin under the arms when dressing for any social activity*

2 *The most fastidious women use Amolin after the bath all over the body*

3 *Amolin protects delicate lingerie and keeps elastic girdles fresh and sweet*

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or 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto

Enclosed is 10¢. Please send me the generous test can of Amolin.

Name.....

Address.....

Home Problems Forum

(*Continued from page 6*)

if it hadn't been for the installment furniture dealer. I could never have saved up enough money to furnish a house or a flat outright.

"Today I contemplate my chattels: A fairly good library; a comfortably furnished home; a reproducing piano; an all-electric radio receiver; a sporty six-cylinder automobile; an electric refrigerator; an electric range; all bought on deferred payments."

My personal experience has been very much like that of Mr. Saunders, except that he has many more "chattels" (all of which I did not list) than I.

Just now I am buying a car on the installment plan. This car I need in my work. I make payments by the month.

Just the other day I said to my wife, "We will have this car paid for in a short time, and never know we bought it, so far as missing the money is concerned." We are also about to make the last payment on our home. This, you will remember, Ed approved.

As I look around our home I find that we bought most of our furniture on the installment plan. We also bought the gas stove by making monthly payments. And the typewriter with which I am writing this letter I obtained by paying two dollars down and the balance monthly.

Ed need not fear installment buying, provided that he stays within a conservative margin, just as his home town must do if it issues bonds.

P. W. C.

Second Prize Letter

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

I want to say to Olga and Ed that their problem of cash versus the installment plan is a serious problem to most married couples, and Ed need not think that it is peculiar to his home. The determination to live within one's income is wise indeed, and saves us from a multitude of troubles; but my own experience, extending over a good many years, will bear me out in saying that we can live within the range of our income and have some of the pleasures we crave at the same time.

I am about twenty years older than my wife, which makes me very careful about taking on obligations that run into the future. For a long time, we lived according to Ed's frugal plan of buying nothing unless we had the cash to pay for it. We found, however, that although we had no debts, we were missing most of the satisfaction that our friends were getting out of life by buying the things they wanted on the installment plan and forgetting to worry, in the excitement and fun of enjoying the very things they wanted at the time when they wanted them.

Ed must not overlook the fact that good business uses the elastic power of credit to the limit which prudence permits. Otherwise, working capital is not used to the fullest advantage. It is good business for a man to establish his rating as a good credit risk. Then when the dreadful things which Ed fears happen, he will find his credit a first aid in the hour of trouble.

The running of a home is the biggest business of any nation. To do it successfully, just as good financial and economic principles must be used as are employed effectively in the best business institutions. The greatest of these is credit.

The family budget can be so arranged that it will include a monthly payment on the radio or the typewriter. (As a matter of fact, the machine on which I am writing was bought on this plan for the special purpose of writing this letter.)

We bought our radio that way and have found that we have never had to defer a payment and have not actually missed the money, not because the income was large, but because it was provided for in the budget. If we had paid cash, we would never have laid down $175 all at one time, and so would have missed all the pleasure and enlightenment which we have got from our radio.

After all, when the closing scene of life sets in, and we take stock of the worthwhile things we possess or have done, may it not well be that we shall find the biggest things in our life were not the dividends of cash that we hoarded and denied ourselves to save? They may be the dividends of satisfaction yielded by the glad eyes and happy smiles of someone dear to us because we had bought a few of the pleasures of life at the time when they were wanted, and while they yet had the power to stir the light of happiness in tired eyes.

Such high dividends are open to Ed by a prudent use of the installment plan of purchasing happiness. The durable satisfactions of life lie along this way.

F. T. K.

Plagiarism

STORIES have been submitted to Macfadden Publications which are copies of stories that have appeared in other magazines.

Any one submitting a plagiarized story through the mail, and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor, is guilty of a Federal offense in using the mails to defraud.

The publishers of TRUE STORY are anxious—as are all reputable publishers—to stamp out this form of literary theft and piracy, and are advising all magazines from which such stories have been copied of such plagiarism, and are offering to co-operate with the publishers thereof to punish the guilty persons.

Notice is hereby given to all who have submitted stories that the same must be *original* and *true*.

Third Prize Letter

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

I have just finished reading the letters of Olga and Ed in the Home Problems Forum, and have put aside everything else to write this message to Olga in the hope that my experience may save her from making the fatal mistake of incurring a debt, even the smallest.

I am even now, after a heartbreaking struggle of over five years to get straight with my creditors, in financial bondage because of debts contracted innocently and in good faith.

Until seven years ago my husband was junior partner in a good firm. His business provided an income sufficient to cover all necessities, some luxuries and a little travel, for our small family of three. We had a little girl three years old, and were a happy, normal and contented family.

THEN a financial crash, due to combine, came and the firm in which my husband was partner was ruined; practically overnight. A few months later, his health broke under the strain and gradually our home and most of our possessions went to pay doctors' and hospital bills.

We moved into a small flat. Through friends I secured an office position at a fairly decent salary. Because of my husband's ill health I assumed the reins of management and if I had kept my head then and gone without what we could not pay cash for, our family would still be together; in modest circumstances, no doubt, but happy.

I had always been used to nice things and loved them; I really hadn't much idea of just how far money would go. I looked upon our reverses as only temporary, and reasoned about our problems just the way Olga does; that we could buy and enjoy things while paying for them. My husband pleaded with me not to buy things I could not pay for but I overruled his better judgment and I know now that worry over these things seriously retarded his recovery.

Now we are a divided family, and domestic happiness is no more.

Looking back now I realize that when I signed my first installment contract for a phonograph and fifty records, I mortgaged my personal freedom and peace of mind, and betrayed the family depending on me for protection.

I bought other things on the same plan, and in less than a year my creditors were like hungry wolves, each month waiting at my very desk to divide my salary check, always threatening that if I failed to meet my payments, they would garnishee my salary which would have meant instant dismissal from the company by which I was employed. Would they take back the things and cancel the debts? No, they would not. They wanted the money only. They even worried my husband, who was an invalid, in our small flat.

I am still paying for things that I have long since learned to hate. Three dollars here, five dollars there, and so on, with the result that I have nothing left out of my salary with which to meet the current month's expenses which, in turn, become debts.

No, dear Olga, nothing in all the world has a more pernicious, far-reaching and blasting result than debt. It will build a wall of mistrust, fear and discord be-

tween you and your loved one—even your own Ed.

After all, what is a radio or any other material thing, compared to even one hour of home peace and happiness sacrificed? You can always buy a radio when you have saved the money, but you can never bring peace and harmony back into your home once the debt collector has driven them out.

Don't let the shadow of debt fall between you and all that is really worthwhile; and there are so many beautiful things to enjoy, if the heart is only free from worry to enjoy them.

Mrs. P. G.

Excerpts For

A radio in the home means not only amusement, but education. Its importance in value makes it an essential. Broad-minded concerns have realized this.

Byron H.

As a matter of fact, there is little difference in the actual technique of budgeting yourself for a radio, or budgeting the payment of the installment to some one else.

Mrs. R. D.

I have noticed how courteously a customer is treated who uses the installment plan. Not only will you receive prompt delivery, but if you have any complaint, the seller will be willing to listen to you.

Mrs. C. S. B.

Excerpts Against

That same "slick salesman" who has been so anxious to sell for a small sum down, does not forget when the next installment is due.

They know their business, whether it is selling or collecting. That is how they earn their salaries. The humiliation of being called upon to pay a debt when there is no money to pay with and the following threats by letter, in person or over a public telephone, are enough to discourage one, unless one is in the game, hardened to it, and doesn't care. The whole family is liable to suffer from such an experience.

Bertha E. N.

....This went on for a while and then I became sick and had to quit work until after the baby came. That was the beginning of the end in many ways. My husband managed for a short while to keep all of the payments up, but our expenses were increasing, and I had to buy many things that were unnecessary before. The result was that we lost the piano and the money we had paid on it. More than two hundred dollars gone!

Mrs. Bettie A.

Our cities issue bonds (bearing interest) to raise money for improvements. Then they tax the people to raise the money to pay off the bonds and the interest. Why don't they tax the people, raise the money beforehand and thus save paying interest? They could do it. How we do squeal if asked to pay a cent or two more for a loaf of bread or a quart of milk, and then placidly pay two or three times over

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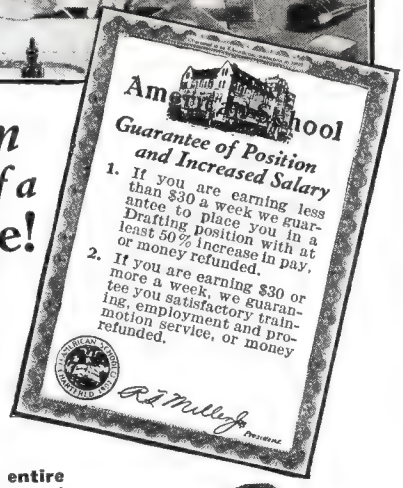
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R. A. Miller, Jr. President

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You know enough about blueprints to understand that PLANS govern every move in factory and construction job. The Draftsman who makes them is several jumps ahead of the workman who follows them. And so I want you to know that DRAFTING is a logical, natural PROMOTION from mechanical and building work—better-paid, more interesting—just the kind of work you'd enjoy doing.

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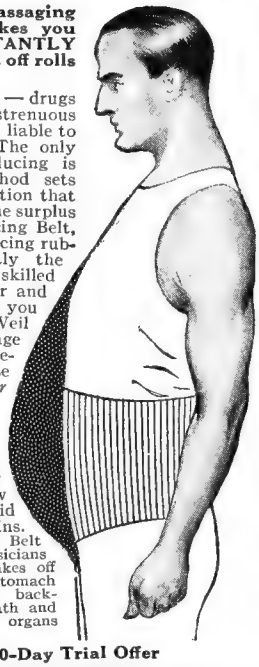

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DR. M. F. R.

The New Problem

Alice, the Wife, Writes:

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

My husband and I have been married almost eleven years and so far have not been blessed with any children. As long as there was hope, I found some solace but recently it was clearly proved that such hope was groundless, and I fear I am becoming despondent and melancholy, longing for the love and companionship of a child.

We are in fair circumstances; I can have almost anything I want. But as time goes on, the lonesomeness and futility of my life seems to threaten my reason. My husband's business is such that it takes him away from home for two or three months at a time. During these periods everything seems drab—especially so, as I have no relatives of any kind; no early childhood friends.

I have no resentment towards the town we live in. I like it. Its people are very nice but, to me, they just represent neighbors. I am tired of going to the matinée, playing bridge, and visiting. I have joined every club within a radius of fifty miles of our town; have done social service work; served on committees; attended church festivals; arranged bazaars, rummage sales; read "papers" at literary meetings. But none of these activities has filled that aching void. Maternity seems to be my instinct. When I am alone, I often sit and day-dream, seeing children run about the house, coming to me with their never-ending questions, calling me to attend to their every childish want and need. What an awakening and how blank the house looks!

My reason for writing you is not to worry you with my troubles, but to ask your advice on my very newest idea and what I consider the only solution to this difficulty. This also has the distinction of being the first and only subject that has brought an expression of displeasure from my husband. I want to adopt one, or perhaps two children.

I am sure his objection is not based on monetary consideration because he is most generous; besides, I have a small income of my own which I have never been called upon to use—this I think would be a wonderful use for it, especially since it is really gratifying my own wish.

My husband has maintained the idea that in this particular instance I manifest a degree of selfishness. Well, then, if I adopt one or two children, which I am more than willing to do, do you not think that the efforts I will have to put forth in their care will leave me very little time to commiserate with myself?

Another contention of my husband's is that the children may not turn out satisfactorily. That is true; that is quite possible. But who knows whether my ancestry or that of my husband is absolutely free from taint? Cannot one's own children develop abnormalities? I am not very well informed on the principles of heredity, but I do believe that with a fairly good environment one can overcome or at least improve any defects due to heredity. At all events, even if there are hardships in the rearing, there are sufficient joys to compensate.

However, I feel that I have gained a point when my husband has consented to discuss it with you. I realize that he has much more education than I have, and has a keener insight into the essentials of life. If the final analysis of this affair is against me, I shall accept the decision, not with resignation but with true sportsmanlike spirit. Of course I understand that you cannot sway the decisions but I have a feeling that, somehow you, and your—or shall I say our?—readers will help me.

ALICE

Ernest, the Husband, Writes:

DEAR MRS. WILLMAN:

My wife, as you have no doubt noticed, is quite emotional. I grant that a child may help her, but how about the child? Never, in all her urgings has she offered one advantage for the child.

She cannot really be considered a selfish person yet in this particular instance, her chief motif has been self. She is unhappy; she feels she is in danger of losing her reason, she is lonely, her life is drab, et cetera.

The realities of parenthood are stern; particularly those of vicarious parenthood and have no room for sentimentalities concerning golden-haired, blue-eyed doll-babies. Babies do have a habit of getting sick, being naughty and other real facts that have to be faced.

During our marriage we have made certain adjustments to each other, have learned to respect each other's likes and dislikes, comforts and discomforts. I'll admit we have pampered each other a bit. Now then, how will we stand up against this new discomfort, this invasion of an established privacy? There may also enter a feeling of jealousy on the part of one or the other for the attention given the baby.

(*Continued on page* 12)

Prize Winners in the March, 1929 TRUE STORY Criticism Contest

First Prize $50.00
Mrs. Richard G. Schlief
Fargo, N. D.

Second Prize $25.00
Miss Georgia Ridge
Clarence, Mo.

Third Prize $15.00
Mr. Jack Shannon
Oakland, Calif.

Fourth Prize $10.00
Rev. Ira Freeman
Pittsburgh, Pa.

HE THOUGHT:
"How absolutely lovely she is tonight!"

SHE THOUGHT:
"How glad I am I washed my hair and changed to this fresh dress!"

Real cleanliness is the greatest beauty secret!

What is it that puts high-lights in your hair... glints of gold or copper? What is it gives your skin the vivid pinkness that even great painters find difficult to get on canvas? What is it that transforms the simplest summer frock ... makes it *charming?*

The answer, of course, is *real cleanliness.*

It isn't that we do not know these things. The question is, do we make *use* of this great aid to beauty as much as we might and should?

What doctors say about shampooing

The dryest hair is oily enough to catch the dirt that flies everywhere. As this grime kills hair luster, why let it accumulate?

Authorities advise a thorough shampoo every two weeks ... and *oftener* when a hair dressing is used, when you perspire freely, when your hair is naturally oily, when in work or play your head is exposed to more dust and dirt than is usual. And remember, any good toilet soap is a good shampoo soap. Don't fail, either, to wash your comb and brush thoroughly every few days.

Wash your face the only "best" way

The skin, also, is invisibly oily and dirt-catching ... and water alone will not remove this film. Soap, the real cleanser, is needed.

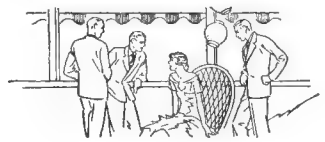
Skin specialists say that creams and powders, when used as a *substitute* for soap and water, increase rather than lessen the possibility of blackheads and "shiny nose". They call soap and water "the most valuable agent we have for keeping the skin of the face normal and healthy".

Elbows, underwear and finger nails

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then *brush* them every night with warm soapy water and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you aren't able to manage as many professional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub your nails once a day with a stiff brush, and push the cuticle back with the towel while drying. You'll find that except for occasional shaping and polishing, little else is needed.

From stockings and underwear to dresses, scarfs, gloves, etc., there's only one safe rule about your clothing: anything that is *doubtful* is definitely *too soiled to wear.*



The kind of beauty called "elusive"

Other people know when we do and do not take baths. Other people notice when the attention we give to cleanliness is the 100% and constant kind.

Isn't "daintiness" just another name for being *clean?* ... and "elusive" beauty, probably mostly *extra* cleanliness? ... of body, face, hands, hair, clothing, and all the many little details?

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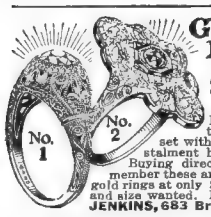

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Send NOW for PROOF!

(*Continued from page* 10)

Is it not just possible that her intense desire for a child is just a compensatory feeling for her failure to bear one, in which case again, she is the primary consideration?

I am still under the impression that if her feeling of self were not so dominant; she could have found sufficient outlet in any one or two of the activities she mentioned; besides there are any number of poor neighborhood children whose mothers are forced to work who would welcome a little mothering. She does not want that sort of impersonal contact.

It may be unconscious on her part, but I cannot see where she is concerned with the ultimate good of the child as compared with her own joy. This does not make for parenthood.

Perhaps Providence has taken this means of showing us our unfitness.

I quite agree with my wife that one's own children may prove less of a comfort and blessing than one is usually led to anticipate—but that is one's own flesh and blood, take it or leave it, it is your own and there are no harassing thoughts creeping into your mind as to whose abnormalities you are trying to overcome.

However, I am open to conviction and if our readers and friends can show me, from their own experiences, that I am wrong or perhaps unduly concerned, I will submit with as much grace as my wife says she will.

ERNEST.

What is your opinion?

For the best letter on this subject we will pay $15, for the second best $10, and for the third best $5.

All letters must be in this office by noon, July 1. Prizes will be awarded by August 1. We will publish the winning letters in an early issue of the magazine.

Do you like the Home Problems Forum? Have you any suggestions for making its appeal of even wider interest? Remember, this is where the vast TRUE STORY *family can talk over its problems freely and be sure always of sympathetic listeners and wise counsel.*

(MRS.) HELEN WILLMAN

Stranger than Fiction

(*Continued from page* 4)

"At last she persuaded me to get this news stand for her. She had helped father all her life and wanted to be busy. Besides, she said, this way she could see me every day. So I arranged it, got a little apartment for her near the office, and she was happy.

"She insisted that no one should be allowed to know that she was my mother. She even used her maiden name in all business deals.

"Somehow, she seemed to get a lot of pleasure out of the situation; the news stand proprietor being the mother of one of the wealthiest business men in the building. So I humored her. Now she is gone and it makes no difference. I guess it was a strange sort of a situation."

Again he was looking out of the window. The little ship had passed out of sight. He had forgotten me Quietly I slipped out of the office and toward an elevator.

Retribution

As I remember it, it was back in the early part of 1900 somewhere, that I had the following interesting experience.

I was a passenger then, on one of the old line steamships which plied between San Francisco and Panama. The passengers were then being transported across the Isthmus by slow moving trains to the waiting steamer at Colon. It was at the time when the de Lesseps machines for dredging the big canal were rusting in the trenches which they had plowed and failed to complete.

We were on our way to New York City, my mother, my sister and I.

A young man who said he was a medical student, on his way to complete his education, was especially nice to me.

At one port, while our ship was being coaled, we went ashore in a native canoe for a few hours of sightseeing. As we rowed back to the waiting vessel my childish heart was much grieved to see this young man left alone on the shore.

Just as we weighed anchor and got under way, this same young man was seen on the beach, waving his coat and yelling lustily.

I ran to my mother in grief and indignation, while she made inquiry about the matter.

We were informed that he "probably intended to be left." It developed that it was the custom in those days for a "through ticket" to be bought, and then those who wished to stop at a South or Central American port, managed to be "left" at their intended destination, thus eluding the higher fare which was charged for the shorter trips.

There were other interesting passengers, of course, but my youthful fancy continued to center about this man and the incident for years. There were also, among the passengers, a Southern colonel, who always dressed in white flannel or pongee silk, wore a green-faced helmet and owned a coffee plantation at San Blas; Spanish "dons" who spent their days in siestas and smoking, and their nights in strumming their guitars; a couple of American girls who, with their mother and father, were on their way to spend the winter in New York, and a young newspaper correspondent who was most attentive to them. This young fellow, whose name was Calhoun, was also very nice to me. So with all this diversion, the incident of the "left passenger" became but a memory after a time, though I never quite forgot him, nor the unfortunate incident.

Some years later, after going through a

(*Continued on page* 14)

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I Wanna Sail Away With You
2458 Wedding Bells
What D'ya Think of My Baby?
2432 Sonny Boy
Dancing 'Neath Dixie Moon
4225 Rock Candy Mountain
Bill, You Done Me Wrong
2456 Love Tale of Alsace Lorraine
I Found Best Girl of All
2452 All by Yourself in the Moonlight
Every Day
4131 Wreck of the Old 97
Wreck of the Titanic
2323 Get Away, Old Man, Get Away
Well, I Swan
2381 Ford Has Made a Lady Out of Lizzie
Clancy's Wooden Wedding
4038 Sleep, Baby, Sleep (Yodel)
Roll On, Silvery Moon
4118 May I Sleep in Your Barn Tonight
When I Saw Sweet Nellie Home
2437 Rainbow Round My Shoulder
When You're Not Here
2453 Me and the Man in the Moon
Dancing With My Baby
4086 Floyd Collins' Fate
Pickwick Club Tragedy
4133 Jesse James
The Butcher Boy
4093 Little Brown Jug
You Can't Tell Any More
4119 Hand Me Down My Walking Cane
Captain Jinks
4171 Red Wing
By Waters of Minnetonka
2398 Ramona
In Valley of Memory
2366 My Blue Heaven
Back of Every Cloud
4135 Rovin' Gambler
Little Old Log Cabin in Lane
4226 Billy Richardson's Last Ride
Wreck of the 1256
4237 Murder of Little Marion Parker
Pardon Came Too Late
4174 Casey Jones
Waltz Me Around Again, Willie
4173 Boston Burglar
Cowboy's Lament
4170 Gypsy's Warning
Don't You Remember
4167 Preacher and the Bear
Sting of the Bumble Bee
4143 Girl I Loved in Sunny Tennessee
I Wanna Fall in Love Again
4141 I Wish I Was Single Again
If You Want to Find Love
2272 Rudolph Valentino
Little Rosewood Casket
2334 Terrible Mississippi Flood
End of the Shenandoah
4151 After the Ball Was Over
Do They Ever Think of Me?
4169 Where Silvery Colorado Wends Its Way
Everybody's Mother Was Somebody's Pal
4172 Wreck of the Number Nine
Freight Wreck at Altoona
4178 Break the News to Mother
Bird in a Gilded Cage
4180 My Blue Ridge Mountain Home
Lane of My Dreams
4208 Engineer's Dying Child
Fatal Wedding
4209 Oh, Dem Golden Slippers
Kingdom Coming
4227 Climbing Up Those Golden Stairs
Lindy Lou
4239 Barbara Allen
Bury Me Not in the Lone Prairie
4250 Let Me Call You Sweetheart
Good Evening, Caroline

POPULAR DANCE

All With Vocal Chorus

1590 Carolina Moon
Talk About Heaven
1596 Wedding Bells
How Do I Know You Love Me?
1713 Button Up Your Overcoat
He's My Cousin Guisseppe
1712 Lover Come Back to Me
Emaline
1710 Down Among the Sugar Cane
Coal Black Blues
1703 Sweetheart of All My Dreams
Let's Get Together
1585 All by Yourself in the Moonlight
Let's Pretend
1582 I'll Get By
What a Day
1587 Sweethearts on Parade
How Long Have You Waited?

INSTRUMENTAL

4068 Turkey in the Straw
Arkansas Traveler
4161 Dixie Favorites (Banjo)
Medley Southern Airs
4158 Old Time Jigs and Reels
Favorite Barn Dances
4192 Whispering Hope
Hearts and Flowers
4217 Irish Washerwoman
Mrs. McLeod's Reel
4234 Dancing Doll
Sleeping Beauty Waltz

SACRED

4075 Church in the Wildwood
Voice of the Chimes
4069 When Roll Is Called Up Yonder
Throw Out the Life Line
4091 The Old Rugged Cross
Beyond the Clouds
4215 When They Ring the Golden Bells
Is My Name Written There?
4240 De Gospel Train Am Comin'
Jordan Am a Hard Road to Trabbel

BLUES

7023 John Henry Blues
St. Louis Blues
7028 Varsity Drag
Sure Enough Blues
7037 Jim Town Blues
Battleship Kate

HAWAIIAN

4160 Sweet Hawaiian Kisses
Blue Hawaiian Moon
4084 Aloha Land
Honolulu Bay
4023 My Old Kentucky Home
O Sole Mio
4009 Palakiho Blues
One, Two, Three, Four
4007 Aloha Oe
Kamehameha March

COMEDY

4230 Uncle Si at Village Barber
Uncle Si and Hiram Swapping Horses
4231 Flanagan at the Doctor's
Casey and Reilly Meet on Street
4004 Flanagan in a Restaurant
Flanagan's Married Life
4168 Jail Birds
Wedding Bells
4232 Button Buster (Laughing Record)
Common Bill
4255 Rufus Green Takes a Trip
Greetings in Bingville
4257 Rufus Green at the Circus
Rufus Green at the Huskin' Bee
4256 Trial of Josiah Brown
Rufus Green at the Schoolhouse

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1..... 6.....
2..... 7.....
3..... 8.....
4..... 9.....
5..... 10.....
(Write Clearly)

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1.....
2.....
3.....
(Write Clearly)

IMPORTANT ☐ **Place cross mark in square at left if you wish three 10-cent packages of steel needles included in your order; recommended for these records.**

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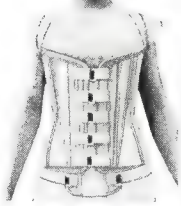

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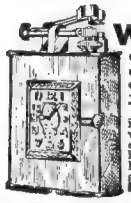

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(*Continued from page* 12)

college course in the East, I returned to my native city, where I took up newspaper work. One day, in a café, I ran most unexpectedly into Mr. Calhoun, with his wife whom I immediately recognized as one of the young lady passengers of that memorable trip. After the customary greetings, we naturally dropped into talking of old times and recalling the passengers of those days, one by one.

"Old Colonel Mc N— is now dead," I began.

"Yes," replied Calhoun. "Then you remember him?"

"And so you two found happiness on that trip?" I remarked, smiling at them.

"But you?" queried Mrs. Calhoun. "Are you not married?"

"No," I hastened to say, "I have never forgotten the passenger we left behind, I guess."

"The left passenger?" and Calhoun leaned forward. "You mean that young medico we dropped off at San Blas, that day?"

"Yes, that one," I replied.

"Well," continued Calhoun, "he got mixed up in our romance."

MY look of surprise made him laugh, and he told me the following story:

"About the time of my trip down there, San Francisco was quite stirred up over a series of murders and the escape of the criminal, who had slipped out of the old Hall of Justice.

"You see, he had been found guilty of many attacks of the 'Jack-the-Ripper' sort on young women and was awaiting sentence. He successfully eluded the police and so was not hanged, as while awaiting trial he made his get-away.

"About five years later, my wife, then Miss M— and I decided to get married and settle down. For a honeymoon, neither of us could think of anything more enjoyable than to repeat our cruise of that other year. Accordingly, I engaged a stateroom on the same old steamer, and we planned to stop off at the same ports as before. However, a tropical storm kept us from going ashore at San Blas, Mazatlan or any other ports, until we reached Acapulco. Here a party was made up, consisting of the ship's doctor and others, in the same old way.

"Mrs. Calhoun was in a real sight-seeing mood; wanted everything that she saw and I was in the humor to indulge her; although I drew the line at monkeys and parrots.

"We had been up to the top of the hill back of the old town, where we had enjoyed an unsurpassed view. Lying below us was the century-old church, the same palm huts, and the tropical foliage stretching down to the beach. Our ship lay at anchor in plain sight in the little bay; while over her side could be seen the ceaseless stream of coal carriers, passing from the little canoes, just as in the old days.

"SUDDENLY we thought that we heard the warning whistle of 'All aboard,' and started down the path. The group of passengers, just ahead, called to us to see 'the house in the tree,' as we passed down that way. My wife ran ahead and following her with my eyes I now saw her stop and pet a fawn in the arms of a native. He was a tall, dark-skinned man dressed in the usual native costume of those days—a soiled, white suit resembling pajamas.

"As I approached he was leaning against the trunk of a very large tree and looked at me. Just then I was startled by the voice of the ship's doctor who was a few rods ahead, saying, 'Look out! That man is a leper.'

"I ran forward to draw Pauline away, but just as I reached them, the man looked me full in the face, then turned and ran with the speed of a monkey up the grass rope ladder to the little hut which was built in the tree.

"In that swift glance of but a moment, however, I recognized the face of the passenger we had left behind that other trip and the countenance of the criminal for whom a nation wide search had been made."

"Thus does romance step on the toes of justice," I thought, as we left the café.

STATEMENT of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1929, State of New York, County of New York.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared William J. Rapp, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of TRUE STORY MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, True Story Publishing Corp., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Editor, William J. Rapp, 322 West 72nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, Joseph M. Roth, 541 Nepperhan Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner: True Story Publishing Corp., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc., Bernarr Macfadden, Englewood, N. J., O. J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is—(This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) WILLIAM J. RAPP.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1929. Wesley F. Pape, Notary Public, Queens County, No. 2682, Reg. No. 4846, Cert. filed in New York County, No. 471, Registered No. 9333. Commission expires March 30th, 1929. (SEAL)

$3,000.00 Each Month for True Stories

"In Every Life There Is a Dramatic True Story" Tell Yours and Earn a Handsome Reward

THE series of true story manuscript contests which ran in TRUE STORY Magazine during the year which ended on August 31st, 1928, was so gratifyingly successful that it is a pleasure to announce that it has been decided to continue running such contests indefinitely.

Each month until further notice nine stories will be chosen, for which $3,000 will be paid in amounts ranging from $1,000 down to $150, as shown by the accompanying schedule of prizes.

If you are familiar with the above mentioned series of contests, the improved features of the new series are obvious. With nine stories to be chosen each month and a materially increased prize appropriation, your chances for success are more than doubled.

If, on the other hand, you have not as yet submitted stories in any of the past contests conducted by TRUE STORY Magazine, there never was a time you could begin with greater hope of earning handsome cash awards than now.

Years ago Bernarr Macfadden, founder of TRUE STORY Magazine, said, "In every life there is at least one dramatic true story." Upon that conviction TRUE STORY Magazine was founded. And the fact that today TRUE STORY is the most popular magazine in the world goes to prove how well Bernarr Macfadden had read the throbbing heart of humanity.

Your Great Opportunity

In your life there is a story that the world would read with bated breath if given the opportunity to do so.

We do not know what it is, but you do. It may be the story of a great love, or a great sacrifice, of success or failure, of glory or ruin, but whatever it is, it represents an emotional crisis in your life, or in the life of the person who lived it and, as such, is of absorbing interest to every human being.

And now TRUE STORY Magazine gives you the opportunity to tell it and, at the same time, realize a handsome sum of money. This without your identity being revealed, for during its entire career TRUE STORY has never published a story over a writer's name, or revealed the identity of a writer, except with his or her express permission to do so.

Above all, do not hesitate to set your story down because you feel that you do not possess sufficient skill as a writer. During the past few years we have paid many thousands of dollars for stories to men and women who, until they had tried, thought they could not write.

Because of the character of this offer, every person having a real life experience to tell, no matter what his or her sphere in life, or degree of education, has equal opportunity to profit by this contest. Remember, the story is the thing that counts—not literary skill. Tell it naturally, simply, in your own words; just as it happened to you or to some one you know and the judges will consider it entirely upon its qualities as a story, i.e.—its power to hold the interest and its appeal to the human heart. If it contains the human quality we seek, it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how cleverly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Prize Schedule

Each month of this contest nine prizes will be awarded as follows:

1st Prize	$1,000
2nd Prize	600
3rd Prize	400
4th Prize, two of $200 each	400
5th Prize, four of $150 each	600
	$3,000

Each contest runs one month. Be sure, then, to get your story into our hands as soon as possible, for you yourself know it is human nature to procrastinate and many stories which might just as easily be entered in the current contest will probably not be filed until later. This, of course, materially improves the chances of those whose manuscripts are entered now.

Another thing, do not stop with sending in a single story. If in your life there have been several stirring episodes, if you know of soul-trying experiences that have taken place in the lives of just ordinary folk of your acquaintance, write them and send them in from month to month as the contests progress. Remember there is nothing in the rules to prohibit your being awarded several of the big $1,000 prizes, or failing in that, several of the lesser prizes; provided, of course, that your stories have the right appeal.

Read the Rules Carefully

The contest rules as set forth are simple, complete, and easily understood. Read them carefully. They open the road to success for every man and woman having a real true story to tell. The schedule of awards is so substantial that you, even though you have had no writing experience whatsoever, can realize as much, or more, for your story as many a famous writer could command for a tale containing a like number of words.

Strike while the iron is hot—act while the opportunity exists. This is *your* chance. Do not let it pass unheeded.

Upon receipt of each manuscript an acknowledgment will be mailed to the sender.

Contest Rules

All stories must be written in the first person, based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, proper evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Typewritten manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, though manuscripts written with pen and ink will be considered. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 2,500 words, stories written in foreign languages, or submitted in parts, will not be considered.

At top of first page record the total number of words in your story.

Write on one side of the paper only—and do not use thin tissue or onion-skin paper. Print your full name and address in upper right-hand corner of first page. Send material flat; do not roll. Number the pages.

Enclose with each manuscript sufficient postage for return of material, if not available. (Return addressed envelope not necessary.)

No correspondence can be entered into concerning rejected manuscripts, nor can changes or corrections be made in manuscripts once they have been submitted. Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected by the judges, irrespective of closing date of contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return, and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. No rejected manuscripts may be entered in a later contest of this series.

The decision of the judges on all manuscripts will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

In case of ties, each contestant will receive the full amount of the prize tied for.

The contest is open to every one, except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

This series of contests extends from month to month until further notice. Each is separate and distinct from any other contest.

Macfadden Publications, Inc., reserves the right to terminate this series of contests at its discretion upon at least 30 days' published notice, thus providing ample time for all manuscripts in course of preparation to be completed and submitted.

All contest manuscripts received by us will be entered in the contest of the calendar month in which they are received at this address.

Names of prize winners will be announced in TRUE STORY Magazine, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Address your manuscripts to TRUE STORY MANUSCRIPT CONTEST, Dept. C-98, 1926 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Unless so addressed, no manuscripts will be entered in the contest.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

The Publishers cannot be made a party to any suit for libel, plagiarism, or for other damage growing out of the publication of any story submitted, or for any other cause growing out of this contest. The writer of each story, by its submission, agrees to indemnify the Publishers for any damages, including expenses, in connection with any claim hereafter made.

NOTE—On behalf of the many persons who submit their life experiences in story form to TRUE STORY and allied Macfadden magazines, we have printed a manual describing the technique which, according to our experience, is best suited for use in writing true stories. It is entitled, "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY." Please ask for it by name when writing for it. We will be glad to mail you a copy free upon request. Failure to send for this booklet does not, however, lessen your chances of being awarded a prize in the contest series.

WHAT TRUE STORY MEANS TO THE AMERICAN WIFE

Helps to Self-Understanding

TRUE STORY is a magazine of life as it is lived—and of life as it can be lived by the close study of the most distinctive features ever put into a magazine; therefore it stirs one to a true appraisal and a correct appreciation of everything fine and good in the world. TRUE STORY has helped me to understand myself better, physically, mentally and spiritually. It has given me a glimpse into the lives of my fellow-men; and gives me a little clearer idea of what a human being really is. I consider these true confessions one of the greatest sources of enlightenment ever discovered by man; and would like to say that those who are inexperienced will find the magazine a veritable fountain of clear instruction. Experience has taught me that discouragement is at the bottom of many pitiful cases brought to public attention by your publications.

MRS. J. E. CAMPBELL,
Lancaster, Ohio.

For Purer and Higher Life

I can state absolutely that I like everything about TRUE STORY Magazine. I can see nothing in any of its fine stories to which the most carping of critics would take exception. Its stories take a decided stand for the better, purer and higher things of life; for home and happiness, love and duty.

MRS. RUTH KLOHS,
El Paso, Texas

Brings Love and Understanding

These two issues of your magazine have been worth hundreds of dollars to us, and we have something as a result of them that money could not buy—Understanding and Love in our home.

True Story Restores Happy Home

I wish I could be sure you will understand when I say that TRUE STORY has restored our home to its former happy state of a few weeks ago.

Stories to Make One Think

I cannot criticize TRUE STORY. I've never yet read a story in the magazine that I could pronounce no good. Of course, I sometimes like some stories better than others, but they all carry a message to people in different walks of life. Mr. Macfadden has, no doubt, saved more souls and kept more homes together than he realizes; and all through his wonderful magazine, TRUE STORY.

The most commendable feature of your magazines is that, rather than feeding one's fancy, they bring you face to face with grim reality and make you think.

MRS. GARLAND E. WEBB,
Winston Salem, N. C.

Adviser to Young People

I take great pleasure in writing my opinion of good old TRUE STORY. It is by far one of the most improving magazines on the news stands today. Its stories are of interest to young folks as well as to old, making TRUE STORY a most welcome member of any household.

My husband and I have been among TRUE STORY's most ardent readers for several years, and each month finds us eagerly waiting for the next issue. As neither my husband nor I have parents to give us any advice in our undertakings, which young folks so often need, we have many times found TRUE STORY a most capable adviser in solving our family difficulties, which most families have, more or less.

MRS. PANSY I. MAINS,
Battle Creek, Mich.

Deserves Universal Thanks

My husband and I have long been readers of TRUE STORY. First, we want to set down sincerely the fact that we feel very grateful to you because of the splendid lessons always contained in the stories. We assuredly owe much of our present happiness to these carefully edited accounts sent in by your readers. You occupy an enviable position in the reading world, surely, and deserve universal thanks. Young people, in particular, are indeed most fortunate if able to read TRUE STORY regularly. Doing so will save them many heartaches, and teach them the true value of life.

MRS. PEARLE TOURNEUR,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Does a World of Good

When I was younger and didn't always have the money to buy what I wanted, I saved so that I managed to get the TRUE STORY Magazine each month. I'm sure it has done me a world of good for, instead of being a silly young flapper, I am now a happy wife.

A Lesson in Faithfulness

I have never had the slightest inclination to leave my husband. We are foolishly happy after twelve years of married life. But I do sincerely believe that my reading the stories in your magazine has made me a better, more faithful, more desirable, more lovable wife than I would otherwise have been.

A Household Hit

TRUE STORY long ago made a tremendous hit in our household, because we realized at once that it was a magazine for the people—of the people—and by the people. It is a magazine that all our family read, enjoy and love.

MRS. S. G. MURRAY,
Ironton, Ohio.

Brings Vital, Necessary Truths

Without being sermon-like, TRUE STORY brings so clearly before the reader a number of the most vital truths that the world today seems most in need of learning. It teaches that no home need fear the triangle menace if that home has been founded on mutual love, confidence and unselfishness.

A Lesson in Every Story

I think TRUE STORY is helpful in several different ways. It helps one half the world to know how the other half lives, also makes clear the way of the transgressor is hard. Furthermore, it tells how sorrow may be avoided. There is always a good lesson to be learned from every story. TRUE STORY teaches what we sow we surely must reap.

MRS. J. A. JONES,
Screven, Georgia.

Steered into Safe Channels

Your June number of TRUE STORY is possibly no better than many of the numbers that preceded it, but it will always stand out in my mind as the most remarkable number of any magazine ever published. And this is why: It saved my honor; it has saved my reason; it has literally saved my life. The first story in the June number, the story entitled *I Threw Away Life's Greatest Gift* is the one which steered me back into the narrow channels of love and duty, of sanity and decency. I, therefore, call it the finest story that I ever read.

Accept my thanks, my gratitude. Accept my praise and encouragement to keep up your good work. If you can save no more than one soul a month, you are doing a great work. Doubtless you cover a much bigger field.

Dorothy Sebastian

Dorothy Sebastian deserted musical comedies to play in the movies. This energetic, cheerful little actress has recently played in "The Devil's Apple Tree"; "The Spirit of Youth" and "The Rainbow," all Tiffany Stahl Productions

Still

Jack Mulhall

This young man, besides being a cinema favorite, is a first rate athlete. His latest pictures are "Waterfront"; "Naughty Baby"; "Children of the Ritz", and "Two Weeks Off." "Twin Beds" will be his next picture

Still

Fanny Brice

Fanny Brice, a New York girl, was given her start when they awarded her first prize at an amateur night in a Brooklyn theater. She is the star of Warner Brothers Vitaphone production, "My Man," and personally appeared in Earl Carroll's "Fioretta"

Elmer Fryer

Mary Brian

Mary Brian's youthful appeal won her the part of "Wendy" in "Peter Pan." She has since appeared in "The Street of Forgotten Men"; "Beau Geste"; "Forgotten Faces"; "Varsity", and others. She will soon be seen in "The Man I Love" and "Magnolia"

Still

Jean Arthur

From being an artist's model Jean Arthur stepped to Hollywood fame in the Paramount Studios. She played in "Brotherly Love," and in "Sins of the Fathers." Her next pictures will be "The Insidious Doctor Fu Manchu", and "Stairs of Sand"

Eugene Robert Richee

For the Newly Important Face *of* Smart Today

this Simple Home-Given FACIAL

—*that achieves* naturally *the flower-like skin texture that is now so necessary*

SIMPLICITY—naturalness. It is the mode. And with every detail of the modern toilette conspiring to bring the face into prominence, there has come into being a new and distinctive *facial* smartness.

You notice, now, how women of chic shun heavy cosmetics. Instead, you see complexions radiant with *natural* beauty—velvety smooth—deeply clear. Which means, of course, *natural* care of the skin, such as the new Complete Woodbury *Facial* has introduced to thousands of women.

For this refreshing, invigorating treatment—which penetrates and cleanses the countless tiny pores—keeps the skin gloriously, glowingly alive by keeping it exquisitely clean.

A home-given *Facial* of truly professional results. You need only Woodbury's Cold Cream that liquefies under the fingertips, softening and dissolving the dust particles that lurk deep down in the pores. Woodbury's Facial Soap, with its bland, foamy lather, that thoroughly cleanses the pores and removes every vestige of soiled cream. And, finally, Woodbury's Facial Cream—greaseless, caressingly light, to tone the skin to a velvety softness.

AND, best of all, after the very first treatment, you will be delighted with the improvement in your complexion. Such a sense of exhilaration—such a healthy glow—such a feeling of absolute skin cleanliness! This because the Woodbury's Creams are made especially to work in harmony with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Your drug store or toilet goods counter can supply you with the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*. Or, let us send you a trial set, containing enough of the soap and creams for seven generous treatments, also one of the new Tressettes, an ingenious band that holds your hair back while you are creaming your face. Give yourself a Complete Woodbury *Facial* every day for a week. After that, a *Facial* once or twice a week (with Woodbury's Facial Soap in between times, as directed in the booklet around every cake) will keep your skin soft, clear and clean. Write today for your trial set, enclosing 25c in stamps or coin.

First, to thoroughly open the pores, use a cloth wrung from hot water. Then cover the face and neck with Woodbury's Cold Cream, massaging it well into the skin with an upward and outward movement. With searching thoroughness it penetrates every tiny pore—softening and dissolving the embedded dust and dirt particles.

Next remove the surplus cream with a soft cloth or cleansing tissue. Then wash the face and neck with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Work the creamy lather well into your skin to remove from the pores every vestige of soiled cream. Now a warm water rinse, and a dash of cold water—or use a piece of ice wrapped in one thickness of cloth. Immediately your skin will feel stimulated, awakened, glowing.

Finally, with your fingertips, apply Woodbury's Facial Cream. Cooling and greaseless, it supplies just the right amount of natural moisture, without clogging the pores—giving that soft, velvety texture so much desired. The Complete Woodbury Facial is only a matter of minutes—make it a regular part of your beauty routine and yours will always be the natural beauty of "A skin you love to touch!"

DEMEYER

JUST MAIL THE COUPON FOR YOUR GENEROUS TRIAL SET

THE ANDREW JERGENS COMPANY,
2813 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 25c (stamps or coin) please send me the Seven Day Trial Set of the new Complete Woodbury *Facial*, and a Tressette. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., 2813 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name.....*Street*.....

City.....*State*.....

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True Story for July

Love Stories Make Homes

By BERNARR MACFADDEN

LOVE and home should be unchangingly entwined.

This combination should never be dissolved.

Romance should always lead in the direction of this haven of rest and peace.

Home should be the sacred sanctuary that should appeal to the best there is within us.

When the greed and sordidness of the world destroy our faith in humanity, thoughts of home should save us from chronic pessimism.

For years TRUE STORY has recognized the home as the sanctuary of all that is best in human life.

We have helped to elevate the home to its proper sphere.

Previously, our efforts have been devoted to the lessons taught by gripping romances.

But TRUE STORY wants to be intimately helpful.

We want to make our dear friends realize that we have their interest at heart.

WE want them to know that we are interested, not only in building character that comes with the knowledge of life's great romances, but that it is also our desire to be helpful in every phase of their lives.

With this in view we have recently added the Home Maker's Department.

Home building enters into every important part of one's life.

Housing, furnishing, eating, sleeping, bathing, clothing—all these subjects, and many more, greatly influence home building.

And in the department we are adding we hope to aid our good friends with information that will help to make healthier and happier homes.

All subjects important to the home will be discussed.

Various recipes and menus will appear.

We will call attention to the most wholesome foods, give definite instructions on how to appetizingly prepare them and fully retain their vital building qualities.

Self-help will be the keynote of this department.

Life's great romances, to be reasonably permanent, demand attention to all the practical phases of home building. Without this health and happiness soon disappear.

DO NOT FAIL TO READ THIS NEW DEPARTMENT WHICH TRUE STORY IS NOW GIVING ITS READERS! It will be full of invaluable hints that many home makers badly need at this time.

The MAN

MY husband was Basil Schuyler, the violinist. Life with him was a dream come true, an idyl; an epic poem of marital happiness.

That was at first, during the obscure years, the years of struggle before his phenomenal rise from the ranks of vaudeville to fame as a concert violinist.

And because the idyl had been so lovely and the dream so perfect, the awakening was the more rude, the shattering more tragic.

For the day came when I stood amidst the wreckage of my great happiness, and knew that it was ended and done with. But life was to teach me that nothing in this world is finished, that love is not an adventurous bird of passage but a homing pigeon.

Basil was twenty-two, I eighteen when we were married. Of all the lads who used to gather on my father's veranda of a summer evening in the little midwestern town where we lived, he was the only one who kindled a fire of response within me.

Even while we were in high school Basil had played his violin in the village picture show, and I achieved some fame in the local dramatic club.

I remember how angry my father was when I told him that Basil wanted to marry me.

"I won't have it!" he stormed. "I won't let you throw yourself away on him! Why, his people are peasants. His father barely makes a living off his truck farm. All he can do is play a fiddle in a picture show. He'll never amount to anything. I tell you I won't have it!"

If any other element were needed to add glamour to the situation, it was father's bitterness and opposition. Somehow I knew then, just as I know now, that my love for Basil was no fleeting thing of passion only, but a flame that would burn steadily as long as I lived, and on into eternity.

Father's objections led to clandestine meetings, and finally to an elopement. My father never forgave me.

We were married, and went to New York—that Mecca where arrive ultimately all who seek wealth or fame. And New York, city of illusions and disillusions, in contrast to the usual stories of struggle, was very kind to us.

"I, too, am wearing the thorns! I, too, am being crucified!"

THOSE early years together! My heart yearns over them as a mother might yearn over a brood of little ones of whom death has robbed her. For they were the happiest. We were two children in our two-room apartment, and as happy as two children in a play world. The struggle was often desperate but never bitter, filled with the joy and zest of two young creatures utterly in love with each other.

Basil had a position in an orchestra. He worked and studied hard at his beloved violin, and in an amazingly short time—but oh, with what infinite labor and long, weary hours—had climbed out of the orchestra pit to the stage. He rose to the "big time." And then one night came the great opportunity. A famous Hungarian master heard him play, came back-stage to see him and took an instant liking to him. Basil became his pupil, his protégé. He took Basil to Europe with him—alone—for two years of study.

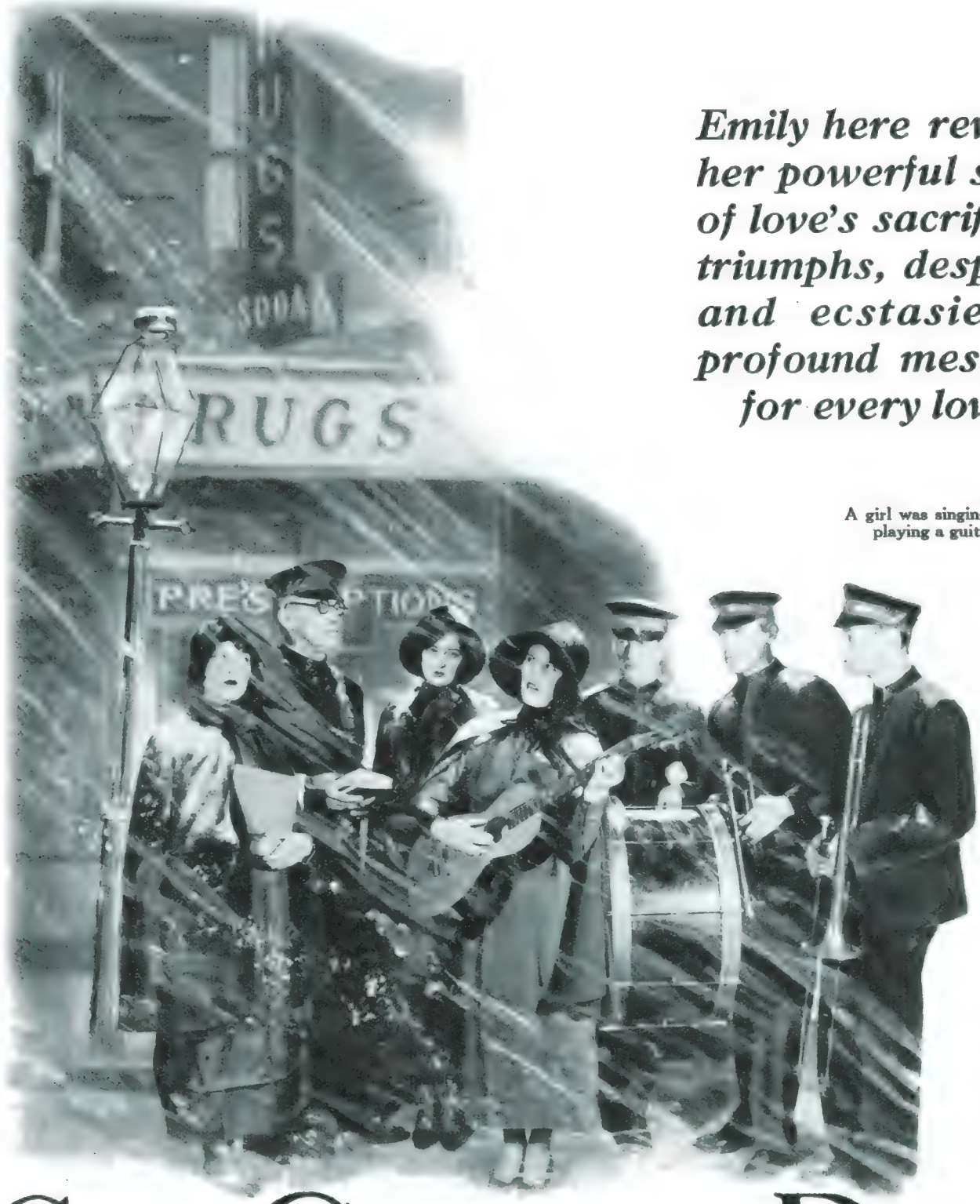
When Basil came back, his genius had already been recognized. New York acclaimed him.

If you have star stuff in you, New York will acclaim you; it will raise you to the stars. Basil was made of star stuff. In a short time his position as a star in the musical firmament was well established. After the years of struggle and—yes, privation—fame was very pleasant. I enjoyed observing people, wherever we went, nudging each other and remarking, "That's Basil, the violinist, and his wife." He was known everywhere as "Basil."

As for myself, my singing and dancing ability had got me a place in musical comedy. It paid well and I remained in it because our joint income was needed to finance Basil's lessons.

While he was in Europe, I was seized with ambition to go into serious dramatic work. I wanted to keep up with my famous husband. I wanted my name to flame in electric lights on Broadway. But that ambition was

Emily here reveals her powerful story of love's sacrifices, triumphs, despairs and ecstasies—a profound message for every lover



A girl was singing and playing a guitar

SHE COULDN'T DENY

not to be realized until I had been through the fire of sorrow and grief and tragedy. And then I found it only dust and ashes.

Basil's income from his playing surpassed all our dreams. A thousand dollars for an evening's work would once have seemed fabulous to us. It became a reality and, as the years passed, it became twice, three, five times that amount.

We graduated from our two-room apartment to a four-room, then a six-room; finally a nine-room was scarcely large enough. And then Basil built a place on Long Island. The sort of house we had always planned and dreamed of. It was to us the perfect conception of a dream come true. But I was not destined to be happy very long in that house. It was there that the first shadow fell athwart my life; the shadow of the tragedy that was at last to wreck it.

Domesticity began to absorb me. The delightful questions of furnishings, hangings, tapestries, rugs, dishes, housekeeping details, were a career in themselves. I left

the stage and devoted myself exclusively to my home. I was satisfied to be known only as Basil's wife, though I had achieved for myself a certain degree of prominence on the stage.

Nine years after we were married, our baby was born.

Basil had always had many women friends. I had never been jealous, for my own stage work had made me broad-minded. And indeed, I should not have liked the thought of having a husband at whom other women never cast envious eyes. I knew the joy of possession. There was a distinct thrill in the knowledge that other women liked and admired my handsome husband, entirely aside from his genius. I did not blame them. Basil was so intensely and vitally alive. There was an unconscious charm about him, in his dark masculine beauty which was irresistible to women, and which indeed held the seeds of madness.

We always discussed his affairs frankly and freely. When a woman acquired a "crush on him," as we used to call it, we would analyze it and laugh about it. He received an incredible quantity of "mash" notes, which occasioned us gales of laughter. They often affected his vanity, his head; but never his heart. I knew he was wholly mine. I exulted in that. So certain of it was I that I could laugh amusedly when a woman—a beautiful woman—came to me and asked that I divorce him.

During the years of study and struggle there had been little time for society. Outside of the theatrical world which absorbed us both so much, we had found rest and relaxation in the social life of Greenwich Village. This was in the days when The Village was bizarre and smacked of the French Latin Quarter, a literary and artistic center; the enchanted days of authors and poets who later became famous; when a garret was a gathering place for the cognoscenti and the literary dilettanti.

THE memory of those days is like an ineffable fragrance, because so closely associated with my early happiness.

With the coming of fame, however, and the letting down of the struggle for money and position, society opened its golden portals and swallowed Basil. He forsook The Village and its quaint customs and character.

It wasn't exactly true that he forsook me also, but sometimes I felt that he had. I began to be much alone. But the place on Long Island absorbed me and, moreover, I was looking forward to a great and wonderful event.

Basil's engagements, social and otherwise, kept him in town a great deal and, sometimes for a week, I would not see him.

I noticed a subtle change in him, and some changes which were not so subtle. For one thing, his remaining away from home so much. That gave me much thought and caused me many tears. Was it because I was losing my appeal, my hold on him? Another and still more significant thing was that he no longer discussed his women friends and admirers with me. And finally, he took to drinking and, with that, to beating me. Strong drink utterly transformed him; showed me a side I had never known. Drink seemed to awaken a beast in him, some primitive instinct inherited from his old-world peasant ancestors who own their women, body and soul, and beat them as a matter of course.

As I look back through the maze of years, it seems like a dream. It is difficult to remember just when and why Basil first struck me. Of course, he was drunk. Otherwise, he would never have dreamed of doing it. Perhaps it was partly my fault. Perhaps I should have spent more time in town with him.

BUT I felt that I could not, because of my condition. I remember he came home one week-end, disgustingly drunk, a phenomenon to which I had not then become accustomed. I had just received an anonymous letter, warning me to "watch out" for my husband who was getting himself talked about because of an affair he was having with a certain cabaret dancer whose name was notorious. It was the first letter of the sort I had ever received and, while I despised the writer who would not sign her name, it nevertheless left a poisoned dart in my heart. I showed it to Basil. I expected him to laugh and explain it.

But he did neither. "Well, what of it?" he said roughly.

He danced with me and flirted with me, unaware that I was his wife

"Suppose it's true? What are you going to do about it?"

"Why—nothing, of course," I said.

"You'd better not," he glowered at me. "I'd quit you cold if you ever interfered in my affairs. I'm rich now; I can afford all the women I want, and I won't stand for any one's telling me—me, Basil—what I can do—least of all, you!"

"Basil!" I cried. "You never talked like this before! What has happened?"

He came close to me, and I noticed his breath. It was the first time—

"Why—why, Basil!" I gasped. "You're drunk!"

To my utter amazement, he struck me in the face. The blow seemed to unleash a beast within him, and he followed with another and another, until he was beating me in a blind fury.

I did not scream. I was too dazed and horrified. I sank to the floor in a faint. When I roused, Basil was gone.

For a week I lived in a blur of pain and agony. And then my baby was born. A poor little premature son. And Basil came back, a very tender, pathetic and penitent Basil, consumed with remorse. He knelt beside me, and tears filled his eyes as he looked at the bruises on my face and neck.

"I hope God strikes me dead if I ever touch you again," he whispered brokenly. "I'm so ashamed! I didn't know what I was doing, darling. I must have been crazy! Can you forgive me? I love you so!"

Of course, I forgave him. As I look back I can recall the thrill I experienced, the fierce, almost dreadful pleasure, at having been beaten by the man I loved and worshiped.

But it was not to be the last time. There were repetitions of that same occurrence. While Basil's penitence lasted, we were happy again; although I was worried about the baby whose premature entrance into the world had made life difficult for him.

BASIL continued his newly acquired vice of drinking and I used to marvel how he managed to conduct his concerts. Yet the papers after every performance were profuse with praise and flattery of his work. He was, as I had always known, a genius; and much should be forgiven genius.

There came to me from various sources, with increasing frequency, reports of his affairs with women; especially about the cabaret dancer whose name was unsavory.

Because of the baby, I seldom went anywhere with my husband and, indeed, knew very little about his social affairs, other than the anonymous letters and various tattled tales that came to me.

Of course I continued to be invited out, as the wife of the famous Basil.

But a barrier seemed to have risen between Basil and me. When he drank he was unkind, and when he was not drinking, he was morose, seemed unhappy and evinced no pleasure in domestic life or in his son.

This grieved me greatly, because of the years we had looked forward to this time.

Early in the winter we received invitations to an artists' ball, in the vicinity of Washington Square. I made no plans to go, though it was the sort of affair we used to enjoy, but Basil arranged for his costume with great enthusiasm. Then I learned, through indirect sources, that the cabaret dancer, my husband's enchantress, was to be there and, suddenly, I decided to go.

The baby was desperately ill at the time, and my heart was torn with worry and anxiety, but I felt it safe to leave him for an evening with his two nurses.

Something made me go to that ball. Somehow I knew it would be a turning point in my life.

I ought to be condemned, I suppose, for spying on my husband, but I had been through so much of dread and uncertainty that I simply had to know the truth at first-hand. I felt I should find it out (*Continued on page* 132)

MEDDLING with

He lingered till all the rest had cantered out through the gate and then waved to me

Twice she came between a man and his career.

The first time brought a moment's happiness to two desperate souls.

The second—

MEDDLING with destiny! That is precisely what I attempted to do with the life of my son, whom I adored more than life itself, but in so doing, I nearly wrecked both his health and happiness. However, the story of my son's life is so interwoven with my own love story that I can't tell it without telling first of myself.

I was an American girl and, though not a Catholic, my father decided that a convent outside of New York was the best place to send a motherless daughter. The majority of the girls were, of course, Catholics. My roommate was a dear, named Adroit Darnello, who had been sent here from Europe for her education. I can't even tell you what country she came from, for I wouldn't wish any of them to know that I am telling this story. At the close of school I was permitted to return with Adroit to her native country, where I was to spend the summer, with the understanding that my father was to come over for me in the fall.

YOU can imagine how thrilled I was, and that I undertook the journey with all the romance of my emotional soul just waiting for an outlet. We met several attractive men on the ship, but saw very little of them, for the eagle eye of Adroit's aunt, who was chaperoning us until we reached the Darnello home, saw to it that we behaved as young girls direct from a convent should behave. And, in those days, that was very circumspect indeed!

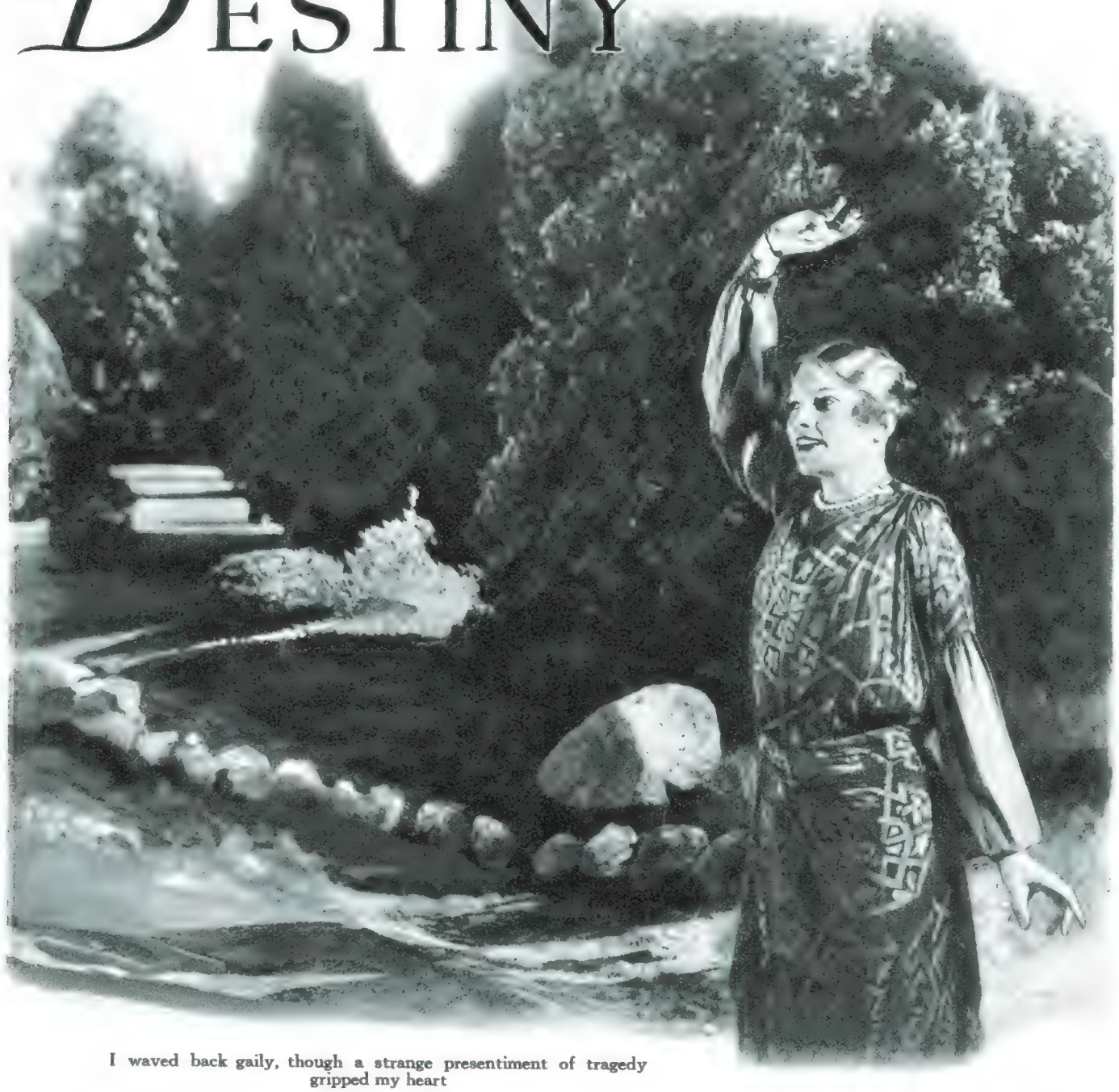
After an all-too-brief stay on deck, we were hustled off to our stateroom where Adroit and I would gaze longingly out of the porthole at the moon as it silvered the waters. Adroit would hug me tightly and whisper, "Wait till you meet some of my fine young countrymen! I tell you, Lyda darling, they are the most perfect lovers in the world. The sunny clime has warmed their hearts, has put fire into their eyes, has mellowed their voices. They aren't cold as are your Americans. You will love them all—and find one in particular. Then you will stay near to me always!"

Yes, I was sure she spoke the truth. I felt a premonition that I would find love waiting for me at the foot of the path in the garden of her villa, the garden that I had viewed so often in her photograph album.

AT last we arrived at the tiny village up in the hills, an entire day's journey from the port where we landed. Adroit's family were the "lords of the manor," so to speak; being the one wealthy family in the village. Every one adored them. I was welcomed whole-heartedly into their midst. I must have been an odd contrast in that scene—Adroit's mother, father, two little sisters and one tiny brother, all were dark-haired, black-eyed, with scarlet cheeks that glowed beneath olive skins, and I—I was slender, with red-gold hair and a skin so white that it made me look delicate, even when I felt my best.

Days slipped by. Soon it was the second week of my visit, and though I was happy and had met many delightful people with kind hearts and ready laughter, still no lover had appeared at the end of the path in the garden.

DESTINY



I waved back gaily, though a strange presentiment of tragedy gripped my heart

The third week, a great event occurred in the Darnello family. Their oldest son, Pasquale, who was studying for the priesthood, was to come home for a month. Such excitement! Such preparations!

"He is such a fine boy," Mother Darnello would say to me, "the joy of our lives! We are so happy that he has chosen to enter the priesthood—it will bring untold blessings to all of us."

ON the day of his arrival, I felt like an intruder on their happiness, so I slipped down to the end of the garden near the gate, curled up on the grass beside one of the flower beds and tried to read. But I couldn't, for my book would continually fall to my lap, and my mind would wander off into rose-colored day-dreams. Then the gate opened and a young man stood before me. I saw nothing but his face, a face radiant with happiness, which turned to surprise and then into a look of wonderment, as he saw me.

We must have gazed into each other's eyes for fully two minutes before either of us spoke. Then I jumped to my feet and cried, "Why, you must be Pasquale!"

"And you must be Lyda Lawson," he echoed.

We both blushed, laughed, and then turned up the path together.

SUCH cries of joy and excitement when the Darnellos saw us! "But, Pasquale, we did not expect you till the afternoon train," his mother protested. "And where is your bag? How did you get here?" and a thousand other questions that tumbled over one another.

I stood by, watching them, or rather, watching Pasquale. In fact, I hadn't taken my eyes from him since he had entered the gate. My heart was beating wildly and my breath came almost in little gasps. Several times before, under emotion, my heart had acted so. But why should it do so now? I wondered.

The next ten days, I believe, were the happiest of my life up to that time. In the morning, Pasquale would read and study, and no one was permitted to disturb him; but

every afternoon a jolly family group would go out on some excursion. Sometimes, Adroit, Pasquale and I would be accompanied by Mother and Father Darnello. Again, one or two, or perhaps all, of the younger children, would go with us while the folks remained at home to have a veritable feast ready for us on our return.

WE would go for boat rides on the sapphire blue lake, which was just a half a mile distant, or we would drive along its beautiful shores in the old victoria with its two gray horses.

At these times, Pasquale never tired of pointing out the beauties of this mountainous country he loved so dearly. Or again, if the day were hot, we would all gather in the garden and he would tell the younger boys of his own childhood adventures.

At night, when we met around the fire in the big central hall—for the nights grew cold in the mountains—Pasquale would talk seriously to his father on problems of the world. At these times I would sit back in the shadow, watching the play of emotions in his sensitive face. They would talk in their native tongue. Of course I had studied it at school, but when they talked to each other, often I couldn't follow. When Pasquale glanced in my direction and saw a look of puzzlement on my face, he would explain in English for me. He never, for long, permitted me to be an outsider in their family circle.

Twice, Adroit, Pasquale, the older of the two younger sisters and I had gone for long climbs up the the mountainside. These trips were too hard for the older members of the family, though Mother Darnello hated to have Pasquale out of her sight for a moment; but she busied herself in his absence by planning some new surprise for our return

Adroit and her sister would hurry ahead, light of foot and graceful. but the steep paths were difficult for me. I would stop. panting and laughing, to call their attention to some view while I regained my breath; not willing to admit that I couldn't climb as they did. Often Pasquale would reach down a hand to help me to some steep place. When I had reached safety, he would abruptly drop my hand, turn from me quickly, and be silent for quite a while.

He stood defiantly before us and cried, "I don't want to go into the church. I—I'm going to be an actor."

THEN, at the beginning of the third week, they planned a special mountain climb. This time we were going to take our lunch and climb to the top. Pasquale said he hadn't been to the top for four years, and that he wanted to get a view of the valley below from this vantage point. It was a real gala occasion, and both the younger sisters came along. Also, a young cousin, Narvil, a serious lad of nineteen, who had come down from a neighboring town for the week-end.

As we started, my heart sang for joy. A long day ahead of us; a brilliant and cloudless sky; the earth a soft, rich green!

But the climbing seemed more difficult this day than usual. I tired more quickly, and found that I had

(*Continued on page* 151)

Harry held up one of the waffles and gazed disgustedly at its blackness, while mother with even greater disgust, ran through the whole pile

ONLY A WOMAN COULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THIS!

She loved her husband and she loved her mother. Both were vital to her happiness. So what did she do when forced to choose between them? You'll be surprised!

THE mother-in-law in the home is a problem that almost every wedded couple has to meet. In some cases it almost amounts to a tragedy and it is as old as the marriage rites themselves. Millions of jokes have been written about her, but if the truth were known, there is a heartache for every joke. The joke is probably humanity's pathetic attempt to laugh off an unpleasantness.

When I was twelve my father died, leaving a tottering and almost bankrupt business as a heritage. My mother, a strong-willed, self-reliant and determined woman, filled the breach vacated by father so efficiently that this business soon became an asset instead of a liability. Nothing could swerve her from a purpose she thought was right. At times she was downright stubborn, when attempts were made to point out her errors.

She lavished her affections on me and built herself around me like a wall, warding off all harsh contact with the world. Whenever I was faced with a problem mother stepped to the front and solved it for me. It was, "Don't bother about it, dear. Mother will take care of it." Or, "Never mind, honey, now just leave it to mother," every day of my life.

As a result I grew up wholly dependent upon her, feeling hopelessly weak and unable to face life alone. I believe it is nature's plan to put obstacles and problems in every life for each person to overcome and thus build character.

But such was not for me. Even my friends were chosen for me, and if any young man showed more than a passing interest in me, he was promptly cut off the list.

AFTER graduating from high school I was sent to the State University which was a co-educational institution. It was the first time I had ever been away from home and mother's attention, and I felt as though the props had been yanked from under me.

It was here that I met Harry Benton. I felt irresistibly drawn to him from the beginning and fell deeply in love with him. Probably because I saw mirrored in him the dominant qualities so prominent in mother. He fitted right into my life where mother left off when I was sent alone to college. My apparent helplessness seemed to draw him and imbue him with a desire to play guardian over me, just as mother had always done. I know I felt

comfortable and safe when he was near to look after me.

Past experience had taught me that if mother suspected I was in love with him she would immediately pick him to pieces and throw him out. I loved him so deeply that I couldn't bear the thought of giving him up. That was why I deceived my mother for the first time. We met secretly and corresponded secretly. The result was that when Harry graduated we eloped and were married.

It was a terrible shock to mother who had never suspected a thing, and it left her gasping. For a while she stormed and made all kinds of remarks about the jobless ingrate who had stolen her daughter. Finally, realizing that her capable hands were tied and she could do nothing about it, she decided to make the best of what she considered a bad bargain.

HARRY hung out his shingle and began to practice law. Mother bought and furnished a new bungalow for us. I could see it was distasteful to Harry to have to live in it, because his nature was such he didn't want to be under obligations to any one; least of all to his wife's mother.

There were rather slim days while Harry was getting his practice established, and if it hadn't been for mother's help, we would have been in serious straits. Accepting this charity irked Harry and I know if it were not that my welfare and comfort were uppermost in his mind, he would have turned mother down flat. Besides, mother wasn't very nice in her manner of tendering us aid, either.

Each year she took a two-months' vacation and spent it with us. It seemed that, deep down in her heart, she had never forgiven Harry for our elopement and blamed him alone. The two months she spent with us were two months of torture for Harry and of suspense for me.

I knew two unyielding natures such as theirs were bound to clash some day, and all I could see was that it spelled ruin to our marital hopes.

I loved my mother as devotedly as any daughter could but, in spite of myself, I got to looking forward with misgivings to her visits. Almost every day of the last month of her visit was blue with bitter words between her and Harry. He became so irritated by her presence that he carried a grouch on all the time.

I was in tears most of the time trying to play the rôle of peace maker between them. I would plead first with one, then the other, and in that way managed to stave off the inevitable climax for a while. I was meek and willing to agree to this or that, or anything—to keep peace. Each day was one of suspense for me and nightfall usually found me so nervous that I could scarcely sleep.

This year, mother's annual vacation was nearing its end, and Harry and I were both looking forward to her departure. In spite of my deep affection for her, I felt that I couldn't stand the strain of her presence much longer. It would be such a relief when Harry and I could be alone once more.

Then came the climax that left Harry and me both speechless.

At breakfast, mother announced she had decided to give up her business interests and come to live with us.

"You two are so young and inexperienced," she added, "I am sure I can be of so much help to you if I just remain here with you."

I was dumfounded, and the news left me actually sick. I walked to the corner with Harry that morning and we discussed it on the way. I told him I was sure I couldn't stand any more of it, but what could I do?

"Well, Babe," he said, "we'll just have to make the best of it. I certainly can't order her out of her own house, and as long as we continue to live in her house, my hands are tied. If she keeps her nose out of my affairs we can get along, but I will not stand for her dictating."

"I don't know what to do, Harry," I cried helplessly. "I have pleaded with her not to interfere with you and your affairs, but she only answers, 'How will he ever learn if he won't take advice from his elders?' Then she actually gets worse instead of better."

"Just forget about it, Babe," he said consolingly, "We will manage some way."

His car came along then, and he kissed me good-by and hopped aboard. I walked home feeling terribly disheartened.

We managed to pull through the first week of her extended visit, but on Sunday came the long expected flare-up. For the first time mother and Harry came right out with personal remarks. It was a terrible scene. Harry was spitting out oaths, while mother was threatening to do everything from having me divorce him to calling the police and having him ejected. She looked around for something to strike him with, but all she could find was a sofa pillow, and I remember how ridiculous she looked as she held it threateningly over his head.

I COWERED deep in the cushions of an armchair, too frightened to make any attempt at pacifying them. Here were two mighty wills in battle, and neither would give an inch. Finally Harry said he would pack up our belongings in the morning and leave her house.

"Babe and I can get along without you, and I want you to understand I won't have you interfering in our affairs again," he ended up.

"Babe will not leave this house," mother shot back at him.

"We'll leave that to her and you cannot stop her, if she wishes to go," he replied.

I quavered under the flame of anger that shone in their eyes as they both looked at me, expecting me to make a decision at once. I stuttered and gulped and was unable to say

I was too frightened to attempt to pacify them

anything understandable. It was too much for me so I rushed to my own room weeping, without answering either of them.

When Harry came to bed I feigned sleep. I was too nervous and unstrung to want to talk about it, or to make a decision.

All night I tossed and rolled trying to think of something I could do to bring peace into our home once more.

All my life I had been dependent upon either mother or Harry, whenever I was in trouble. Now I was face to face with the biggest problem of my life with no one to turn to.

HARRY was awake at four, and began talking about his plans for moving out that day. I prevailed upon him to put it off for a week and we would both try to think of some solution in the meantime. "You know, Harry, she has been both father and mother to me, and you must remember she is my mother," I said, and then continued, "I am sure she means it for the best, but it is because she is used to being obeyed that makes her so impossible to get along with."

"Well, we'll try it another week," Harry said, "and if we can't get her to move, we will have to go, because as long as she lives under the same roof with us there will be friction."

We dressed, and I hurried downstairs to get breakfast ready. My hopes of a truce were dashed when they met across the table. Hostilities were resumed and it was even more bitter than the night before. Harry's rage was awful to see. He even glared at me as he put on his coat and hat.

I followed him to the porch. Holding on to his coat lapels, I begged him to overlook mother's remarks but I could make no dent in his angry mood. He took both my hands in his and jerked them from his coat so roughly that he hurt me.

"I tell you, Babe, I won't put up with it any longer and I don't have to. Either your mother goes before the end of the week, or I go. You can either come with me or stay with your mother, I don't care which. But understand this, I will not live under the same roof with her—and that's final," he roared.

Then he whirled away and down the steps stamping his feet in determination.

I went into the house, heartbroken. There stood mother in the parlor, with the blood of battle in her eyes. She was bristling all over with indignation. I knew it was hopeless to think of ever bringing peace between these two again.

Mother looked ridiculous as she held a sofa pillow threateningly over Harry's head

I WENT to my room and flung myself across the bed. My nerves were all unstrung and I shed copious tears. I was so unused to it all, and felt so weak and small compared to these two angry people. What a queer quirk of fate that these two who had always shielded me and solved my problems should now present me with the biggest problem of my life. Now I had no one to turn to and it seemed as though the world had dropped from under me.

I had to choose between my mother, who had been so good to me, and Harry and our happy home we had built such high hopes for. All day I remained there, turning this problem over and over in my mind, seeking an answer. Late in the afternoon I went downstairs to prepare dinner.

When Harry came home instead of greeting me with his usual affectionate kiss and loving embrace he actually glared at me. I suppose, at the office, he had spent the day brooding over his quarrels and in his angry mind pictured mother and daughter at home plotting against him. The truth of the matter was that I hadn't spoken a word to mother all day.

(*Continued on page* 122)

DEVIL

He was furiously angry

Romance seemed to come riding right into her life on Gavin's proposal. Didn't he have everything a girl could want in a husband—looks, family and money? Yes! But what were these worth when she learned about his terrible weakness? And what could she do?

ONE of my earliest recollections as a small child was of my father's coming home one night, swooping me off the floor and playfully tossing me up into the air. He had done it dozens of times before; the reason I screamed so on this particular occasion was due to the fact that he crashed me right up into the chandelier and broke a globe with my head. The scar's there yet.

Long after my mother thought I was asleep, I lay and listened to her soft sobbing, wondering what it was all about. It was the first time I had ever seen her cry and it scared me to death, and perplexed me, too. She had not cried when father, white and shaken, carried me into her room with blood streaming over my face, but after I was all fixed up and snuggled down in bed with a silver dollar and a box of animal crackers, very well pleased at being the center of attraction, mother began to cry.

I couldn't understand why she was so angry, either; I knew Daddy hadn't meant to hurt me and was awfully sorry—he said so over and over—but the weary bitterness of her tones as she brushed aside his excuses fell like lead on my childish ears.

But then I remember thinking all grown people were queer; there was no accounting for their peculiarities. Daddy, for instance, might snatch me up in a bear hug one minute, exclaiming I was the sweetest little lamb on earth; and the next second, as I tripped over his feet and upset an ash tray, yell furiously at me that I was the clumsiest little jackanapes he'd ever seen, aiming an irritated smack at me that would have knocked me endways, had I not dodged expertly.

I LEARNED to dodge early, however, just as I learned to accept his sudden changes from hilarious good temper to snapping ill humor as being just something which I couldn't cure and might as well endure. I think I was pretty philosophical for a little girl; an inheritance perhaps from my mother, a tall, rather lovely woman who, I realize now, possessed to the full that ability to endure. As I grew older, of course, I realized what the trouble was, and quietly accepted my father's inability to "let liquor alone," along with his fitful tempers and erratic disposition, as just part of him.

Little by little, though, I experienced some of the humiliations that had embittered mother's life. Father, swaggering unsteadily up to my Christmas tree; his face the color of the candles and his eyes as glassy as the shining balls, causing sly glances of amusement between my small cousins, ripe with understanding that came from having overheard others discuss our family affairs. Father at an evening party, alternating between fits of pompous gravity and boisterous jollity; roaring with laughter as he

DRIVEN

tipped his punch over mother's lace dress, and her face deathly white, as she desperately tried to pass it all off as a joke, pretending amusement at "Ned's high spirits."

Scenes like this, and even more unpleasant ones, stamped on my childish mind an absolute horror of a man who drank, and I firmly resolved that I would never, never marry one who did drink. I knew all too well the dreary round of worries directly and indirectly caused by drinking, and I was firm in my declaration that the man I married must never drink.

When I was eighteen, there was a boy in town who had been going with me ever since I was fifteen; I will call him Don Reed.

Don took a step forward, determination in his face

HE was a big, fair-haired silent sort of chap, steady and dependable as old Dog Tray, and his evident devotion was both sweet and flattering to me.

And though I was more than halfway in love with the big, easy going, sweet-tempered fellow, I took care not to let him know it; for in my youthful inexperience I wanted change and excitement and romance; a marriage that would dazzle the community. Above all, I wanted to get away from my old life and the old surroundings and, with mother and Daddy with me, of course, begin life all over. I felt so sure of being able to bring happiness to everybody!

Suddenly it seemed as though my girlish dreams might actually come true, for Fate willed that Gavin Quintard should come into my life and, with him, that delirious sensation known as love at first sight. Schoolgirlish and silly as that may sound, there is a wild, sweet thrill to that experience to which all other loves must pay tribute as having been, for awhile at least, supreme.

Poor Don! I put him as completely out of my mind as possible, though the knowledge that he was hurt, hurt me far more than I cared to acknowledge. I was deep under the spell of Gavin's fascination; his careless laugh, his heady love-making, and the magnetism of his amber-colored eyes that possessed the power to convey depths of adoration in their glance. My finger drooped under the weight of a gorgeous ruby and diamond ring, for Gavin was one of the wealthiest men in the state; a catch many an ambitious mother had angled for. And here was I, little Alice Lambert, daughter of a gone-to-seed architect, actually engaged to be married to him. No wonder the proud dowagers writhed!

I WAS gloriously happy for a brief space of time, and particularly nice to poor old Don whenever I happened to meet him, though his white, set face and a certain pathetic pleading in his gray eyes, caused a certain pang at my heart; I wanted everybody to be as happy as I was. But already the first gray shadows were lengthening across my path; forerunners of black clouds to come.

Gavin returned from a week-end in the city with an unmistakable odor of whisky on his breath, and its influence evident in all his actions. There was something so sickeningly familiar to me in those bloodshot eyes, that thick speech, that jaunty swagger. A pain like a wild beast sank fangs deep in my heart as I returned his kiss, saying in one little moan, "Oh, Gavin—you've been drinking—"

"Little Sherlock Holmes!" he laughed confidently, with

the gigglesome good humor of tipsy men, and continuing lightly, "Yes, you darling! I'll apologize in sackcloth and ashes—but I did hit it up a bit with the boys in town night before last. What can your bad boy give you to make up? Don't look so stricken, little saint. Didn't you know I drank, honey? Most men do, you know."

"Oh, Gavin, I guess they do. But, darling, darling—I can't endure drinking! I thought you were different. Oh, dearest, you don't know how I feel about drinking!"

HE seemed actually startled at my earnestness, as if it were inconceivable that any one could feel so strongly on the subject, or disapprove so highly of anything he did. From his first rather puzzled amusement, he grew irritated, and with the almost insolent assurance of a very rich man, I remember his saying:

"Dearest, you sound like a perfect fanatic. I had no idea you were such a rabid little dry! But don't you realize what a narrow, intolerant attitude that is?

"My wife must not be so provincial, darling. Why, I'd be the laughing-stock of every one who knew you took that ridiculous stand about mere friendly drinking among friends. I'm not a sot, you know, and never will be, so don't let's quarrel. There, give me your lips, darling. Oh, my sweet little Puritan—" And his lips crushed mine in a passion rendered revolting to me by the liquor on his breath.

I'll skip over the endless arguments and discussions and debates we went through which served no purpose, whatever, in the end; as Gavin could not or would not understand how I felt. He attempted to reason with me, argue with me, laugh at me, scold me and finally quarrel heartily with me. And though we always made up, it was the same thing over and over again.

I felt sure he would give up drinking if he only knew what it really meant to me, but somehow I couldn't explain my horror of having to live all my life in an atmosphere of drunken boisterousness, villainous after-effects and, worst of all, disgusting scenes of maudlin amorousness. For if Gavin roused both my fear and disgust of him now, in these moods, how much worse would it be after marriage, when I would be forced to accept his caresses when and how he wanted to bestow them?

People were beginning to talk; ever since the night Gavin took me to a dance and got so drunk he had to be taken upstairs to sleep it off. Don Reed took me home in his flivver and Gavin never forgave him for it; said I should have taken a taxi, that I knew that as well as he.

I was scolded and reproached for the whole thing, but the fact of his having been unable to escort me home himself never caused him either any worry or embarrassment; merely an amusing little incident likely to occur in the best regulated society, and which a sensible girl should have found screamingly funny.

"Ever hear of a lovers' quarrel?" snapped Gavin. "Best plan to keep out of 'em!"

BUT of course I forgave him, as I always forgave him. Over and over and over again did I excuse, overlook and condone things he said, and did or didn't do, when he was drinking.

Mother was distressed to death. She talked to me a long time one afternoon, when Gavin had gone with Dad to find a pet bootlegger some place out in the country.

"My life has been one bitter experience after another, Alice," she said solemnly. "Your father drank before we were married, too, my dear. And though I knew it and grieved over it, I thought he would straighten up after our marriage.

"My child, the most hopeless mistake on earth is for a woman to think a man will do for his wife what he won't do for his sweetheart, or that his habits can ever be changed after marriage. It can't be done—I know that weary road step by step. I've watched your father's brilliant mind steadily deteriorate, watched him going down mentally and physically, inch by inch; a heartbreaking thing for a wife to witness, too.

(*Continued on page* 100)

No Matter Where She Went

She wanted to be more than just a clinging vine. What was love, even to a woman, if it didn't bring comradeship and achievement? She revolted, and then—

Instantly I recognized him and, for a second, I thought I would faint

I WAS raised by an uncle and aunt in Corvallis, a small town in western Oregon. My father died when I was a very little girl, leaving my mother with three small children to support. Finding it almost impossible to make ends meet, she consented to my adoption by an uncle, my father's brother.

I was given a fairly good education, for my aunt and uncle had agreed that I should have the same chances in life as their two boys. I had a happy childhood, for my cousins were more like brothers, tormenting and teasing me at times, but always ready to take my part in any real trouble.

I grew up like most of the girls of my time, taking part in dances, picnics and other amusements that the young people in small towns enjoy.

AT an early age I began going with boys of my own age, but somehow I never had any real sweethearts. I was dreaming always of some fairy prince that would unexpectedly come into my life and take my heart by storm.

I was just sixteen when my uncle, always delicate, developed a trouble that soon proved fatal.

Fortunately, I had already finished high school and was quite capable of teaching an ungraded school in a country district. Immediately I sent in applications to a number of different schools, and at last received word that I had been accepted by the board of a small school near Moro, a town about forty miles from Mount Hood.

I was greatly excited when I boarded the train for my school in eastern Oregon, as secretly I had longed to get away from home, thereby escaping the strict discipline of my aunt which, in all probability, was the best thing for me.

It was harvest time when I arrived in the country where my school was situated. As I had never lived on a farm the rural life appealed to my imagination to such an extent that I soon found myself looking for some farmer lad with whom to fall in love.

A combined harvester was at work on the ranch adjoining the one where I was to board and, among the men at work there, was one that immediately singled me out and made every effort to monopolize all my time.

I WAS secretly pleased that he did, for I soon learned that he was not a farmhand, but a young lawyer, who had come to the country for his health.

I was greatly attracted to him and was pleased that he found so much pleasure in my company.

We were soon going to picnics and dances in the neighborhood, and I even took up horseback riding merely to

accompany him on his long rides. We speedily became fast friends and, almost before we realized the drift of our friendship, we were both deeply in love.

It was my first real love affair and my whole soul went out to Bob Reynolds. In him, I saw the prince of whom I had so long dreamed.

Bob was a Southerner and lacked none of the chivalry usually found in men of the South. His eyes were blue but very dark, and lighted at times with such laughing devilishness that one had to look deeply into his soul to discover the real characteristics of the man.

Our love-making progressed rapidly. In a few months we were engaged, and making plans for our wedding. I did not take another school, for we were married soon after my first school closed.

It was no hardship for me to give up my teaching, for I proved utterly unfit for the work. I lacked the patience with which a born schoolteacher is always endowed.

We had a home wedding in the town of Corvallis, and after we had furnished a cottage Bob opened his law office down on the main street.

Those first months following our marriage were one long dream of happiness. If Bob had faults, I failed to see them, but blindly placed him on a pedestal and was content to worship him.

I had been raised according to the old English custom, where the husband is lord of the manor and the wife is subject, more or less, to his will. I was too young to analyze love.

I TRUSTED blindly and, childlike, I never doubted but what I would find Bob always at my feet. He was far above the average man, both in character and ability, and although, in that first year of married life, he kept me in a doll's house, depriving me of many liberties, he petted and pampered me to such an extent that I was happy and blindly content.

But as the months passed, I saw that, slowly, a change was taking place in Bob. His love savored more of sympathy and kindness then the blind infatuation he had shown when we were first married. Patiently I made excuses for his lack of ardor, without calling his attention to the changes in himself that I could not help but see and feel. So slowly did his attitude change that he was not fully conscious of it himself.

He began to seek the society of other women, and at the parties and dances to which we were invited, I felt a pang of jealousy as I watched his willingness actually to inconvenience himself to make some young girl comfortable who, I knew, was making every effort to attract his attention.

For a time, I blindly made excuses for his desire to associate with other women, but at last sadly I admitted to myself that Bob was actually drifting away from me.

I not only felt it intuitively, but saw it with my own eyes; and just as though fate had intended to convince me of the fact, I was thrown in with girls who teasingly informed me that Bob appeared greatly interested in a young widow who had recently come to live in our town.

I WAS on a rack of impatience until I met her. Her name was June Winters. She was not only pretty and vivacious, but extremely clever in holding the attention of any man in whom she became interested.

Unfortunately for me, she became interested in my husband. So deeply interested that I hardly ever went downtown without seeing them together, either on the street or in his office.

I remonstrated with Bob, but always he would laughingly reply that June was only full of fun and that she meant absolutely nothing to him.

But my jealousy was aroused, and quietly I took note of their familiarity with each other.

Many a night I lay down beside him and, while he slept soundly, I softly cried myself to sleep.

This situation went on for months, but I was too inexperienced to handle it cleverly. In those months Bob and I quarreled many times, but always Bob would close the scene.

as if I were a child, with words about like these:

"You are foolishly jealous, my little Ann. June is nothing more to me than any other girl with whom I like to dance and joke. You are nervous." Then he would close the discussion by taking me on his lap, teasingly chiding me for my foolish jealousy until, for the time being, I was convinced that my suspicions were unfounded.

I clung to Bob in those days and was easily led to believe that most of my suspicions were imaginary. I begged of him to love me, to be square with me, and blindly believed that my helplessness would hold him.

I DID not realize that the clinging, helpless wife arouses in her husband only pity and sympathy. That was to be revealed to me later in life.

I was an inexperienced girl, knew very little about the world and far less about men, but as the months passed I was forced to think for myself. For although Bob denied absolutely having any interest in June, I was convinced, in the end, that my jealousy was not unfounded.

I went to my aunt and confided in her, but found that she, too, thought me jealous.

I went home and decided that, in future, I would keep my own council and not look for sympathy, even from my relatives.

Constantly I brooded over my unhappy marriage, but after a while I learned to keep my sorrows locked securely in my breast.

Bob was never cross nor unkind. He treated me in public with the utmost courtesy.

But all the time I was thinking, quietly taking note of the different stories he would tell, or listening to the lame excuses he so often made for staying at the office until late at night.

Little by little my anger grew, seething inwardly, until one day it suddenly broke all bounds. For the first time in my life I became combative, fully determined to end all my uncertainties and doubts by one decisive blow. I was actually amazed at myself for having the courage to take the decisive step.

Not for one second did I doubt the outcome of my venture. So certain was I of the situation that I went to the bank on a certain afternoon, and drew out my entire savings account. I then went home, packed a suit case and when Bob came home for dinner, I met him at the door with a warm smile on my face that covered all the seething anger that was boiling deep down in my heart.

The population was wildly fleeing to places of safety

After we finished dinner, Bob wiped the dishes, stopping now and then to kiss or tease me. When, at last, we had finished our supper work he put on his hat and just as I had anticipated, told me not to wait up for him, as he was preparing a case and would be late in getting home. I kissed him as he went out and, as I closed the door, I angrily dashed a tear from my eye. Then I dressed myself carefully and put everything in the house in order.

AT ten o'clock that night, with my suit case in one hand and my purse, containing about five hundred dollars, in the other, I stole out in the darkness and, with a passkey that I had secured, entered Bob's law office from the back door.

I swung open the door with such suddenness that I was in the middle of the room before Bob actually realized just what had happened. With a pounding heart but outwardly calm, I took in the scene before me. In a far corner, on a couch, sat Bob with June Winters in his arms. I stood silent only for a second, desperately trying to swallow a great lump in my throat. Then, mustering all my courage, I calmly said to Bob, "I only wanted to convince myself that my suspicions were not imaginary."

Without even a backward look, I walked out of the door, grabbed up my suit case in the outer room, and in a very few minutes was standing on the platform, waiting for the train that would carry me to Portland and then on to Pendleton, in the very heart of eastern Oregon.

I secured a berth, and all that night I lay with wide-open, staring eyes, conscious only of a heartache that hurt too deeply even to bring tears as a relief.

In that one night I lived over again my short married life and knew positively that, though Bob was infatuated with another woman, I still loved him.

Yes, I loved him, but I would never, never go back. (*Continued on page* 126)

Can a MAN

I couldn't believe my eyes

THE years go by so quickly! My son enters college in September, and Eleanor, my daughter, will be a junior. The baby—well, she is only three years old and—she isn't mine. Hal is her father, but I am only her stepmother. Sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? Yet the same problem is being duplicated almost daily.

Hal is my husband. We were married when he was a struggling young lawyer. Tall, dependable and true, he possessed a quiet dignity. Eleanor came to us in the second year of our married life and Stephen arrived on the scene two years later.

Our home life was a joyous thing—then Eloise came to make her home with us. She was my cousin, as fair as I am dark—blue eyes, golden hair and a complexion like an apple blossom with the sun shining through. The only home I had ever known had been given me by her widowed mother. At my aunt's death Hal agreed with me that the only way I could conscientiously cancel the debt was to open our home to her daughter.

So Eloise fitted into our home life without a ripple of disagreeable adjustment. She loved our babies and they, in turn, considered her a wonderful playmate. She was a stenographer and a very competent one; her days were spent in the hum of a busy office and in the evenings she shared our home life with us.

A YEAR had passed quietly, with no discernible change to mark its going. Then one evening, after I had tucked the children into their little white beds, I walked into the sun room. I couldn't believe my eyes. There was Eloise in my husband's arms! Quietly I retraced my steps, for I did not want to see what I had seen nor attach to it a sinister meaning. My limbs were trembling so that I could hardly reach a chair, and my mind seemed numb as I tried to find a simple explanation. Perhaps they had been having a playful scuffle. But no! An innocent scuffle would not have ended in the passionate embrace I had just witnessed.

Then following very closely on this scene came the revelation that Hal was spending many evenings at his office; getting out work for his stenographer—cases that must be prepared for court the next day—were some of the plausible explanations. But I could not help noticing that Eloise was always absent on these evenings, too.

The climax came without further warning. My husband was called on a murder case several hundred miles distant, requiring his absence over the week-end. The day following his departure Eloise received a telegram calling her to a city in the opposite direction, because of the illness of a very dear friend of whom she had often told me.

Both had gone. Evening came, with sleeping babies, flushed and tousled, a too quiet house and a wife who walked weary lengths of every room, pacing with stumbling feet against the hours that would bring daylight. Lurking shadows—faint noises—the call of homing birds in the vines outside; it had once been so dear and sweet!

THE next day, driven by some compelling force, I called the friend to whom Eloise had gone. Breathlessly I waited for the answer. Taut wires, a breaking in of some strange voice—then the answer.

Eloise had not been there, nor were they expecting her! Should she come— But I thanked the soft voice and hung up. Eloise, herself, had canceled the debt I owed her, but what an infamous rate of interest she had charged me!

One thought beat in upon my tired brain; our home must be saved, intact, for the children! Their claims came first, though it would mean anything but happiness for me.

They came home together. Hal had gone from the train to his office and had met Eloise later on the street. A very plausible explanation, surely, but when I unpacked

EVER *Understand?*

There was Eloise in Hal's arms

Was ever a woman faced with so terrible a dilemma? There were her husband, their children, the other woman, and the other woman's unborn child—all to be considered. And no matter what she decided to do, some one was sure to suffer. Did she do right when she—

his traveling bag to put his clothes in order, I found an intimate garment belonging to Eloise that had evidently been hurriedly thrust in at the last moment. I went through dinner that night as one walks a dream-ridden thoroughfare.

"Did you have a pleasant visit with your friend, Eloise?" I asked with a simulated interest I was far from feeling.

I WAS thankful that little Eleanor engrossed my attention at that moment so that I could hide my confusion at her answer.

"Yes, indeed, Mary. I had a wonderful time!"

"And did you leave her much improved?" I questioned innocently.

"Yes, she was feeling much better when I left; it seemed to be a touch of the flu!" She had the grace to bow her head as a deep flush stained her cheeks and throat. Later, we faced one another in the living room.

Again and again I tried to speak, but my hands were like ice, my blood seemed frozen and my lips were mute. I lowered a shade, picked a few dry leaves from the fern in the casement window, flicked an imaginary bit of dust from a book on the table, then sat down and tried again. My effort seemed fruitless until I happened to intercept a glance that passed between Hal and Eloise. Suddenly my veins were filled with a molten lava, my heart beat a suffocating tattoo, and speech, so elusive a moment before, came to my rescue.

"I HAVE something to say to you, Eloise." I fought to keep my voice from trembling. Hal looked up, sent a keen, searching glance at my white face, then dropped the paper he had been reading, rose to his feet and asked, "Would you like to have me leave the room, Mary?"

"No," I answered quietly. "It concerns you really more than it does Eloise. Please stay."

The girl before me had cupped one hand over her mouth as though to stifle a scream. Her face, too, was colorless—but I must go on to the bitter end.

"Eloise, you did not go to visit a friend. I called and she said you had not been there nor were you expected!"

Tense silence, save for the whir of motors speeding by and the occasional rumble of a truck. The birds were again settling into their nests outside the eaves.

"I have not been absolutely blind to what has been going on in my home, but somehow I thought you would both come to a realization of the unforgivable thing you were doing!"

Silence again. Eloise had sunk deeper into the cushioned chair, her face half hidden in the shadows. Hal sat with hands tightly locked over his knees, looking intently at the floor. I seemed to be a disembodied entity

speaking without human volition. But I went on:

"I have found you in each other's arms more than once. But somehow I could not bring myself to speak. But now—this last! Hal, when I unpacked your bag this morning I found a garment belonging to Eloise that I know she was wearing when she left. Perhaps you can both justify what you have done—I do not know. Eloise, have you anything you care to tell me?"

She pulled herself to an upright position, clutching at her throat as though to steady the full throbbing. Hal's color had gone, leaving a thick pallor that had a pitiful suggestion of age. After what seemed a century of time Eloise began to speak:

"I—I know, Mary. It is a cruel thing we have done to you—but I—I am not going to lie about it! I love Hal; have always loved him from the first time I looked into his face!"

I LOOKED from her white face to Hal. He rose to his full height and began pacing the length of the room. I would have given much to have known just what he was thinking. Regret, shame, remorse?—that he should have been caught in the same trap from which he had extricated so many.

Eloise was crying. I could hear the keys in Hal's pockets, as his long strides struck them against loose coins; one of the children cried out in restless sleep overhead, and a rising wind was flinging the dry leaves against the windows.

"Hal," the word was almost a whisper but I cleared my aching throat and went on, "Hal—can't you help me—don't you realize what all this means to me? Oh, please—"

He began speaking in quick, trenchant phrases. I only hoped, as I looked at his beloved face, that he would not make me hate him by hiding behind flimsy lies, or a woman's weakness.

"They are true, Mary—the accusations you have made. I have no defense to offer that you would care to accept. I cannot say that I love Eloise—not in the sense in which she uses the word! She has always been attractive to me—but that's no excuse for the thing I have done!"

He stopped before my chair with hands outflung:

"Believe me or not, Mary, you are the only woman I have ever really loved—and I would give my hope of eternal salvation to undo the monstrous thing I have done!" He was pacing again, long, uneven strides, brushing against my chair each time he passed me. Then he was speaking again:

"I am far more responsible for what has happened than your cousin. We'll let it rest there. The thing that confronts us now is this: what do you want to do about it? It is your right to decide, Mary. I realize that I deserve no lenient consideration. Oh, what a pitifully short-sighted creature a man is!"

He sank heavily into an armchair; his head buried in hands that shook. Eloise sent a tense glance in his direction, then stared straight ahead. The telephone rang and Hal answered. Short, curt, decisive statements—some pressing court matter evidently—and again his white face stared across from mine.

"Eloise," I cried, "why have you tried to do this thing?"

I PRAYED for help. It would be such an easy matter to let a wounded pride dictate. The awful ache that I had not been everything to the man I loved. Where had I failed? In trivial things or in the hidden, deeper contacts that make of marriage a precious, lasting thing? Well—whatever it was—it was all over now.

"Eloise," I said, striving for a calm I was far from feeling, "I am sorry for what has happened. There are no words to convey my real feelings about the whole wretched mess.

"I am not going to talk to you of honor and loyalty; I do not hate you; I do not hope for your punishment. The law of compensation will take care of that. I do not blame you as much as I blame Hal. But you will have to leave my home. For the sake of the children, I must keep the home together—unless you and Hal have decided that your happiness lies with each other—that even the babies are not to be considered."

No answer. Wind-blown leaves scraped against half-open shutters, a locomotive whistled its way through darkened hills, the clock on the mantel chimed another hour. Still no word was spoken.

"Hal," I finally asked, "will you remain here—to all outward appearances the same, or have you other plans for the future?"

In a voice husky with tears, Hal answered, "Of course I

(*Continued on page* 93)

Revealing What Happened When One Man Spurned Life's Greatest Gift

She rushed to me and threw her arms around my neck

The LOVE He *Couldn't* FORGET

In Preceding Installments:

JACK COLLINS was my roommate at college, and a finer fellow never lived. It was through him that I met Sally, who became my wife shortly before commencement. Our wedding was saddened by the fact that Jack had died but a short time before, but the memory of him and the knowledge of his high hopes for our happiness made us feel that we just had to make our marriage a success.

We settled on my dad's old farm, and although we both worked hard, we were unable to pay off the mortgage. So losing the farm, we went out to Denver. Here after more than two months' searching, I got a job in a machine shop, and Sally took a job teaching school. With both of us tired from overwork, we soon became irritable and began to quarrel.

As I look back, I realize I was mostly at fault. It must have been difficult living with me those days for I was so immersed in a new carburetor with which I was experimenting. In fact, I was too preoccupied to be human.

Finally I got my patent, and hope of real success again came to me. But Fate seemed intent on testing me in every possible way. Our house burned down, and Sally in rescuing my patent papers, had her face horribly disfigured by burns. Then I acted the complete cad. I left her—left her to roam around the world for a score of years, never finding anything but misery in the huge fortune my patent finally brought me.

I communicated with Sally through Mrs. James, a friend. I pleaded with her to forgive me and take me back. But all I got in reply was one letter saying she was taking steps toward a divorce, and refusing me her address.

Finally, when a very unhappy and disillusioned man in middle life, I ran into Mrs. James. She told me of Sally's success as a writer, and invited me to her home. Here I met Nova, who seemed the very image of Sally as I had first known her in those days back in college.

NOVA and I were strangely drawn to each other from the first. I remember sitting one day and watching her quite miserably. Why did she have to look so like Sally? My arms ached from wanting them about her—but, to save myself, I could not tell whether they ached for Nova, or the woman I had lost and whom she reminded me of so poignantly.

Nova faced about suddenly. Our eyes met, and held.

"Why do you look at me like that?" Nova asked shakily.

I couldn't very well say, "You remind me of the girl I used to love and, because of that, I think I am falling in love with you."

Instead, I said, "Let's go for a drive up the canyon."

* * *

After we had covered a number of miles I pulled up beside the road and stopped the motor where we could look out over a great canyon. It was a magnificent sight.

Suddenly Nova turned to me and asked softly, "Don't you want to tell me about Sally?"

I was utterly flabbergasted. "What do you know about me—*me*—and Sally?" I questioned.

"Oh, Uncle James told me she was your wife once, and he thinks you still love her."

For a moment I could say nothing. "Do you know Sally?" I asked.

"Yes!" she replied. "And I love her! Everybody loves her! I could take a message to her if you wanted me to."

HALTINGLY, with long aching pauses, I told Nova about Sally. I knew the cad I'd been—and so did Nova when I had finished. But I read not condemnation but understanding in her wide gray eyes.

"Nova, I'd give my interest in heaven just to have Sally back for one day!" I said brokenly, dropping my head into my arms on the wheel.

Nova spoke softly, her arm about my shoulders. "If you love her like that, why don't you go to her? Is it because of the—the—of her—disfiguration?"

"No!" I cried. "Not the scars! They can never make any difference now. It's Sally I love—the dear, beautiful, shining soul of her! Nova, I knew ten minutes after she walked out of my home, game as a little soldier, never by word or look reproaching me for my rottenness, I knew then that the scars could never make any difference, but it was too late! I've never been able to make her understand.

"I'd give my soul, such as it is, for one hour of the old heaven of Sally's arms!"

"Are you quite sure of that?" Nova asked earnestly.

"Nova, it is the only thing I *am* sure of any more," I said wearily. "Her smile was the most beautiful thing I'd seen in years—another perfect soul shining through a pair of wide brown eyes.

"Then, Bob," she laughed softly, "I'm going to drop heaven right square into your poor, hungry heart. I know positively and absolutely that Sally loves you the same way. Her divorce was to free you—not herself."

"Nova, don't lie to me," I begged. "Don't tell me that unless—you are sure!"

"I am sure, Bob," she repeated, "as sure as I'm living. Sally loves you with every throb of her heart. She has always loved you.

"Do you want to go to her right away?" she asked suddenly. "It isn't far."

"This night, if you'll tell me where she is!" I answered eagerly.

"Not tonight, impatient one," she smiled. "But come to me in the morning. Then I will give you a letter, which you are not to open until you reach Denver. Then you will go to the address enclosed—and at the place you will find your Sally. But the sweetest secret of all Sally, herself, must tell you."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" I said. "I've made a mistake!"

SHE would not tell me more, though I promised faithfully that I would never tell Sally that she told.

Finally she lost patience. "If you ask one more question, Bob St. Clair, I'll not help you at all! Isn't it enough that I'm dropping heaven into your lap; that you must demand to know where I got it?"

Next morning I went to the James' home, half afraid to believe that last night was anything more than another dream.

"Nova, you've made me the happiest man on earth," I said earnestly, holding her hands hard. "But, Nova—I want you too!"

She smiled mysteriously. "Your and Sally's happiness will be my happiness, Bob—and—polygamy was abolished in Utah years ago."

She made me promise not to open the letter she had given me until I reached Denver. It took a lot of courage to keep that promise, but I kept it.

The train seemed barely to creep along. But the telegraph poles darting by my window, like teeth in a comb, assured me we were making very good time, all things considered.

After dinner I went into the observation car to smoke and to see if I could find some one to talk (*Continued on page* 145)

If that angry mob had known the whole tragic truth would they have so condemned her?

She was crying, and I begged her to tell me what was the matter

WHO CASTS *the* FIRST STONE?

A MAN may live with his wife for twenty-five years, as I have lived with mine, and still be a stranger to the real woman. The gentle look in a woman's eyes that goes with a kiss, a cup of good coffee or a button sewed on in a hurry, will never tell him how those same soft eyes might harden if a crisis came.

A quarter of a century ago I married Melissa in one of the big northwest cities where the ships from the Inland Sea were bringing loads of gold and fish from Alaska.

I was never introduced to her, but met her one day on the wharf after a ship from the Yukon had docked. She was crying. I begged her to tell me what was the matter. She looked hard at me through her tears, seeing perhaps that I was greener than the usual dandies that hung about the wharf, then she let me take her to one of the greasy little eating houses built over the water, while she told me. Her father had been killed in the Klondike; buried when the rotten timbers of a gold mine crashed.

I never asked her past; I didn't care. It suddenly came to me as I looked at her yellow hair there in the smoky light, under the foolish looking hat which was the fashion then, that I didn't want to go to the Yukon to look for gold,

after all. I wanted to marry Melissa and take her back to my father's farm in the Ozarks. The old folks hadn't wanted me to go, anyway.

My mother loved Melissa from the time she saw us come up the flagstones through the swinging gate, a few weeks after that, and saw the strange girl stoop to pet the old crippled watchdog.

From the first, she would never let Melissa do any hard work.

"No, dearie," Ma would say, "keep your hands white and beautiful while you can. Dishwater will make them old and rough like mine. You sit and play the organ for me, and I'll do them up in a jiffy—it'll make the time go faster."

And sometimes Ma would slip to the door while Melissa pumped the red pedals and pushed the stops, and hum softly to the tune of "In the Good Old Summer Time," while she polished away at an old blue platter.

"You look like that Saint Cecilia picture on the wall yonder," Ma told Melissa once, "—only there ain't any little naked angels above you, to scatter roses down onto your head!"

Melissa had laughed at that, and next day she insisted on taking something out of a whole trunkful of pretty clothes she had, and dressing Ma up for church down in the village.

"My what a lot of pretty, frilly things!" Ma had smiled, and lifted her hands. "Wherever did you get them all?"

I saw the color come into Melissa's face then, but I thought nothing of it, because she had been stooping over the trunk till. "Why, they're not nearly so pretty as these nice red-and-white patch quilts of yours," Melissa protested, nodding toward the old four-poster bed. "You've got me beat a thousand miles!"

That pleased Ma and she kissed Melissa and patted her hair. "Never mind—you'll learn. Anyway, your mother must have been mighty handy with a needle."

"Oh, she's been dead for years," I saw Melissa smile sadly; "It was a girl friend of mine in Seattle—where Jim met me—who helped me make most of these."

"Was she as pretty as you?" Ma slipped on the waist and stood admiring herself before the streaked little mirror.

"MUCH prettier, really." Melissa was smoothing the waist for Ma, and buttoning it up the back. Then, I remember she added casually, "Oh—she is an older woman than I. She has a little girl."

Then suddenly to the amazement of us all, Melissa leaned forward on my mother's shoulder and began to cry.

"Why—what's the matter, honey?" Ma was dumfounded. Don't you want me to wear the waist?"

"Yes—yes, of course I do," Melissa's sobs quieted down after we had petted her awhile. "I just got to thinking about Mollie and her little girl, and I felt so sorry for them that I couldn't help it," she explained. "You see, when her husband died, he didn't leave them any money." And she started to cry again.

"You're just nervous," Ma led her out into the cool back yard, all shady under the thick leaves of a great spreading walnut, and with big mossy flagstones leading down to a spring-house by the creek.

"Here," she told Melissa, "I'll fix the cream, and you can sit in the shade and churn for me while I'm gone to church. That'll get your mind off o' things. This big barn of a house is too hot for decent folks today, anyhow."

Which was true. It was big and gray, and unpainted, like so many old houses in the hills. The tiger lilies in the front yard had dried up, and out in the corn fields the rocks would have burned a blister on a person's hand. I went with Ma to the hot little church down in the village, because Melissa insisted, and we sat at desks too small for us, and listened to a sermon two hours long. The place, during the week was used for a schoolhouse. Babies cried during the sermon, and had to be taken out. I was glad that Melissa hadn't come with us.

"What did the preacher talk about?" Melissa was her old cheerful self again by the time we got home, and was working salt into a big yellow plate of butter, almost the color of her hair. She repeated, "Was it a good sermon?"

I pinched her round little cheek and added a kiss. I worshiped Melissa. After that, I quoted for her the text from the twenty-third chapter of Matthew, "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye make clear the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess."

"Does that mean me?" She turned her small face up to mine seriously.

"Silly! Of course not!" I took the wooden spoon away from her playfully and tasted the butter. "It means all the doctors and lawyers and merchants and chiefs who fool the people. And it means all the pretty wives, too, who fool their husbands," I added with a wink. "So you be careful this fall when we hire the hay hands."

Melissa just hugged me tight and looked far down the valley without saying a word. I was hurt that she hadn't even smiled at my little joke.

THE next spring Melissa joined the Ladies' Circle of the church in the little village at the foot of the hill. The women liked her because she played the organ for them, and tended their babies at the sewing bees. This gave her an excuse, she told me, to mingle with them without having to talk.

There was old Mrs. Creary, owner of the farm next to ours, who always wanted to know about Melissa's childhood, and what kind of a home she had had; again, there was Aunt Nancy Perkins, midwife in the village, who always grew personal about why Melissa and I had not yet called her for the birth of a child. In the village of Pettigrew a woman did not graduate to the inner circle of gossips until she had first felt the pangs of delivery.

These old women frightened Melissa.

"They tear the heart out of a girl's reputation," she told me one night as she trembled in my arms after coming home from the meeting. "This afternoon as I warmed the milk and fed their sweet little babies, I listened to old Granny Cole tell of a woman and a man who were ridden out of town on a rail, not many years ago, because they lived together unmarried."

I remembered the incident. The woman, pale and frightened, had fallen off as they passed over the tracks to the station and her head had struck the iron rail. But they had shoved her on again and held her there by main force, the rabble of cursing men and shrieking women, and had loaded them on to the tiny train.

Nowhere in America, except in the Ozarks away from the world, had I heard of such things being done in modern times.

Next morning I watched Melissa swish daintily around in the kitchen, with Ma giving her little things to do, and I was certain that it was only another little touch of nervousness like that Sunday when we had left her to churn while we went to church.

The crops grew tall in the fields and ripened, and seeding time came again before we could be aware that a winter had passed. Melissa would bring jugs of cool water to the fields, as I plowed between the waving green stalks in laying them by, and sometimes she would trot, laughing, along by the plow as the dark earth turned up in a furrow. I knew she was happy.

It was on a warm afternoon like this when she came up the hill from Pettigrew, with a radiant face, to announce that a new dressmaker had come to town. The last one had passed away with a slow cancer.

"But why should you be so happy about it?" I heard Ma banter as I came up with the horses; "*You've* got plenty of pretty things!"

Melissa had stopped with a sudden, scared little look

and whispered something to Ma which I didn't understand until long after. Ma had stopped with a load of kindling she had picked up in the woodyard, and turned and called to me.

"Say, Jim! The new dressmaker in town is Melissa's old chum from the West, that the child was cryin' over that Sunday! You take the hack in the morning and bring 'em up here for dinner!" Ma's big heart interpreted everything in the light of good food.

I turned to Melissa in a mood to pinch her cheek. "So! You thought you'd surprise us! But how about that trip through the sun—don't you suppose it'll make the baby sick?"

Then Melissa gave us the scare of our lives. Her face went all chalky and her voice went higher. "No, no! Don't have her up here to dinner—please! She don't like to visit. Just let me go to her once in a while, that's all."

"Why—of course, honey," Ma answered as to a child; but I could see how puzzled she was. "You don't have to ask *me*, you know—you're your own boss."

"I—I got so lonesome to see her baby," Melissa was stammering helplessly. "It's such a pretty baby! I told her to come—"

"You were right, dearie," Ma petted as the two went into the kitchen together to start supper. "We'll have to send her down a chicken occasionally, and a few vegetables, till she gets a garden started. I know what this store grub is!"

MA went in Melissa's place to the next meeting of the Sewing Circle in town, and came back with a worried face.

"They're beginnin' to talk about Melissa's friend," she told me that evening when we took the buckets out to the barn to milk the cows. "Edna Creary and Nancy Perkins swore this afternoon they'd heard of men goin' to this Molly Bowen's house after dark—she's livin' in the little white house over the tracks—and it seems the men are talkin' about it, too. She's been here two weeks now, and has several dresses started; and talk like that ain't goin' to help any."

Ma drew a long breath, and the two of us looked at each other. Neither of us said a word, but I knew we were both seeing the same thing—that woman who fell from the rail ten years ago; and the gash on her head where it hit the edge of the steel on the tracks.

Days flew past; I had almost all the corn laid by except that in the little field down by the road. As I worked my team there in the mornings, men stopped on the way to town to drink from my cool jug, wrapped in old gunny-sacks, and then they'd chuckle about the Bowen woman.

"She's a good looker," they always finished. "Around thirty-five, I should judge. The women are jealous o' her and want to run her out 'cause the postmaster's wife has started takin' in sewing herself, and don't want any competition!"

Getting the current of all this talk, I could see that Melissa was running a risk by going to see the woman. I could see how things stood; Melissa had got acquainted with her in Seattle and had taken the woman's own story about her life. The child was probably illegitimate.

"You'd better stop going there, honey," I told her that evening. "The women are all pretty much worked up, I guess, and I don't want to see you get talked about."

Melissa went on working out a spider-web pattern in crochet, and didn't answer. It was the first time I had really given out an order since my father had died the spring before, and I was left master of the place.

The next night Melissa went to bed early and left me reading. Our room had a side-door opening to a path that led to the road to Pettigrew.

It was late when I remembered that I had left the bars of the lower cornfield down, and that stray cattle might even then be inside tramping it down and chewing off the tops. But even as I turned the fence corner on the way to put them up, I met Melissa, bareheaded, running toward the house.

Bravely facing the ring leader of the mob, she cried, "Will you deny before these people that, even now, you are not legally married to your husband?"

"I put up the bars!" she said, breathlessly. "I remembered looking down in the field from the house when you left it this afternoon, and saw you leave them down!"

Which was impossible, because there was a cluster of three big white oaks between the house and the bars. It was the first time since I married her that the slightest doubt about Melissa had slipped through my mind.

"Melissa, honey—tell me the truth!" I shook her by the shoulders, and suddenly I felt like a brute as she crumpled in my arms, crying. I carried her to the house, my face hot with shame to remember how rough I had been with her.

As I worked in the lower cornfield the next afternoon, little groups of women passed by, their long skirts trailing the dust as they held mysterious little whisperings among themselves. Some deviltry was being planned among them, I guessed, and my mind flew suddenly to Melissa's friend in the village. (*Continued on page* 160)

I felt that I was listening to the ravings of a maniac

LUXURY

In the Preceding Installment:

I WAS nearly twenty, and a farmer's daughter, when Ben came into my life. He was paying a visit to his grandparents in the only town I had ever known, a town so small that some maps do not show it. It had absolutely nothing to nourish the cravings of youth.

There was not even the conventional "opera house," where an occasional troupe of cheap actors might have a night or two of business. There was no library, except the small one in the schoolhouse. There was a photographer, a dentist, who came there once a week, and a store where some magazines, some optical goods and an occasional "novelty" might be purchased. Otherwise, the stores were purveyors to the commonest needs of humanity, all bunched along the dusty main street one block long, where there was never any activity except on Saturday afternoons.

Since I had never known anything else I did not fret for anything different, but I felt the deadness of the life. The village boys had started coming out to the farm when I was about seventeen, but their awkwardness and attitude of condescension annoyed and bored me. We had a very good home library, for my father had been a college man; and I often felt it hard to keep my lips from curling with disdain at the utter ignorance of my callers. It often ended in mother's giving them a bowl of doughnuts, or some other refreshments, which usually seemed to take their minds off me.

In fact, it was not really Laura Pendelton to whom they were paying attention, but rather to the idea that any girl of the countryside, who was young, healthy and had been born there, deserved to have some lad or other marry her. They were, it seemed to me, curiously indifferent as to whom they married, and often "swapped girls," as the expression was.

SOMETHING different would have to come my way, I secretly told myself. I wanted no cut-and-dried marriage. I wanted love, ardor, a story in my life.

Ben and I met in church. We seemed to fall in love at first sight. Within a week we were engaged and it was all over town that Laura Pendelton was going to marry Ben Butler and go right away with him and actually live in New York.

He was "in Wall Street," he told me, which meant less than nothing to me. He told me he knew "the right people," and I thought he meant people who were solid citizens, like old Mr. Scudder, who owned half a dozen farms and was vice-president of the bank, but Ben laughed

She wanted the beautiful things that only great riches could buy.

The glamour of high society hypnotized her. She was—

A "free verse poet read to us all one evening from his own compositions

BLINDED

so at that, that I had no idea who the right people could be. He said I would soon "catch on."

We settled down in Greenwich Village, when we got to New York, because most of Ben's clients to whom he sold stocks and bonds lived around there. Here, married life began in earnest for me. Ben had to go in for social affairs, as he met customers at them. I'll never forget the first party to which he took me. Everybody drank. Everybody seemed to make love to everybody else. I repulsed all the men who came to me paying stupid, drunken compliments.

But Ben! He was holding bunches of cherries over a girl's head, while she tried to snatch at them with a too red mouth. I had never in all my life seen women's mouths painted, and the effect of these raw looking lips, often in faces which were dead white, had already been making me shudder. There was a feline grace about this girl, a sensuous effluvia which sickened me, and there was Ben acting —I had no word for how he was acting, but I knew that a big lump was rising in my throat.

* * * * *

MY artist friend was observant, as I have found nearly all artists to be. Just as I was dumbly shaking my head at this terrible Ivan, whom I saw swimming in the unshed tears in my eyes, like a black nightmare of a head, a cool voice said:

"Come over here and talk to Nina, Ivan. You're neglecting her, she says."

Mysteriously, a moment afterward, I found Ivan out of his place beside me, the chair occupied again by the man who was not interested in me, and the artist was offering me a goblet of wine.

"DRINK it, Mrs. Butler," he urged. "It will not hurt you a bit. It's really fair claret; cheap, too. You'd pay a good deal more for it, in a place that has more pretensions than Tony's.

"It's a harmless sort of a place, too," he went on, seemingly talking half to himself, and oblivious to the strained attention I was giving him. "None of these people are quite as gay as they pretend. It's—well, it's the fashion, Mrs. Butler, to pretend that you have no moral scruples at all; but most of these folks are just as honest and decent as anybody. Ivan, now—"

He stopped to chuckle and I swallowed hard on the lump in my throat and found that it was not there. "Ivan," went on the slow, comfortable voice," is the devoted slave of an old mother who rules him with a rod of iron. She doesn't allow him to stay out after eleven.

You'll see him make some excuse pretty soon—that he has a date with a girl, most likely. Well, he has, and he'd better keep it, I can tell you! A date with the only girl who seems to make much difference to him; his mother."

"But—he said—he seemed—" I did not know how to put into words what I wanted to say.

The artist nodded and grinned, as if he and I understood the eccentricities of the bewildering Ivan perfectly.

"Uh-huh," he agreed, "he sure is some fusser of the girls—so long as it's in public. Most of the girls say he runs like a scared rabbit when they catch him alone."

I am ashamed to say that, although I remember every word uttered by that slow, drawling and friendly voice, I have forgotten the name of the man.

He soon faded out of our lives, in the strange way that people do fade out in New York, but I shall never forget him, for talking on and on, describing the lives of the different people at the table, he made me see them for what they were; the half frustrated, creative type, playing gallantly even if futilely, at being something other than ordinary human beings.

But for him, I might have made a scene that night, for, according to the laws of social usage to which I was accustomed, Ben had offered me a deadly insult in his actions with the girl.

I am sure that for the moment he had entirely forgotten me for, as the artist and I talked, Ben flashed me a quick, startled look. I saw it out of the corner of my eye, though I was apparently absorbed in my companion.

After a few moments Ben got up and came over, to lean on the back of my chair, to rest a proprietary hand on my shoulder; to take just a slightly exaggerated air of the husband.

I WAS new to all the oddities of human nature, but the giggle which seized me carried with it all sorts of perceptions of more sophistication than I had ever had before in my life. I knew that Ben had forgotten me for awhile; that he was afraid I had noticed it; that he had been afraid I might show the jealousy of a little country bumpkin; that he had been first relieved and then a little peeved, when I didn't; then, right afterward he had perceived that I was paying too much attention to somebody other than Ben Butler.

The artist, although his face remained blank, for Ben's benefit, gave me one glance which sent me off again.

Since then I have grown used to having people talk about my "infectious chuckle," so I suppose that was what drew those people to me that night. That and the magnetism of Ben who always caused heads to turn in his direction. Anyway there I was, for the next hour mysteriously the center of attention, with Ben playing up to me and people receiving what I thought were perfectly simple remarks with shouts of laughter.

That night I said to Ben, with a firmness that I had not known that I could put into my voice:

"I like these people very much, Ben, but I believe that they are just a crowd of half successes who whistle to keep up their courage, as it were; and I don't think we ought to be quite as familiar with them as they seem to want to be, do you?

"Don't you think that if we make—oh, just a shade of difference—friends and all that, yet not allowing them to be too close to us—that it will be better? You say you want people who will help you climb and that we'll start in The Village, but don't let us make ourselves too cheap."

HE stared at me, that shrewd husband of mine, never once suspecting that I was only echoing ideas which that dear friend of mind, whose name I was shortly to forget and whom I was never to see again, had put into my mind.

He stared at me with genuine admiration and said I was the little wise lady and he could see he'd married more than a pretty country girl. That was the beginning of Ben's belief that I was as shrewd as he was; a belief which I fostered, because it helped me to control him for his own good sometimes, but a belief which was entirely false. I never have had shrewdness about people, and never will. I have learned to ponder on them (*Continued on page* 105)

That titantic roar proclaimed that the war was over

Why She Disappeared

Lutie laughed good-naturedly, "Do you all want me to cough when I open dat do', or jes 'tend lak I don' see all dem kisses, Mistah Tom?"

He was frantic. The woman he loved more than life had suddenly vanished. Why? Why?

MY partner's wife called at the office about closing time this afternoon to take him home. Jim's private office opens into mine, and as she always does, Alice Barnard stepped into my room.

A charming lovely woman, it is a pleasure to see her, a real solace to hear the warm friendship in her voice, the hearty welcome of her invitation, "Come home to dinner with us, Tom. I have the car outside and can wait, while you and Jim clean up the day's work."

For just a second I hesitated. I like to go to their home; am there often. Then a wave of overwhelming loneliness swept over me, and I murmured, "Thanks, Alice, I'm sorry, but I can't tonight."

"I'm sorry, too, and the children will be disappointed. But you know there's always a standing invitation there for you. Be sure to come with Jim tomorrow night. I'll have some of your favorite dishes, so don't fail me." With that she was gone.

But not before I had caught the quick look of compassion and womanly intuition. Alice needed no excuses nor explanations from me; she understands that there are times when my lonely, aching heart cannot bear to see the happiness in their home; when the evidences of love and trust between her and Jim, which have constantly grown deeper through the years, make me realize too cruelly what I have lost.

For I, too, have known wedded love and happiness; that utter dependence of a man and woman upon each other, that little haven that two lovers can build around themselves, the world outside unneeded and unwanted.

SAY what you will of parental love, love for parents, devotion between brothers and sisters, there is no human love that can be so deep, so tender, so vitally gripping as true married love. I have known all relationships; I had the best parents in the world, a devoted brother and sister, and I have been a father; but the shrine of all shrines in my heart is the love that endures, and will endure, for the beautiful wife who was mine for eight happy years.

Jim, Barnard, my partner, and I finished the mining

engineering course at the old mining school at Houghton; having been chums all through the four years.

Then Jim went to Denver and I to South Africa. My experiences there were thrilling and interesting, to say nothing of the money I saved. But the West was always calling, especially Jim. He had gone into business for himself and wanted me to join him, which I did in a few years.

In the meantime, Jim had married, and he and Alice, so happy themselves, were eager to have me join the benedicts, so through them, I met many charming girls. Somehow, though fond of their society, my heart was untouched until I met Janet Herndon.

How can I ever describe Janet? I can tell you that she was petite and lovely; that she was as good as she was beautiful to look at; but I could never make you see the sweetness of expression in her velvety brown eyes, the grace of every movement; hear the low vibrant voice nor could you guess the beauty of the daily life she led, endearing herself to all who knew her.

It was at an evening bridge party that Alice gave, entertaining an intimate little group of married friends. I tried to beg off, pleading both the poor game I played, and that I'd feel sadly out of place, a lone bachelor. But Alice insisted.

"YOU'LL just spoil it for me, Tom. At last I've been able to coax Janet Herndon out of her retirement. She is a widow, one of my dearest friends, but we just haven't been able to get Janet out with the crowd since that disreputable husband of hers went to Alaska. She needs a little society; this is her first move, and I not only want you to come, but actually need you to fill a table, Tom."

In mock despair, I groaned, "A widow! Heavens, Alice, I had an idea that you were really a friend of mine!"

She smiled, a very confident little smile. "Hadn't you better wait until you meet Janet? She's the loveliest thing I know, isn't she, Jim? You tell him about Janet—I must do some phoning right now."

Jim dropped his paper in his lap and lighted his pipe before he spoke. "Janet grew up here with Alice's circle of friends, and she is really an unusually attractive woman. By Jove," he turned to me impulsively, "you're such an old idealist, I'd like to see you two fall for each other. I believe she's the very girl for you," and waving my attempted protests aside, he told me her rather pitiful story.

She had been the most courted girl in her set, and was barely out of high school when Clay Maynard, a dashing Southerner, came to town. As is often the case with a young girl, she was more flattered by the attentions of an older man than she was in love with him, and too young to clearly understand her feelings. So after a whirlwind courtship, though it was wisely opposed by her parents, they were married.

He had plenty of money, built a splendid home and lavished gifts on her. For a year or more she was apparently happy. Then he began to neglect her; drink a little, gamble more. Janet gave no sign that she knew, keeping her troubles to herself. But a few years later, when he went to Alaska on some mining venture, she rented her big house and returned to her parents' home.

In the meantime, a rumor gradually leaked out that it was doubtful if he intended to come back; that she did not hear from him. Her friends hoped it was true, urging

Clay Maynard followed by Jim and the detective stepped into the room

her to get a divorce, knowing she was happier without him. But her religion forbade that; she just stayed quietly at home, helping her father in his office.

Clay Maynard had been gone over a year when Alice called Jim up one day.

"Maybe I'm a wretch, but I've just heard what I call good news. Janet had a letter from some friend of Clay's in Alaska, telling her that he is dead and buried; he had told this man to write to her."

"How is Janet taking it?"

"Of course, she feels rather bad—she thought once she cared for him, you know, and she's sorry for him. But Janet is too honest to pretend she is grief-stricken."

And Jim went on:

"We were all relieved. She was so young, she is such a splendid girl, and death seemed to be the only escape for her since she doesn't believe in divorce. We were glad he had the decency to shuffle off. He owed it to her after treating her so badly.

"But she hasn't thrown it off, as we hoped she would. She is reserved—had an awful shock, I suppose, when she was so young and innocent. She isn't bitter at all, but the experiences she had with that rotter sort of scared her, I guess. At any rate, she fights shy of men.

"So you are safe, old top. But believe me, if any man ever wins Janet, he is a lucky devil, she would be a wonderful wife."

Suffice it to say that I fell desperately in love with Janet Herndon the very night I met her; nor did I make any attempt to keep the fact from Alice and Jim. Besides, I needed their help; Janet was shy and reserved. But Alice was my faithful ally, trying in her tactful, womanly way to help me, knowing that Janet and I would be happy together.

I am wholly sincere when I say that I believe that no man every loved a woman as I loved Janet; as I still love her memory. It seemed impossible for me to concentrate on business affairs in those days; Jim chaffed me good-naturedly, but I didn't care.

At sight of Maynard, I could feel Janet trembling

NOTHING was of any moment to me except that I might win Janet for my wife. The wall of reserve that she had built up around her, the result of her early disillusionment, was hard to break through. It was an eternity before I had an opportunity to declare my love for her.

Never shall I forget that beautiful, white moonlight night. We four had driven to a little tavern, several miles out of town, for dinner. We intrigued Janet into dancing—the first time for years—and we were all very gay and youthful that night.

Alice was dancing with me and said, "There's an old rustic bench down by the river—that's the magic spot where Jim asked me the big question. We're very sentimental about that bench, and we are going down there after this dance. You'll find us there," And when the dance ended she and Jim disappeared.

Janet and I danced again, a dreamy old waltz; to this day I cannot bear waltz music. When it was over we walked down the path to the river and found the old bench, but Jim and Alice were gone. In all these years, never a word has been said, but speech is

(*Continued on page* 115)

Love beckoned her with all its enticing beauty— the love for which she waited and longed. And now it was hers, if—

The One Thing

TO look at me you would think that I am only an ordinary woman, past my first youth, calm with the wisdom that years and experience have brought me, satisfied with the solving of this problem we call Life, with no thought beyond the welfare of my two children, and no more worries than fall to the lot of the average woman. But underneath my apparently placid exterior, I am seething. I am like a restive horse, champing at the bit and stamping his feet, ready to be off the minute the rein is slackened. But I, myself, am holding the reins tight—and sometimes I wonder if it is worth while. It is not the young people who have the hardest time nowadays, nor the really old. Each of these generations has its own standards, wide apart though they may be, and to these they adhere. It is the generation in between the young and the old that is being ground to pieces; we who have inherited the standards of our fathers and mothers and have acquired, to a certain extent, the standards of our children.

"How do you feel about it, Holden?" I asked in a voice I tried to make steady

MY mother is one of those women who is typically mid-Victorian—that is, she believes a woman's place is in her home, satisfied with her husband and her family. She thinks that it is a man's duty to earn the living for the family, and that a woman should always be ready to sacrifice herself for her husband and children. To her there are only two kinds of women; bad women and good women. There is nothing in between. The good women are faithful to their husbands in both the flesh and the spirit. If the marriage ceremony has been pronounced over a man and a woman it makes them one forever and forever; that is, unless one or the other does something *very* bad. The worst thing she can think of is for either a man or a woman to become interested in some other woman or man; that is downright treachery. A promise is a promise and should be kept if the heavens themselves tumble down. She thinks that love is something that can be curbed; that it contains elements that are not quite "nice," but which, in the married state, have to be accepted by the woman as part of the trials of life; that the man gets all the pleasure out of marriage and that the woman submits as a price for the unquestioned loyalty and support of the man.

These opinions of hers, and also the many misleading stories about love that I read as a young girl, were responsible for my first marriage. I thought marriage was the goal of a woman's existence. I still think so, but rather as a means to an end than the end itself. True marriage—that marriage that fulfills and completes both man and woman—is the biggest thing in life. It is responsible for

"It's all right with me," he said

I Couldn't Do

the most wonderful things that have been done or will be done in the world—music, art, poetry, inventions, progress; for God created them male and female, and each needs the other to bring out the fine things He has endowed us with.

When I married Malcolm, at the age of twenty, I thought my life was secured. Malcolm was a decent young fellow with some brains and a little ambition; a boy of Scotch descent belonging to a family hardly the equal of mine socially, but upright and respected. You know how the Scotch regard the men of their families. The men are the masters, the gods and everything must revolve around them. I am American for generations back, and the women in our family have always been considered the equal of the men. I had not completed my education when I married Malcolm. I thought that, safely married, I had all the education I needed after two years of college. I had always read a great deal, having inherited a love of books from my father, and having never been taught to do anything domestic at home—for my father was well-to-do and we always kept servants—I always had plenty of time to read, although I did other things too.

I RODE horseback, played tennis, swam; in short was a normal, healthy girl of the times, with perhaps more than the average amount of intelligence, for my school work was always ridiculously easy. I was not a huge success as a housekeeper after I married Malcolm, though I honestly tried hard. But Malcolm's mother and sisters thought I was wasting time when I read, instead of spending every minute doing housework. I can see their disapproving eyes now when they came into my little house and caught me reading.

For a while after my marriage I was not exactly unhappy, although I felt that there was something lacking in my life. Surely life meant more than just three meals a day and economy, and making clothes for the baby I was expecting. Surely that could not be all! If it were, then how did it happen there were so many wonderful things in the

world—pictures, books, music—which I craved? But I went on doing what I was supposed to do, all the time dully wanting something that I was not getting. Malcolm was, I suppose, as good to me at first as the average young fellow is to his wife, but he expected his wishes to be law. We were poor, but I didn't seem to mind that. I was never moved by him to any heights of bliss nor to any depths of despair.

Sometimes I wonder if this lack of feeling in me was responsible for his doing what he afterwards did.

I accepted life as it was laid out to me, a little disappointed that it could be so tame and uninteresting, but reconciled to a certain extent by the reading I did, in spite of my disapproving Scotch in-laws. I had my baby, took good care of him, cooked the meals, tried to make my own clothes and to save a little money each week out of Malcolm's tiny salary.

THEN I met Harry. It was while I was visiting a friend in the country four years after my marriage to Malcolm. I then had two babies—a boy and a girl. I considered myself an old married woman—I was about twenty-four—and never dreamed of having any attraction for a man other than my husband. I never was pretty, but had always been healthy-looking and was full of life and fun, although this had been dulled somewhat by my monotonous existence since I had been married.

Harry took me out horseback riding, which I loved; he came to see me at my friend's house, laughed with me, enjoyed being with me. I felt, not like Malcolm's wife when I was with Harry, but like some one else—myself, whoever that was. Suddenly I realized something that shocked and startled me: I would rather be with Harry than with Malcolm! The very thought of it made me feel like a bad woman! A woman with two children interested in a man not her husband! What would my mother think if she knew how I felt? It was indecent!

Finally one night when we were out riding, Harry leaned over and kissed me; not at all in the way Malcolm kissed me. I was frightened at the way I felt. I knew that something was awakened in me that I had never known before. I let him kiss me again, but that was all.

Never, even though I murder some one, will I feel more guilty than I did that night when I came back to my friend's house, crept upstairs at the terribly late—for me—hour of ten o'clock, went to my room, where my babies were sleeping, and looked down at their little faces. Certainly I must be a bad woman to feel the way I did! Trembling I undressed and went to bed, first kneeling beside their little beds and kissing their little hands lax in slumber.

Well, nothing came of that. As it happened I did not see Harry again. He married a year later. Those stolen kisses under the stars had meant nothing to him. But I hugged to myself the memory of what he had given me; not so much his kisses, but what he had made me feel about myself. Yet all the time I felt ashamed, for the feeling he had aroused in me I had never once felt for Malcolm. It was something apart from him—something very precious, like a jewel, yet something that must be concealed.

After a while Malcolm, who had never treated me as I had been used to being treated at home—with courtesy and consideration—became unbearable to me.

I heard he was going around with other women. I suppose he had cause to, for I was now as cold as steel to him. He admitted his affairs, and we went through the awful agony of divorce. It was only the knowledge that there must be something more in life than I was getting that gave me courage to go through with that, for my people thought it was a terrible disgrace. Nobody in our family had ever been divorced. But I went through with it, feeling in a way as guilty as he because I was not loyal in the spirit to him. Of course I got my children, and went home to live with my own people again.

THEN I began to write little things for my children. I had always had some ability along that line, inherited from my father, who was one of the most charming men in the world, well-read, full of wit and understanding.

I made up my mind that I would fill my life with my writing and my children. All about me were my friends, happily married, apparently, and satisfied to be doing the things that people of our fairly well-to-do class were doing—taking care of their homes and children, going out occasionally, having little parties. They were all very loyal to me, thinking that Malcolm had not treated me right and respecting the small ability I had for writing that I had. I was almost happy, but not quite. I knew I wanted something that I was not getting—just what, I was not sure. I read all I wanted to, went to plays and concerts, took care of my children and wrote a little.

After a few years another man came into my life. He was much older than I was, a fine moral man, a lawyer by profession, a widower with no children. He said he adored me, and I believe he did think as much of me as he could of anybody. He told me that he would take care of me and the children and that I could go on with my writing, which by now had become almost as important to me as my children. He seemed to be interested in the same kind of things that I was—books and things like that—but I didn't want to marry him. I felt, somehow, that a woman should feel toward her husband the way I had felt toward Harry—only infinitely more so— (*Continued on page* 86)

Your Letter May Win a Prize

One of the reasons why TRUE STORY holds first place in the hearts of so many people is that we are constantly trying to give them the kind of magazine they most desire.

We are exceedingly anxious to get your opinion of our stories, and in order to encourage you to write us a letter now, we are offering the following prizes:

$50.00 for the best letter
$25.00 for the second best letter
$15.00 for the third best letter
$10.00 for the fourth best letter

In your letter tell us which story you think is the best story in the book, and why you think it is the best, and if there is a story you dislike, tell us why.

Also, we should be pleased to find out whether you prefer stories of married life or stories of single life. If your answer is both, then we would like to know which you prefer of the two types.

Head your letter: July TRUE STORY Criticism Contest, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

All letters criticizing the July issue must be in this office by July 5th. No letters will be returned. The Editors will act as judges, and their decision will be final.

A man and the two women who wanted him, meet the great crisis of all their lives—

I almost wished that the canoe would upset

Under Northern Lights

I FIRST met Arthur Duncan when I was seventeen. At that time I was holding my first position as a stenographer in the office of my father, who was head of the Scagwas Fur Trading Company. It was through my being in father's office that we got acquainted, as Arthur was working in one of the company's stores up at Pigeon Lake. He was only nineteen and the shyest, dearest boy that I had ever met.

He had been out from Scotland only two years, and like many of his nationality, had taken to our Northern woods. Like many of his kind, the wilds had laid their spell upon him, and he was doomed to spend his life there.

Every three months he came into town to "report," and for lack of something better to do, most of the two or three days was spent in our office. During those times he and I became quite friendly. I would try to draw him out about the life he led up North; and about his people back in the Old Country. Finally we struck up a very sincere friendship, the effects of which were to influence me all through my life.

WHEN Arthur came to town, the sun shone, the birds sang and I trod on air. When he went away I didn't even have the comfort of letters, as the mail was delivered only four times a year at Pigeon Lake—and Arthur had the contract for carrying it.

One time when he was in, and we were alone in the office, I tried to question him about his views on matrimony (at this time we had known each other for two years), but he only shrugged his shoulders and said: "I hate to think of that part of life. You know, Miss Gagnon, my life will all be spent in the wilderness. It's got me all right, and I could never ask a white woman to share it with me. I suppose," he shrugged, "that I'll end up like most of the rest, by marrying a squaw."

Though his eyes twinkled as he said it, my heart contracted at his words. I loved the boy, but didn't realize it at the time. That he was greatly interested in me, I could tell by his eyes. They were the dearest, clearest brown eyes in the world with just the saving grace of a twinkle in them. When we talked together he would look down at me from his greater height and his eyes would say the intimate things that his shy lips did not dare to utter.

FINALLY, the spring I was twenty years old, and Arthur was down on one of his trips he got up the courage (I helped him along) to ask me to go to a movie. When he took me home I invited him in. We found ourselves alone, excepting for my brother, who was in his room studying.

I felt rather shy and awkward with this quiet boy, but I touched a match to the fireplace, turned on the soft shaded lights, and asked him to sit on the big sofa. We talked and listened, alternately, to music on the gramophone. The cozy fire and soft lights gave us a very intimate feeling. After a long pause in the conversation, I got up and put on a record that every one is familiar with, Victor Herbert's "Gypsy Love Song."

I went over and deliberately sat down quite close to

Arthur. As the last strains were dying out, he reached over and took my hand, and pulled me closer.

"Yvonne," he breathed in my ear. "Oh, Yvonne! I hate to go back up there alone."

There are moments that we live for, in a way, and dream about; hardly daring to hope that they will ever chance our way. And then, when they *do* come, we are stricken dumb. That is the way that I was.

I had loved this boy for three years and when, at last, he expressed his feelings for me, or at least was trying to, I couldn't help him out. I just sat dumbly stroking his dark glossy head with my free hand.

Of a sudden he dropped my hand, caught me roughly in his arms, and bruised my lips with a wild, passionate kiss that I can never forget. As suddenly as he gave way to his feelings, so he just as quickly pulled himself together again.

"YVONNE! What have I done? I want you *so*, and I can't have you!" The tears welled up in his dear, kind eyes, and he jumped to his feet, made for the hall, grabbed his hat and was away out of the front door into the night. I ran to the door and called after him, but the night wind blew my words back into my teeth. He was gone!

Four years passed, and I only got the most fragmentary news of Arthur. At the time I had last seen him, he was in full control of the Pigeon Lake Post. Before he got back there again, my father received a letter from him asking to be relieved of the responsibility, as he wished to leave the company. All the news that I could glean from different men who came in from that area was that he had gone into partnership with a few fellows, and they had started a small fur trading company of their own. They were operating three posts around Moon River. This was so typical of Arthur; he had gone to a remote place so that he would not compete with the Scagwas Fur Trading Company and indirectly hurt my father!

My love for him had never wavered. I knew that really he was *my man*. He was only keeping away from me because he had nothing to offer me but a life on the frontier, full of hardships.

But what had that to do with love? He was the only man in the world for me and I would have gone to the ends of the earth for him. Yes, I would go to the end of the earth for him! I had not the remotest interest in any other man, although my father had acquired a partner, one Armand La Follette some ten years my senior, and I knew that it would have given my parents great pleasure to see us united. But, although I liked him well enough, I could never find any response in my heart to his advances.

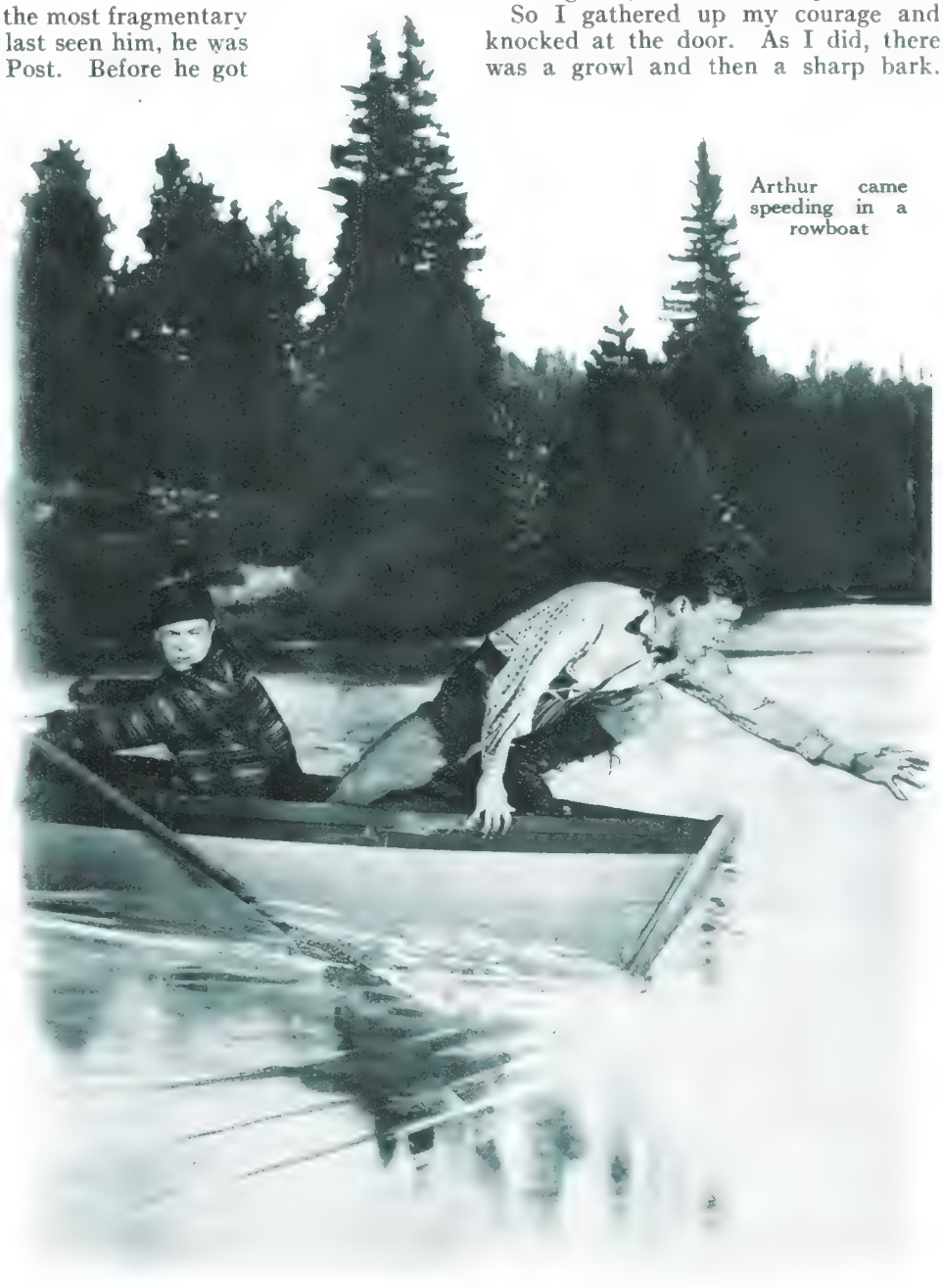
So, at the age of twenty-four, I withdrew my savings from the bank, asked for a month's holiday, made arrangements for an Indian guide whom I knew to be trustworthy, and without definite explanations to any one, I started out for the Moon River territory.

I could write a book on the beauty and thrill, alone, of that trip. The campfire and bed under the stars. The bacon and bread breakfasts, with coffee and canned milk. The long hours of paddling, and at last, after many days, our arrival at Moon River settlement.

MY Indian guide had no difficulty in getting information as to Arthur's whereabouts; and, after portaging and paddling for another day, we finally landed at a small wooden dock, some hundred yards or so from a tiny log cabin set back amongst the evergreens. I told Charlie, my guide, to stay in the canoe and let me go to the cabin alone, as I did not want any one to witness our meeting.

With hands trembling and my heart almost choking me, I walked up the little path and reached the front door. I was sick with nervousness, as I felt that I was doing a very daring thing; trailing a man into the wilderness to lay my heart at his feet. But I knew if I did not take the initiative, that I would lose him forever. And in losing him, I should lose my own soul.

So I gathered up my courage and knocked at the door. As I did, there was a growl and then a sharp bark.



Arthur came speeding in a rowboat

This was a welcome sound; I knew that there was some one at home. Presently I heard a fumbling at the latch—and the door opened. My heart stood still!

A young Indian girl stood looking at me with wonder in her eyes. She was a comely girl and it was plain to see that she was soon to become a mother.

My lips at first refused to frame the question, but years of training in self-control came to my rescue, and I managed to mouth, in my best mixture of French, English and Indian:

"Does Arthur Duncan live here?"

"Um. Hu-hu. Art'ur 'way now. Up, up!" she said, pointing up the river.

"T'morra he come." She beckoned me in and pointed to a rustic seat. Evidently she saw the pallor of my face, and started to make me a cup of coffee.

I ASKED her if she was his wife, and when she finally understood me, she nodded. I had still a last hope. Perhaps I had gotten on the trail of the wrong Arthur Duncan. It was a common enough name. But this hope was shattered, too, when I noticed, tacked onto the walls of the cabin, a little motto from the Sanskrit, that I had once given him, "Look to this day for it is life, etc."

I was completely heartsick. But to please the poor girl, I swallowed a few mouthfuls of her coffee and, after mumbling some excuse, I fled to Charlie and the waiting canoe.

I cannot remember the trip back to civilization. I only knew that for several nights in succession I didn't remove my clothes, and through some of our hazardous trips through the rapids I almost wished (if it hadn't been for faithful old Charlie) that the canoe would upset.

Time went by; my disappointment and grief grew less poignant. I didn't blame Arthur in the least. He felt that he was doing the honorable thing in not marrying me, and I suppose that he felt the need of a wife and little children to brighten his lonely life. No doubt he had had his own battles to fight with himself before taking such a step as he had. The only person I *did* blame for the whole wretched business was—myself. Why had I not reached forth and taken my only chance of love?

Why, oh, why? That is the question that rapped at my brain like a trip hammer, until I nearly lost my reason.

But two years later, in what must have been exactly Arthur's state of mind when he mated with the Indian girl, I married my father's partner, Armand La Follette.

It was, no doubt, like many another marriage. Friendly and companionable, but passionless. Never did I thrill to his touch. Never did a look from his eyes send delicious little shivers down my spine.

But he was a good husband to me, and a good provider; when he died, nine years later, he left me a very substantial income. I was lonely for him, although the money he left me afforded me great consolation. I had had no children. I regretted it now, as I seemed to have nothing to think of but myself. I had deluded myself with the foolish idea that they wouldn't be "love children," and I told myself that I could never mother anything else.

However, I had money! So I turned it on myself, and spent most of it on clinging to my beauty which, I knew I couldn't hold much longer.

I READ health books, dieted, exercised, had body massages, marcels, manicures, wore beautiful clothes, and got a very congenial set of friends around me who used to come and go at will in my apartment. My life was well-ordered and highly respectable. I seemed to be popular, but I was lonely, in spite of it all.

One spring day, about a year after I was widowed, I was walking down the street when a man's face in the crowd arrested my attention. It was Arthur, and he had passed without noticing me; so I turned and caught up with him.

"Mr. Duncan, do you remember me?" I asked.

"Yvonne!" he cried, and the color drained from his face.

"May I walk with you a way? I haven't seen you for so many years that I should like a word with you." My old shyness was all gone.

We walked in silence for

(*Continued on page* 149)

I had a strangle-hold on Nona and we were coming up for the last time

YOUNG

They were a pathetic group

In Preceding Installments:

IT was Sunday in "The Pines." We were a Presbyterian elder's family in Huntsville, North Carolina. Our father was professor of chemistry at Boyd College, a denominational institution, and what a riot of a family we were!

Robert, my brother, was the oldest of us three children. He was twenty-two and had one more year at Princeton. Then there was Barbara. She was nineteen. I was sixteen. Karl Verdier was Robert's college chum, spending the holidays with him. He came from somewhere in Europe.

We youngsters were having a Sunday poker and gin party. The gang included beside Bob, Barbara, myself and Karl, who'd quite won my heart, the young and beautiful Cornelia DeWitt, who had an old husband, and was fond of Bob.

Old DeWitt hung around with mother and father. In fact, we hoped he would make father wealthy by investing the family nest egg and making it hatch a fortune.

Well, being fond of Karl myself, you can imagine my surprise that night when I saw Babs sneaking out of his room in her negligée.

Now, I thought mother should know how things stood between Babs and Karl, so I told her that Babs and Karl were desperately in love with each other and were going to be married.

I saw her smile fade slowly—then a quick look of fright, and the color draining from her cheeks.

The next morning mother called us children all together and gave us a long talk. She told us of her own and father's lowly birth, and of her high ambitions for our future. She didn't mention Karl directly, but inferred that the DeWitts, rather than certain nobodies, were the people we should associate with.

THAT evening Bill Carter, scion of a real Southern aristocratic family, who was sweet on me, drove me out to the DeWitts' magnificent estate at Lake Wahna. When we got back we found old man DeWitt terribly excited because Cornelia had telephoned and said she was at a notorious road house, known as the Hut. DeWitt thought she was with Karl, but I knew this couldn't be true, as I'd seen Karl and Babs at Lake Wahna. Whom then could Cornelia be with? My brother Robert! Yes, I was certain it was Robert. Hurriedly I sent Billy to the Hut and he found Cornelia drunk there, and with Robert. He rushed her home, and in a few minutes she was in her bed and comfortably dead to the world. Mr. DeWitt apologized.

"I'm an old fool," he croaked.

"Yes. You see yourself there was nothing to it," I reproved.

"Of course," he agreed.

Later I found Robert huddled in a chair on the front porch. He was sober enough. He said, "I'm in a devil

SINNERS

The thrilling adventures of a real modern girl

"Father," I said, "I will tell you. It's all so—so terrible—but I will tell you."

of a fix, Sis. Cornelia refuses to let me break with her. And—she's got me in her power—Peggy—she has!"

It was not very long after this that Cornelia threw a big house party, and during the festivities, she and Robert slipped off again to the Hut. I discovered they had left, and being sure where they'd gone, I followed. When I arrived, Cornelia was entreating Robert to run away with her. He refused. She seemed the desperate one now, and when her pleading left him unmoved, she drew a gun and shot herself. Frantically, I tried to revive her, and as the proprietor and some employees broke into the private room, she came to enough to point to Robert and whisper, "He—he— "

Then she fell back—dead!

* * *

CORNELIA was dead!

For terrible seconds there was no sound. Everything that happened in that upstairs room will always be indelibly stamped on my memory.

The room seemed to be filled with stern, horror-stricken, leering faces. I recognized no one. I told them that Cornelia had killed herself. To my helpless consternation, I saw that they did not believe me. I heard scared voices, angry voices, accusing voices.

Billy Carter rushed in—chalk-white—and saw the worst. It was he who took the pistol from my hand. Mr. Drennan himself appeared. The coroner and police officers were sent for. Many of the men turned and fled into the night. I heard frightened screams of women and the starting of frantic automobiles, as if in a panic.

I heard a messenger dispatched to Wahna Lake. Another to The Pines.

It was then that something of the full force of our plight came to me. I tried to slam the door of my mind against the vision: mother and father listening to what that messenger would have to tell them. I could not bear that vision! It blinded me. It choked me. It tightened iron bands around my heart!

SOMEBODY covered Cornelia's body with a sheet. I wondered why they didn't pick her up and put her on a bed. Why leave her there—crumpled up on the floor—staring? Somebody said the coroner must see her just as she was. Everybody then went out on the porch to wait for the coroner and the officers.

Billy held my arm and I took hold of Robert. I repeated to Billy, "She did it, Billy. She shot herself."

Billy said nothing.

Didn't Billy believe me, I wondered. They must believe me. I would compel them to. Silly. Absurd!

The coroner came. The police officers came. They all pushed back into the room. Somebody raised the sheet from Cornelia. Somebody was asking questions. More questions. Robert was talking.

Robert told it—just as it had happened. They sent for me. Billy led me back into the room. I told them how it was. I heard them talking about "investigation" and "grand jury." I didn't know what it meant.

Finally I saw one of the officers lay his hand on Robert's shoulder, and I heard the word "arrest."

Then the other officer came up to me. Robert protested—violently, uselessly, futilely. For angry, determined men would "keep the law."

Billy spoke. "Peggy, you will have to be under arrest."

He turned to the officer and said something. The officer demurred, but finally nodded his head. They led Robert downstairs to a car. Billy took me downstairs—to his car; but the officer went with us. We three crowded into the roadster in silence.

Peggy Peyton in a prison cell!

LOCKED in—with a clanking of big keys. No light, except from the corridor, dim, eerie. Billy's agonized face. That vision of mother and father!

Alone—with a cot, a stool, a basin and a bucket. An iron-barred window near the ceiling. The awful smell!

And—Robert? Oh, where was Robert, was my heart-tearing thought. In another cell—somewhere. I could stand it myself. I was tough. I could stand anything. But Robert couldn't. No, he couldn't! What was happening to Robert?

I sat down on the cot.

Peggy Peyton in a jail cell!

What had I done—to be locked in a cell? I hadn't done anything. I had done nothing at all!

Life had toppled—split in two—carrying me down under the debris!

And Cornelia was dead; lying there in her cloth of silver dress and her glittering jewels. I could see her ghastly face with open mouth and staring eyes: the blood darkening her silver dress—her jewels drenched with blood. I would always see that face! Poor Cornelia. Gin crazy. Sex crazy. My soul shuddered. My body was cold as ice.

I asked myself again and again why I hadn't done something to prevent this thing. I could have done something. Maybe if I hadn't said, "Mother will not let him," it might not have happened. Who could have dreamed, though, that she would do that? It was all over before one could think.

I thought of the patriarch. He had loved her. My heart contracted with pity for him. Then—always—I was thinking of mother and father. What were they doing now? I looked at my watch. It was four-thirty. I knew that, by that time Billy was there, for his last words to me had been that he was going to The Pines.

A Sabbath dawn—at The Pines.

I thought of the Sunday before, when I had slipped down early to clean up. One week ago! It seemed like a thousand years!

Peggy Peyton in a jail cell!

And, sitting there in the incredible confinement of that cell, after a while it seemed that if some one had stabbed me, I would not have felt it. I was so drenched with horror, that there had come a certain stage of numbness. I was grateful for that numbness.

Peggy Peyton in a jail cell!

Peggy, from The Pines where the birds in the trees were singing a joyful welcome to the dawn, and the squirrels were munching acorns and scurrying around. Free and happy! Free! Free!

"What have I done, what have I done?" I asked myself again and again.

And over and over, I repeated, "I have done nothing. I have done nothing."

I fell back across the cot in exhaustion, with that maddening beat in my brain, "I have done nothing. I have done nothing." Merciful oblivion at last! I slept.

A woman came with a cup of coffee and a piece of bread and butter. She said she was the jailer's wife. She looked gloatingly at me. I hated her. I looked through the high barred window.

It was Sunday morning. Barbara would be hurrying to Sunday school. No, Barbara would not go to Sunday school. The service at eleven? Would father attend the service, I wondered. I knew he was scheduled to preach that morning, as the minister was on a trip to a conference.

She cried, "Stan' back! I'se a-carryin' Marse Robert his dinnah!"

IN a very little while I heard footsteps in the corridor and the big key turned in my door. Billy entered first, and other men behind him. Billy said: "I've come to take you home Peggy. We've arranged bail for you." He handed me a package. "Babs sent you these clothes, so you wouldn't be seen leaving in those evening things. Get into them right away."

I got up.

"And—Robert?" I asked.

Billy dropped haggard eyes. I knew before he spoke!

"It is impossible—yet. The grand jury meets at ten o'clock."

I sat down again and I stated, "I won't go—without Robert."

Billy now looked me squarely in the face, and there was something about that look that (*Continued on page* 138)

This heartrending story was told by Peggy Peyton, herself, to Mrs. May Dixon Thacker, well-known lecturer and author, wife of Rev. J. Ernest Thacker, Assembly Evangelist, of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, and sister of Thomas Dixon, who wrote the famous novels, "The Leopard's Spots," and "The Birth of a Nation."

"Get acquainted, you two," she called out

Only a Poor Relation

What was her first loyalty—to her rich cousin, to the man they both adored, or to herself? Love gave her the answer

WHEN love comes! Sometimes I wonder if it isn't all heartache and no pleasure; if all the suffering we know beforehand isn't just preparation for the misery it brings. Perhaps I expected too much.

All my life I had contented myself with makeshift pleasures. But *Love*, when it came, I thought, would be different. It would be real, joyous, all satisfying. It would make up for the slights and heartaches that had shadowed my growing-up days, for I was always "that poor little cousin" of Lois Taylor's. Then when love came, I must still take second place to Lois—and at what a cost!

IF Daddy had lived, everything would have been different. I wouldn't have been "a poor relation" all my life. The silver spoon that Lois Taylor was born with would have been mine instead of hers. It was Daddy who had had the vision to make the investments in the first place. He was one of the few who believed the barren brown hills of Derrick—it wasn't named that then—concealed a fortune in oil. But when mother was widowed, with a baby daughter to support, distracted with grief and worry, she gladly accepted Uncle Allan's offer to buy out father's interests.

Only a few months later oil was discovered. Derrick boomed; Uncle Allan became an oil baron. Aunt Marcia swelled about with maids, butlers and chauffeurs; built "Taylor Place;" bustled off with baby Lois on summer trips North and winter trips South. And mother opened a boarding house for oil workers!

Lois Taylor was a princess, a slim, golden fairy-book little girl. She was pink-and-white and fragile with flower blue eyes. Me—my hair is red, as Daddy's was.

AUNT MARCIA wears stylish stouts. She is one of those heavily impressive persons who talks baby talk when she wants to be coy, and booms at you like a pirate captain when she loses her temper.

Uncle Allan is a prince. He wanted to do the decent thing and give mother a percentage of the oil profits, but what chance had he against Aunt Marcia? It was some little inheritance of hers that had financed the buying of father's shares. When Uncle Allan suggested helping mother, Aunt Marcia rushed to her lawyer and had the money tied up by an audit system. All Uncle Allan's expenditures were checked. Aunt Marcia eased her

conscience, if she had one, by generously giving us their cast-off clothes.

To me, Lois' chic, dainty little garments were sacred, and I crowded myself into them almost reverently. Though she was a few months the older, I was more robust, and I suppose I looked like a locust bursting from its shell. For a whole year I had worshiped Lois in a little scarlet jacket she wore, and then it descended to me.

How I strutted and swaggered in it, picturing myself a jaunty golden-haired princess. I wore it the day Uncle Allan drove by to take me up to the Consolidated lease. He was to confer there with an architect from San Francisco about the new officers' quarters. Lois, in a soft green coat with ermine collar and cuffs, a beret to match pulled down over her curls, eyed me disapprovingly as I clambered into the car.

"YOU ride in the back, Bea," she directed." Daddy wants me in front with him."

"Why, ride with your cousin, dear," cried Uncle Allan in his jovial way. Lois silenced him with a look—Oh, so like Aunt Marcia's!

I shrank back into my corner. Lois was ashamed of me! My heart swelled almost to bursting. No one spoke while we climbed the long hill which the new buildings were to crown.

"Pile out, you youngsters," said Uncle Allan, "and play around. I'll be in conference an hour or so. There's lots to see and do."

Fascinating vats of mortar, piles of sand which men were sifting through a large screen, the tall scaffolding of the building, cried out their invitation to come and explore. But Lois drew her skirts disdainfully about her and perched on a large stone.

"Come on, Lois," I pleaded, but she only tossed her head. Self-consciously I edged away, but soon I was so engrossed that I forgot Lois entirely.

"This here's goin' to be a swimmin' pool," exclaimed a voice so close to me that I jumped. There, pitching pebbles into a big shadowy excavation, was a sunny-faced little boy. "All green, tile, it's gonna be," he elaborated chummily, " 'n there's gonna be a *patio* 'n a fountain, 'n tennis courts, 'n maybe a golf course. Swell, huh? My dad's designin' it. He's 'n architect. Who're you?"

"I—I'm Bea," I stammered.

"Capital or little 'b'?" He grinned, and I grinned, too.

"Just Bea. Beatrice Taylor."

" 'N I'm Jimmy Coyle. Come 'ere," mysteriously, and he led the way through two beams of scaffolding.

WHAT an adventure! Balancing like tight rope walkers, we picked our way along floor beams, crawled up skeleton staircases, chinned ourselves dangerously from rafters, laughed and shouted and dared each other. Time flew. Suddenly the loud, repeated honking of a car called me back to earth.

"Oh, that's Uncle Allan! They're ready to go. I'm keeping them waiting."

"Let 'em wait," said Jimmy Coyle in lordly fashion, but I was already scrambling down.

Lois stood beside the car, slim and imperious. Uncle Allan was still deep in conversation with the architect.

"My dad," explained Jimmy proudly, nodding toward the stranger.

"You're an absolute scarecrow, Bea Taylor," burst out Lois. "Your face is dirty, and you've split out that old coat of mine at every seam. The idea of your wearing *red*,

(*Continued on page* 80)

"All your life," Aunt Marcia said, "you have been a wicked, impossible child. You have repaid my every kindness with a viper's sting."

To the public . . . a "secret"

This is the first time any gum manufacturer has ever revealed the ingredients of his product to the public ✓ ✓ ✓ I do it largely as a matter of personal pride, I'll admit. I'm proud of the purity and quality of Baby Ruth Gum ✓ ✓ ✓ Here's what Baby Ruth Gum is made of: pure *chicle*, from Central America. Full-cream *milk*. Pure *cane sugar*. Finest *peppermint* money can buy —lots of it! ✓ ✓ ✓ There you have the secret of its cool, refreshing flavor—the real mint flavor that you *can't chew out*. That is why it sweetens the breath, aids digestion, so effectively. And that is why it is sweeping the country with unprecedented popularity ✓ ✓ ✓ Try Baby Ruth Gum today. I'm sure you will be delighted!

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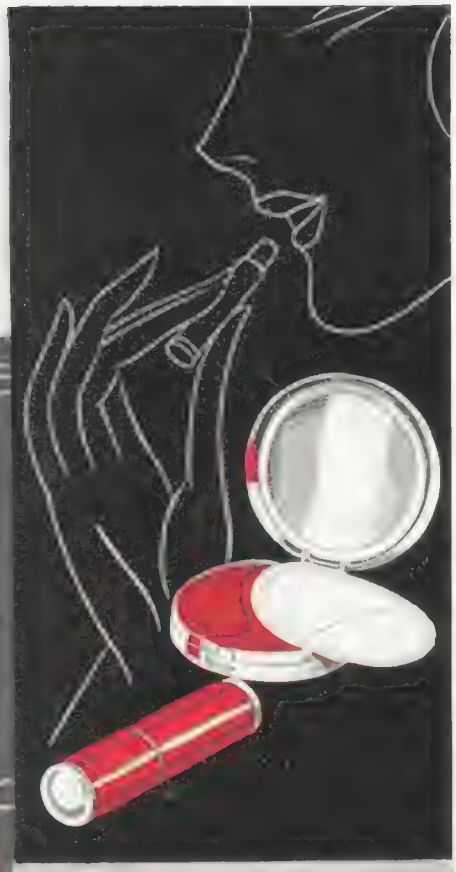

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The TRUE STORY Home Maker

Helps to Healthier and Happier Homes

Making a Friend of the REFRIGERATOR

Are You Getting All its Cooling Pleasures and Health Saving Values During These Warm Days?

By HELEN B. CROUCH
of the New York State College of Home Economics
at Cornell University

THE most delicious salad I ever saw or tasted started the conversation. Our small bridge club was meeting with Janet that hot July afternoon, but the game had gone very slowly. When tea time arrived we were all glad to put away the cards; even Ellen, our most enthusiastic player, had begun to look bored and ready to go home. In such weather, none of us had much appetite, either for cards or food.

The sight of the refreshments which Janet brought in, however, quite changed the atmosphere. Iced coffee and crisp green lettuce curled about a mass of bright frozen fruit. Nothing ever looked or tasted more refreshing.

We all agreed that Janet was a wonder. She had a knack for choosing something simple and different for tea, which was twice as welcome as the fancy foods many of us spent hours preparing. She had much less to get along on than the rest of us, and two small children to look after, but she managed somehow to entertain often and easily. Whatever time of day or night her friends came in, she always had delicious food ready to serve them at a moment's notice.

How did she do it? We asked her that question, and she surprised us by answering, "It's all the result of making a friend of my refrigerator."

Of course we all laughed but she insisted and, finally, when we begged, she sat down to tell us all about it.

"When I married I didn't know the first thing about keeping house or cooking. I hadn't the least idea of how to buy or prepare food, to say nothing of economizing. All our first meals came out of tin cans or from the delicatessen around the corner.

"OF course I had no idea how to use left-overs, so whatever remained after a meal was thrown out, or spoiled.

"We went through Jim's monthly check almost before it came in, and a lot of it was spent for food. But I worked hard at my job, and soon learned to cook Jim's favorite dishes, as well as to iron his shirts. He cheered me on by praising each new accomplishment.

"However, after the babies came, it was another story. Expenses went higher and higher. Food bills doubled or tripled in summer. I had my hands full looking after the babies who were sick most of the time and I didn't pay much attention to the house or to Jim's meals.

"One summer afternoon, about as hot as this one, we had our first real quarrel. Jim came home to supper, and there was nothing in the refrigerator but some wilted lettuce and sour milk. Even the ice had given out. Jim declared that no other wife he knew of was as poor a manager as his; that the meals I gave him were awful, especially in summer; and yet we spent enough on food to live at an expensive hotel. After that he went out, slamming the door behind him, leaving me to shed some tears in private.

"LONG before Jim came home, I had made plans for remedying the situation, and resolved that there was to be no more wasted or spoiled food in our kitchen. I read all I could find in cook books, on using up left-overs. And then I decided to make a friend of my refrigerator, which had been scandalously neglected. It was going to help me cut down the food bills and guard the health of the family by keeping the food I bought fresh and unspoiled.

"The refrigerator and I were going to outwit the molds, yeasts and bacteria which were spoiling the food, and also the health and happiness of my little home. I knew that moist foods such as milk, meat, vegetables or cooked foods, spoiled most quickly in my warm kitchen. They were going to be protected in the future by my refrigerator, which would not only keep them cold enough to prevent the growth of organisms causing spoilage, but would also protect them from dust and flies. I abandoned once and for all the window box and the cellar as places for keeping food."

"Where did you learn about looking after a refrigerator?" Ellen interrupted to ask.

"Books, bulletins, the magazines; everything I could find in the public library," Janet replied. "And I collected a lot of valuable information.

"I DECIDED that most refrigerators are like most people; the better you treat them, the better they serve you. So if my refrigerator was to give maximum efficiency it must receive intelligent care. I treated myself to a little home-study course on the subject which has certainly paid."

Thinking of that salad, we all agreed and urged her to tell us more.

"The big thing," she continued, "is to keep the refrigerator clean and cold. The best way to keep it cold is never to allow the amount of ice to fall below one-half the capacity of the food chamber."

"But," protested Ellen, "isn't that awfully expensive? Keeping so much ice in the refrigerator must cost a lot."

"That's what I thought at first," said Janet, "but I soon learned that keeping the refrigerator constantly well-iced is really an economy. When the ice gets too low the temperature rises, the walls of the refrigerator become warm again, and when new ice is put in it has to do double work. This not only means that the ice melts more rapidly and is therefore wasted, but the temperature in the food compartment may be too warm to keep the food successfully."

"What about washing the refrigerator?" some one asked.

"THAT'S another important thing," said Janet. "The authorities say this should be done once a week. Empty the entire compartment of both ice and food and wash the inside thoroughly, using a cloth wrung out of cold water in which sal-soda (about one tablespoon to four quarts of water) has been dissolved; then wipe dry. Pour strong sal-soda water down the drain to remove the slime which may collect there. If this cleaning is done rapidly the refrigerator will not get too warm during the process and ice will be saved.

"There are lots of little things that I learned about looking after the refrigerator. One of these was *not* to put food in the ice chamber. Every inch of ice surface is needed to cool and clean the circulating air.

"I also learned that if the walls and shelves are kept dry, food keeps better. Any moisture which collects inside should be removed with a dry cloth and if food is accidentally spilled, wash and dry the shelves at once. A small spot of decaying food, I have found, can cause a very unpleasant odor which may taint the milk or butter."

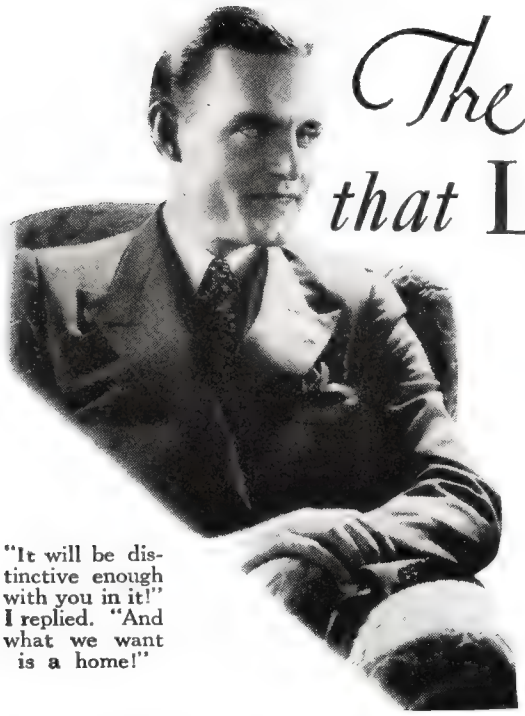
"WHAT about saving ice by wrapping it up in a newspaper?" asked our youngest member who had just started housekeeping.

Janet laughed and shook her head. "That's the best way to let the food spoil. Evaporation—the melting of the ice—is what cools the refrigerator. Therefore, actual contact between the air and the ice is absolutely necessary. Also the film of water on the melting ice absorbs the odors and they are carried with it down the drain pipe. The best way to economize on ice is to have a well insulated refrigerator with a door that fits perfectly and to keep that door closed tightly.

"It also pays to cool hot foods before putting them in the refrigerator.

"And if ice melts too rapidly—for example, if a full ice (*Continued on page* 104)

The HOUSE that LOVE BUILT



"It will be distinctive enough with you in it!" I replied. "And what we want is a home!"

Beginning the Great Adventure of Leslie and Isobel

"You can't get your way by paying me compliments," was her feminine retort

ELEANOR and Gertrude got their start in the bottom drawer of the chiffonier. Our apartment was so small that we couldn't make room for them anywhere else. Of course, both of them were never there at the same time; because Eleanor was, and for that matter still is, eighteen months older than Gertrude. When Gertrude's turn came, Eleanor graduated from the bottom drawer to a crib in the other room.

It really wasn't so bad as it sounds. When the drawer was pulled halfway out, and a pillow placed in it, it was a conveniently placed, snug little bed. But it was not an ideal arrangement. Nor is a city apartment the most healthful place in the world in which to bring up children. As a matter of fact, if we had had our own choice, we never would have lived in one.

Isobel and I had married too soon to suit everybody but ourselves. I had obtained a position as a draftsman with the not too fabulous salary of twenty-five dollars a week. Our early home life, although happy, was far from luxurious.

OUR flat consisted of a small living room with a tiny alcove, a little bedroom-nursery where the cribs were placed, the dining room, our bedroom and a glorious back porch. On the whole, it wasn't bad, but then there was always the trouble of getting the baby carriage up and down stairs. Besides, the back porch offered the children no chance to get next to the good earth. Though wide and sunny, it had no facilities for sand-piles and mud-pies.

The alcove and living room were so small that when the landlord offered to repaper them for us, we told him in mock-seriousness that he would have to take off the old paper before putting on the new, because an extra thickness wouldn't leave any room to turn around in. He grinned. To the glory of landlords, let it be said that he was the soul of kindness.

Even the janitor took a fatherly interest in us. I remember well the morning Eleanor came. I proudly announced to York, who liked to be called the "superintendent," that we had a brand-new daughter in our apartment.

"You don't need to tell me nothin'," he responded, "she told the whole block the minute she arrived."

I have no quarrel with apartments. They are ideal for childless homes. But when Eleanor and Gertrude came, Isobel and I began to dream of something else; a real home in the suburbs where there would be a lawn and trees and flowers—and maybe chickens and a cow. Well, that's exaggerating a bit, but we did want something that looked a little like them. Anyway, there were going to be lots of things we didn't have then.

I sat down at my desk to draw up the plans while Isobel curled up on the box couch in the alcove to offer suggestions.

Although we didn't know then, our dream house was later destined to come into existence almost exactly as we planned it.

THE visionary dining room was drawn up around the one good piece of furniture we had—a buffet or sideboard which Isobel's brother had given us for a wedding present. The sewing room-to-be was drawn up to a scale which would include the box couch. The rest of the furniture, such as it was, would fit in anywhere.

Isobel insisted on having an entrance hall. She did not want the front door to open right into the living room. This turned out to be a happy piece of luck, for the hall fitted in perfectly with all the rest of the rooms on the ground floor, and offered a convenient place for the base of the stairs, back of which there was plenty of room for a little den which I was to use for an office.

As the plans progressed, it seemed to me that Isobel's suggestions were dominating. She dictated, "Now, Leslie, I want a big living room on one side of the hall, and a dining room and kitchen on the other side. Upstairs—"

"Wait a minute, what about windows?" I asked.

"Windows?" she echoed questioningly. "Hm, let me see, windows. Yes, of course we must have windows."

"Yes, but what kind of windows?"

"Oh any kind, so long as there are plenty of them, but we must have an excellent long view or, at least, a close view of hollyhocks and things. Maybe," she smiled, "we could tie that cow you were speaking of, outside the living room. I think a few cows are always attractive. They make a house look so contented."

AFTER this poetic interlude, we considered the upstairs. It was to consist of a bedroom in each corner, a sewing room, and at the back a bathroom, just over my den.

I finished the drawing. It was just a rectangle, with a plain roof, ridge pole in the middle and gable ends. The roof was broken by two chimneys; a large one which carried two flues, one from the fireplace in the living room, and the other from the furnace in the cellar, and a smaller chimney for the kitchen stove.

"Kind of box-like, isn't it?" queried Isobel, after I showed her the plans.

"Nice and plain, though," I replied, "just a housy house. Every break in a roof line, you know, means just that much more likelihood of a leak. Every time a timber is cut, that much more material is wasted."

"Yes, I know. But I would like to have something distinctive about our house."

"It will be distinctive enough with you in it. And what we want is a home. We haven't much money—haven't any, in fact! We can't pay for style. Some day we may be rich and build another house—a big fancy one with lots of cows around it."

"You see, darling," I went on, stealing Isobel's own thunder, "I realize that we have ermine and orchid tastes and a working-clothes income. We have to build a home to take care of a growing family. One of these fine days Eleanor and Gertrude are going to have friends and parties."

"And there will be some sons, too," volunteered Isobel; rather confidently, I thought.

But pinching her cheek, I replied, "if that's the case, we (*Continued on page* 114)

Handy Household Hints

Those Convenient Trays

ONE of the most convenient things in my kitchen is a tray on which I keep the salt and pepper shakers, catsup, sauces, sugar bowl and things of that sort. When I set the table for a meal, all I have to do is set the tray on the table, and I know nothing is forgotten. This saves trips from the kitchen to the dining room. I have a special place in my kitchen cabinet for the tray when it is not in use.—Mrs. L. M. S.

Your Dressing Table

An old discarded piano stool may prove very useful when used as a dressing table stool. It turns easily and a view from every angle may be seen in the mirror. Pad the top and drape with chintz, taffeta or any kind of material desired.—Mrs. C. O'B.

For Attractive Beds

I use two pairs of pillow cases to a pair of pillows. The outer ones are for show and the inner for use, and the pillow-case against which the head rests is free from dust. My beds always look neat and it takes only a minute to slip the cases off and on.—M. W.

Renew Linoleum

When the pattern had worn off the linoleum rug in my dining room, I finally found this way to make it look like new. I painted the rug with two coats of black paint. Then with a ruler I measured off the entire rug in nine-inch squares and painted every other square in Chinese red lacquer. Then I gave the rug one coat of varnish and, last of all, a coat of wax. Result, a stunning tile patterned rug for less than two dollars.—M. B. G.

Less Dirt

Do you know that round dish cloths won't spatter when wrung, as square, oblong or any other shape will do? There are no long ends to flap.—C. H.

Make Your Ironing Easy

If you must do your own ironing, why not try hanging hubby's or brother's shirts on coat hangers after they have been ironed? You will find it not only saves you the trouble of buttoning and folding the shirt, but hubby is also saved the trouble of unbuttoning it. Also, the shirt will never be wrinkled as often happens when it is folded and laid in a drawer.—Mrs. L. K.

Save Shoe Laces

When the metal tips pull off shoe laces I take scissors and trim the laces to a point, then put some glue or mucilage on the ends and twirl them to a point between thumb and finger. It will put a nice point on the lace.—A. E. T.

Handkerchiefs and Socks

A large pocket, for soiled handkerchiefs and socks, sewed on the side of my laundry bag saves trouble when I want to wash these articles between wash days.—Mrs. I. L.

To Clean Brass

Brass knockers and door knobs that are exposed to the weather will stay bright longer if rubbed with paraffin after they are cleaned and polished with a soft dry cloth.—Mrs. E. R.

Put Tags to Work

When storing boxes on high closet shelves, attach tags by cords long enough so that one can read the list of contents without climbing a stool or stepladder, or taking down the wrong box.—Mrs. C. K.

Speed Up Your Baking

When I bake potatoes in the oven of my gas stove I place them on the floor of the oven and cover them with an earthenware or enameled bowl. This concentrates the heat and potatoes cook in much less time.—I. L. S.

For Children and Invalids

To serve eggs on toast to children or invalids cut the toast in small cubes, leaving the slice in its original shape, before putting on the eggs. Then the toast is easily eaten.—Mrs. O. L. C.

To Restore Color

To restore the color to ivory handled knives after they have become yellow, rub them with fine emery or sand paper. This will restore their whiteness and remove the spots.—M. F. W.

Have you some time-saving tricks that your experience in the kitchen has taught you? Have you invented any little conveniences that lighten the home maker's burden in the kitchen and dining room? If you have, be sure to describe them, and mail your items to HANDY HOUSEHOLD HINTS, TRUE STORY Magazine, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

We promptly pay $2.00 for every hint chosen for publication.

Material submitted and found unavailable will not be returned.

Soaking Lessens Work

After removing the beans from the crock I put in a teaspoon or two of baking soda, fill the crock with cold water and set it in the oven until water is heated, or even overnight. The crock is then washed as easily as a tea cup.—S. H. S.

The Ever Ready Dust Cloth

Take a pint jar and pour about a tablespoon of oil or polish in it, and turn until jar is covered with polish. Put your dust cloth in and put the cover on. The cloth will be just right to dust with. Add more polish to the jar as it is needed.—Mrs. A. P.

To Initiate New Tins

Cake burns easily in new tins. To avoid this trouble butter the new tins well and place them in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. There will be no further danger of your cake burning.—H. L.

Blotters Will Help

I keep a supply of large white blotters in a drawer in my cabinet, and when anything is spilled on the dining room linen I use a blotter instead of a napkin to take it up.—E. E. J.

Utilize the Ice Pick

The handiest thing in my kitchen, by all odds, is an ordinary every-day ice pick. Try it for cleaning the small holes in your gas stove burners. It makes just the right size hole in your salad oil cans from which to pour the oil while making salad dressing. To punch an extra hole in a belt that is too large, it can't be beaten. And to punch holes in the metal tops of bottles of pepper sauce, etc. In fact, I couldn't keep house without it.—Mrs. W. B. Black.

Quick Cocoa

I save more time in preparing my breakfast cocoa than on any other item. At the first of the week I rub together thoroughly one cup of cocoa, one cup of sugar and one-half teaspoon of salt. I add just enough milk to make a paste and boil the mixture over a slow flame for two or three minutes. I then seal the thick chocolate mixture in a pint jar for use during all that week. In preparing cocoa in the mornings, I merely have to heat the milk and stir in four teaspoonsful of the chocolate mixture for each cup of milk used. Never boil the milk, as boiling hardens the protein and renders the casein of the milk insoluble.—Mrs. A. A.

Keep Soap Wrappers

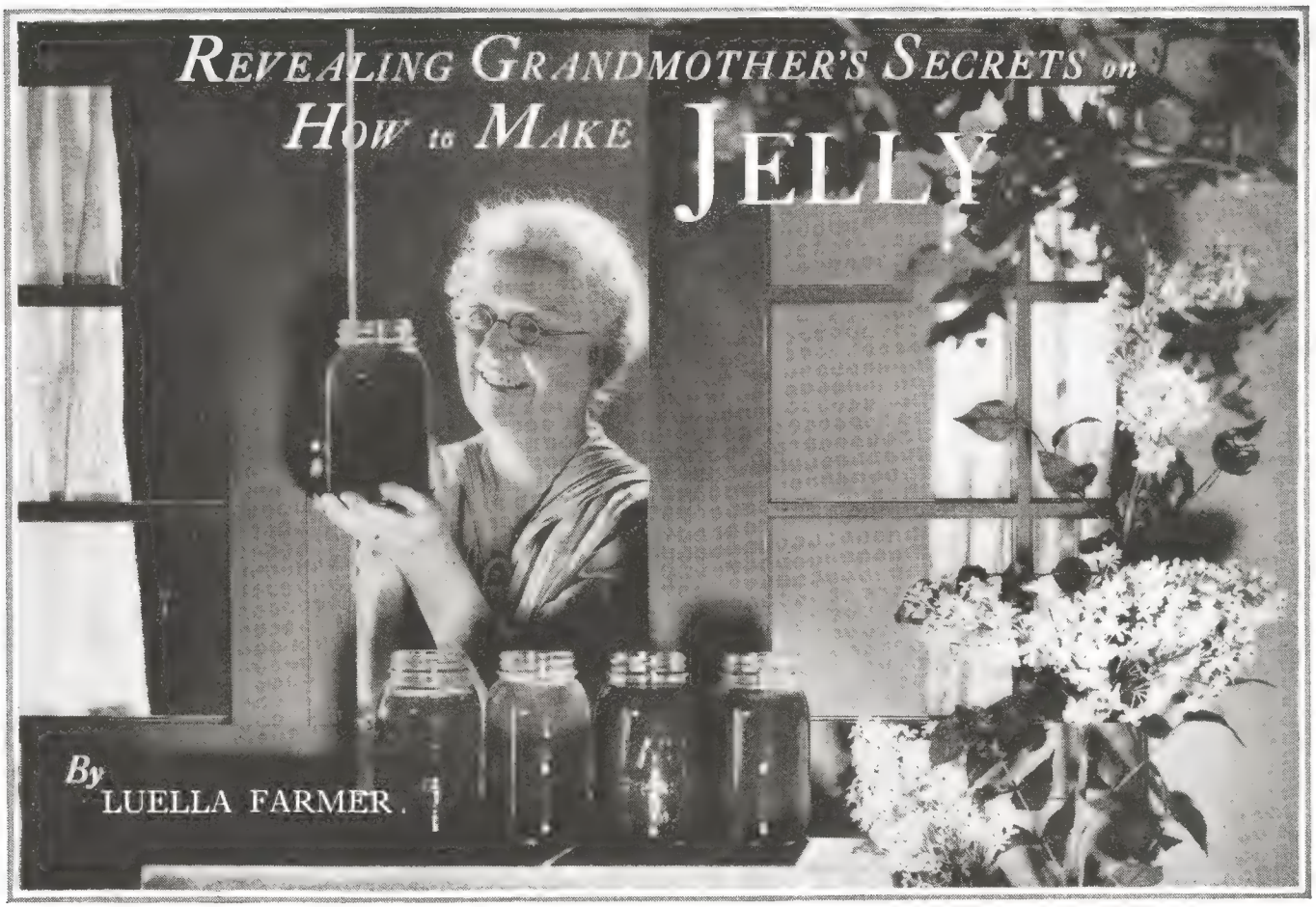
The inside of soap wrappers is good to smooth irons on.—Mrs. W. F. O'C.

Ever Handy Paper Bags

Before attempting to clean the stove I always slip my hand in an empty bag, and then take hold of my stove brush or cloth. By doing this I find that I keep my hands from getting full of stove polish which is so hard to remove. It also keeps my hands from getting bruised against the stove, as they otherwise often would.—Mrs. T. C. R.

For Fresh Sandwiches

When I prepare sandwiches quite a while before they are to be served, I put them in an earthen bowl and set it in cold water. This keeps the sandwiches moist for several hours.—Mrs. D. L.



REVEALING GRANDMOTHER'S SECRETS on HOW to MAKE JELLY

By LUELLA FARMER

MY grandfather was an epicure. He loved good food and was proud of his wife's skill in cooking. He delighted in her flaky pie crust, her light cakes, and her roasts done just to a turn. But of all the dainties prepared in her immaculate kitchen none pleased him more than her sparkling jellies made from summer fruits. He wanted jelly on the table at breakfast, dinner and supper. When there were guests, he made a point of drawing their attention to the jelly almost as soon as the meal started.

"Marmalades and jams are all right for amateurs," I remember hearing him say, "but it takes a real expert to turn a little fruit juice and sugar into jelly like this. My wife has been doing it for thirty years without one failure."

Jelly making was my grandmother's hobby; an art which she had perfected during long years of experimenting until she knew just how much sugar was needed for every different fruit, just how long to cook the fruit and all the other secrets of making perfect jelly.

SHE regarded canning as simply a mechanical job; a yearly task which was a necessary part of a good housekeeper's business. But when it came to making jelly, she considered herself dealing with a true art.

Currants, apples, berries, plums, grapes and quinces—all these and others as they came in season were brought to the kitchen by my grandfather, and were converted into clear, bright, deliciously flavored jelly that always jelled—for my grandmother.

I can see again the rows of jars standing in the window in the sun, and remember my grandmother's critical glance when she turned the first jar of a batch out in a dish for supper. The way it quivered was her test, because her expert eye could then tell whether it was firm enough to hold its shape and yet was tender and delicate.

The fame of grandmother's jelly was established in the countryside long before my day. It was in demand for socials, church suppers, and fairs. The girls who were planning to marry drove over to my grandmother's each year to learn the secrets of jelly making by watching her. Neighbors, whose jelly turned out tough, syrupy, or simply a soft and runny mass, came in to ask my grandmother's advice and often sighed when they saw the rows of bright glasses on her shelves.

BUT that was years ago. Today's chemists and food experts have carried on many investigations of jelly making, and have solved most of its mysteries.

The modern young housewife can take her first lesson in the art of jelly making by reading scientific bulletins instead of by driving a horse miles across the county to watch and ask questions in an old-fashioned kitchen.

My grandmother had no idea of technical terms. The chemical composition of fruit juice and the reactions that cause jelly to *jell* were so much Greek to her. She knew *how*, but not *why*.

The practical advice my grandmother gave many a young bride was the result of long experience, and is as dependable today as it was yesterday. An old worn notebook, in which she wrote in a fine hand her simple directions for jelly making, is still kept on the kitchen shelf and used with success by her grandchildren.

Food experts today say that successful jelly depends on the right proportion of four things—acid, liquid, sugar and pectin; that it is the pectin that really makes jelly jell.

Pectin is the substance in fruits which has the power of coagulating the juice after it has been heated with proper amounts of acid and sugar. Now fruit juices vary in the amount of pectin they contain. Some have too little to make jelly. If you wish to make jelly of these, they must be used in combination with other fruits which contain larger amounts of pectin.

Pectin, of course, was unheard of in my grandmother's day, but she knew which fruits were best for jelly. The list in her notebook includes apples, crabapples, currants, raspberries, blackberries, blueberries, grapes and quinces. Quinces, however, because they have such a small amount of acid, were generally mixed with other fruits, apples especially, when employed for jelly.

THE juice from such fruits as peaches, strawberries and cherries, which are lacking in pectin, can be used for jelly only if pectin is added. A generation ago this was accomplished by adding to it the juice of other fruits rich in pectin. Today the housewife can add the commercial pectin which is sold by every grocer.

The amount of sugar, my grandmother used to say, makes or mars the jelly. Too much makes it soft and mushy, and too little makes it tough. We know today that the proper amount depends on the quantity of pectin present in the fruit.

My grandmother's rule was to use one-half to three-quarters of a cup of sugar to each cup of the juice of any fruit in the easy-to-jell group.

The jelly utensils were kept together on a special shelf in grandmother's kitchen, and on jelly-making days the first

thing done was to assemble them, so as to avoid last-minute hunts for missing spoons or measuring cups.

The list of proper utensils given in the old notebook is as follows:

1. Large wooden spoon.
2. Wooden masher
3. Measuring cup
4. Sharp-pointed peeling knife
5. Preserving-kettle of enamel or granite ware
6. A large bowl
7. Small saucepan
8. Jelly bag of Canton flannel, three-cornered shape
9. Jelly glasses with covers which fit.

Old-fashioned housewives covered their jelly with paper dipped in brandy. Today, however, melted paraffin is generally used so, to the above list of utensils, the modern housewife should add a saucepan to melt the paraffin.

The whole process of jelly making in my grandmother's kitchen, from picking over the fruit to sealing the glasses, remains very clearly in my mind, for I was a frequent and interested spectator.

FIRST, the fruit was picked over, washed, and placed in the big kettle. For juicy fruits, like currants or grapes, only enough water was added to prevent burning—about one cup to every four or five quarts of fruit. The less juicy fruits, like apples or quinces, were cut in small pieces and covered with water. Skins and seeds were included.

The kettle containing the prepared fruit and water was then placed on the flame and heated slowly. The contents were stirred occasionally with the big wooden spoon, and when they began to simmer, the fruit was crushed with the wooden masher.

As soon as the fruit was cooked through, the kettle was removed from the stove, and both the pulp and juice were put into the jelly bag to drain half an hour or more. No one was allowed to touch the jelly bag, since pressing it might make the jelly cloudy.

After being allowed to drain until no more juice dripped off, the pulp was returned to the kettle, covered again with water, and allowed to simmer for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then the process of extracting the juice was repeated a second time.

The next step was to measure and boil the juice. Grandmother never cooked more than six or eight cups of jelly at a time, because she said the capacity of the preserving kettle must be four or five times the amount of juice cooked, to allow for the rapid boiling necessary. She saw to it also that the stove was hot. Slow cooking may spoil the color, flavor, and jellying properties.

When the juice was measured into the preserving kettle, it was boiled rapidly for three minutes and any white froth which rose to the surface was skimmed off. Then the sugar was added and stirred into the juice until it was dissolved. As the cooking continued my grandmother now and then took up a small amount of juice in the spoon and tested it by allowing it to drop from the side. When the drops flowed together, making what she called "a sheet" from the spoon, the jelly was considered done and was poured into clean, hot glasses.

The glasses were then set for a day in a sunny window to become firm before they were sealed.

PLAIN apple jelly, perhaps the easiest to make, was often used by grandmother as the basis for various fancy jellies. Sometimes she gave it a new flavor by cooking a lemon or an orange, cut in thin slices, with the apple juice, and removing them just before adding the sugar. Sometimes she put a lemon verbena or rose geranium leaf into the mixture for a few minutes before pouring it into the glasses. Or she might place a rose leaf in the glass as it was being filled. For mint jelly she used plain apple juice, adding a small spray of mint for each cup of juice. The green color was obtained by adding vegetable coloring to the hot mixture.

Here are some of the favorite jelly recipes, copied from the old notebook:

Apple Jelly

Wash firm, perfect, slightly underripe apples, and remove blossom and stem ends. Cut into quarters; nearly cover with water. Cook until soft, mash and strain through a wire strainer, then through a jelly bag. Return pulp to kettle, add a small quantity of water and cook fifteen minutes. Strain the juice as in making the first extract.

Measure three-quarters of a cup of sugar for each cup of juice. Boil three or four cups of juice for from three to five minutes, add the sugar and boil until the mixture sheets from the side of the spoon. Fill hot, clean jelly glasses to within one-sixteenth inch of the top and cool. Cover, label, and store in a cool, dark place.

Some of the best apples for jelly are Greenings, Northern Spies, Spitzenbergs, Kings and Baldwins.

Crabapple Jelly

Follow recipe for apple jelly, leaving apples whole instead of cutting in quarters.

Currant Jelly

Currants are in the best condition for making jelly between the last of June and early July, and should not be picked directly after a rain. Cherry currants make the best jelly. Equal proportions of red and white currants make an excellent light colored jelly.

Pick over currants, but do not remove stems; wash and drain. Mash a few in the bottom of a preserving kettle, using a wooden potato masher; so continue until berries are used. Cook slowly until currants look white. Strain through a coarse strainer, then allow juice to drop through a double thickness of cheesecloth or a jelly bag. Measure, bring to boiling point, and boil five minutes; add an equal measure of heated sugar, boil three minutes, skim and pour into glasses.

Place in a sunny window, and let stand twenty-four hours. Cover and keep in a cool, dry place. And always in the dark, of course.

Grape Jelly

Grapes should be picked over, washed, and stems removed before putting into a preserving kettle. Heat to boiling point, mash, and boil thirty minutes; then proceed as for currant jelly.

Wild grapes make the best jelly. Green grape jelly may be made from grapes which are just beginning to turn.

Plum Jelly

Wash the fruit, place in a pan set in hot water and heat until the fruit is softened and the juice comes out freely. Strain, as for apple jelly, and obtain a second extraction of juice. Add one-eighth of a cup of water to each cup of juice, boil three minutes, add three-quarters of a cup of sugar to each cup of juice and cook until the mixture sheets from the spoon. Fill glasses, cover, store in a cool dark place.

"IT'S the BERRIES!"

Betty Learns the Meaning of "Consideration"

"NO, Billy. Three dishes of blueberries should be plenty for any human being. Besides, they cost thirty cents a quart." Mrs. White's tone sounded final, so Billy had to be satisfied with the berries he had already eaten; but it gave him something to talk about.

"Do you mean to tell me," he asked, "that you have to pay thirty cents for a measly little box of blueberries? Why—"

Billy was started on a speech, and the Fates themselves could not have prophesied where he would have stopped, if Betty hadn't cut him short with:

"Yes, thirty cents, and that's cheap, too, 'cause it takes almost half an hour to pick that many."

"It takes who almost how long to pick how many whats? Why, I could pick a quart in five minutes!"

Billy's boast caused quite a rumpus. Mr. White smiled and said, "Billy, for every quart you pick in five minutes, I'll give you one even dollar in real money!"

"You're on!" Billy cried excitedly. "Gee! I'm going to be rich pretty soon." He turned to his sister. "Say, let's go berrying, Betty! And then back to his father. "Dad, do you know where there are any around here?"

"Why, yes!" Mr. White replied. "Our Mr. Brown at the office has some on his land. I think he might let you pick some for a slight consideration."

BETTY was always a little bit startled when she heard a big word. "Consideration" didn't mean anything to her, and she had quite a time suppressing a giggle. But she wanted to find out what it meant, but not enough to show her ignorance by asking the definition before Billy, and so she bided her time.

That noon, just before Billy came home for lunch, Mrs. White phoned her husband. Before she hung up, Betty grabbed the receiver and shouted, "Say, Daddy, what's a consideration?" The only answer she received was "Shall I give you information?" Her father had already hung up, and it was the operator speaking.

Mrs. White then explained that, for the privilege of using his land, Mr. Brown might want a few berries. So in this case, consideration meant blueberries. It sounded rather queer to Betty so she just said, "Oh!"

When Mr. White came home with the news that berries would be plentiful in another two weeks, Betty jumped up and down and shouted, "Oh, I just can't wait to go consideration picking." Nobody but her mother understood what she meant, and because it was a puzzle to Billy, Betty pretended she had a secret. But neither of the men folks seemed greatly impressed.

Billy suggested that when they went berrying they spend the whole day at it, so they could sell thirty or forty quarts around the neighborhood and make a little money. Nobody said a word, but he noticed his father look at Betty and slyly wink. He started to argue and make wild bets about the quantity he was going to pick, but everybody just continued smiling skeptically. Finally, he decided to keep still and show them later.

When the appointed Friday came around, as appointed Fridays usually do, it found Betty ready bright and early to start out for Mr. Brown's blueberry pasture. Billy always had been the family slowpoke, and he poked just as much on appointed Friday mornings as at any other times. Betty had been ready for ten minutes and, as Billy showed no signs of starting, she was beginning to be peeved.

SHE stood on the porch stamping her foot and ordering Billy to hurry up. In exasperation, she finally went into the house to see what he was doing. She found him in her room with his head under the bed, muttering to himself. She just stood in the middle of the room and stared. Suddenly he jumped up and shouted, "Oh, I know—the kitchen stove!" With that, he bounded out of the room and downstairs to the kitchen.

Betty thought that this was just about the last straw. When she had regained her composure, she ran down after him. She met him walking out of the kitchen with an umbrella in his hand. He had suddenly remembered that his mother had put it behind the stove to dry. Then, as if it were the most natural thing on earth to carry an umbrella on the sunniest and clearest day of the year, he calmly told Betty that he was ready to go, and that he didn't intend to wait for her all day. Betty was too curious to be angry. Between giggles she spurted, "What on earth are you going to do with the umbrella? It won't rain for a week."

It was now Billy's turn to look mysterious which he did exceedingly well, while replying: "Don't forget the blizzard of 1888, my darling sister."

Betty had never even heard of the blizzard of 1888, but knowing her Billy, she knew that she would just have to wait if she wanted to find out what the umbrella was for.

WITH a varied assortment of pails and baskets under their arms, they set out for Mr. Brown's.

Everybody they met on the way kidded Billy about the umbrella, but he took it all good-naturedly and shouted back that he was going to make some money with it. This made Betty all the more curious.

When they reached the berry pasture, Billy told her that artistic berry pickers couldn't work very well if anybody was looking at them. He therefore was going down behind a clump of trees where she wouldn't see him.

Now Betty had something to say about this, and she said it! She was going anywhere he was, and she would just like to see Billy or any other sawed-off artistic berry picker try to stop her! That settled it. Wherever Billy went, Betty went too.

The argument (*Continued on page* 120)

HOW *and* WHY!

Answers to Your Food Questions

By FLORENCE L. BECKER

Nutrition Specialist, Michigan State College

Every home maker is constantly faced with problems of cooking, menu making, preserving, baking, feeding the sick, etc. The advice of an expert is often invaluable. TRUE STORY Magazine, therefore, offers its readers the services of Miss Becker. Don't hesitate to write her. Send your letter to Miss Florence L. Becker, TRUE STORY HOME MAKER, 1926 Broadway, New York City. If you want an immediate reply, enclose a self-addressed and stamped envelope

Foods for Tired People

LESTER S. writes: "I seem to get tired so easily after just an ordinary day's work. I wonder if my diet may be the cause of this chronic fatigue. Can you help me out?"

The tiredness which cannot be overcome with rest is probably due to deadening of the nerve cells by fatigue poisons, acid in nature. The use of non-acid forming foods may help to overcome this condition. These include all fruits (except prunes and cranberries) and the succulent vegetables (not the starchy vegetables). Oranges, lemons, grapefruit and tomatoes are probably the best for you to choose.

What about Ice Cold Sodas?

Anna B. O. writes: "My daughter insists on drinking ice-cold sodas as often each day in summer as she can get them. I am sure that she will chill her stomach and this will be bad for her, but she does not believe me. I am appealing to you for your opinion."

Cold desserts, if eaten slowly at the end of a meal, are refreshing and seldom harmful. But fast eating of sodas, ice cream, and the like will most certainly be a shock to the stomach. You are absolutely right in your opinion. No cold beverages should be taken rapidly when the person is warm. The nerves of the stomach may be shocked quite severely, with the possibility of consequent serious digestive disturbances.

The Right Amount of Milk

Mrs. John G. writes: "We are a family of five, with three children of school age. How much milk ought we to buy each day? We are now buying two quarts a day, and Paul's teacher says it is not enough."

I agree with Paul's teacher. Each of your children should be getting a quart of milk each day, not all as milk to drink, necessarily, but in soups, puddings and other dishes. The requirement for each adult is a pint a day. If my arithmetic is correct, your family should be buying four quarts of milk a day. In the long run, milk is a food we cannot afford to do without. It will save not only doctors' bills but also dentists'. Do not forget that even adults can improve the condition of their teeth by a careful diet, including milk.

Baking Soda and Baking Powder

A reader asks: "Are baking soda breads more nutritious than baking powder breads?"

There is no difference, unless more soda is used than is necessary. If this is the case, you will be able to taste it in the bread. When you add sour milk, molasses, apple sauce or anything else which makes the soda fizz, you are really making baking powder. The essentials in a baking powder are baking soda and any powdered acid. Let me give you a second warning: If you use soda, be careful not to use too much.

What Is Chili Con Carne?

Bill R. writes: "I have heard of chili con carne many times, but I have never been able to find out what it is. Can you tell me?"

Chili con carne translated from the Mexican means "beans with meat." Here's the recipe:

1 quart of tomatoes
½ pound of spaghetti
1 pint can of kidney beans
1 pound of chopped beef
Salt
1 quart of boiling water
1 onion
2 bay leaves
2 red peppers, seeded
½ teaspoonful of paprika

Cook the spaghetti in the salted boiling water; cook the other ingredients with the seasonings until the meat is

(Continued on page 161)

200 Women a Day

Write for the TRUE STORY Cook Book

OUR postman is staggering under his load nowadays. Every morning we receive at least 200 letters from readers of TRUE STORY, enclosing a dime for the TRUE STORY Cook Book, "219 New Ways to a Man's Heart." Frequently 300 letters come in one day's mail. Sometimes more than 500 swamp our desk within the span of a few hours. Last year, more than 125,000 women sent dimes for these cook books.

And how they like "219 New Ways to a Man's Heart!" Thousands of appreciative letters are in our files. More pour in every day. For this is a new kind of cook book.

1. It is composed entirely of recipes that are *provedly* popular with the men folks.
2. It is written in a simple, understandable style that makes good results *sure.*

Many users have written us that "219 New Ways to a Man's Heart" is worth a dollar and more. Yet we continue to distribute these books (to readers of TRUE STORY only) at *the mere cost of handling,* 10 cents. Don't wait. The current edition is almost exhausted. Send your dime with the coupon below, immediately. Your money back from us, of course, if you're not completely delighted.

MAIL DIME AND COUPON BELOW

TRUE STORY HOME MAKER, Dept. CB-7,
1926 Broadway, New York City.

Please send by return mail the new edition of the TRUE STORY cook book, "219 New Ways to a Man's Heart." I enclose ten cents to cover cost of handling.

Name .....

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A Vacation Need Not Be Spoiled by

TRAVELING *with a* BABY

By

Mrs. Elizabeth Alward Kilbourne

Formerly Home Bureau Manager of the City of Buffalo, New York

A tiny traveler exemplifies a mother's teachings. The clothing equipment for a two weeks' trip is in the suit case on which the baby sits. The best-loved doll, if taken along on the journey, prevents homesickness, especially at night

WHEN Ed began to broadcast the idea of a summer vacation, I listened in on his eager planning with a good many doubts and misgivings.

As I thought of the two babies, I confess that it sounded a lot more like static to me than like the enjoyable program he was predicting. To transplant my arecfully trained youngsters from calm nursery routine to the hazards of a journey did not appeal to me. But a vacation we must have, and we could not leave the babies, even if we had been willing to do so.

Since that first planning, I have traveled more than sixteen thousand miles, not only with one baby, but with two. The many trips which made up this mileage have been by train, steamship and automobile; in storms, across deserts and in hot and cold climates. I am proud to say that neither of my two babies ever suffered a moment's illness or contracted any infection. I am sure that any mother can have a similar record if she keeps strictly to rules for food, sleep, baths, clothing, play and sanitation.

THE person who said that "experience is what we get when we are looking for something else," might well have been some one who left home looking for a good time and got only the hard knocks which come from traveling with a baby without proper equipment.

After I heard Ed rave on about traveling light; about getting rid of all the "fussy junk" of civilization; about taking a comb and a tooth-brush and going gypsying, I told him, "Nothing doing!"

"What!" he exclaimed, "plan our trip to fit the kids' routine; why that's just what we are trying to get away from; we are going for a change."

"Then you leave me and the youngest members of the family at home. They have been made used to certain hours and definite living conditions by careful and patient training. If you suddenly try to change these habits, and fail to consider the youngsters, the journey will be ruined by cross and perhaps sick youngsters. It may be a trip but it won't be a vacation."

Perhaps I spoke strongly, but I was feeling strongly on the subject. I had it firmly in my mind that comfortable babies would be quiet and happy travelers, and that uncomfortable ones would not.

OF course, I had my own way about it. Ed is good at giving in on questions of this sort.

Because I am sure that any careful mother can succeed in having a restful vacation, even though blest with babies, I am setting down some of the rules that have brought comfort to me.

We may plan to take the baby by boat, train, or automobile. A boat trip is really the most restful for mother and child. Even the smallest steamer stateroom provides a quiet place for baby to take his nap and for mother to prepare his food. The deck offers a place for fresh air, exercise, and sunshine.

An automobile trip with overnight rests along the route is another attractive plan. This is a little harder for the mother of a restless run-about of from two to six years than for the mother of a very young baby. A very young baby will be perfectly comfortable in a little swing bed in the back of the car, or in a basket with a large pillow for a mattress. But be careful to see that baby's eyes are not exposed to sun and dust on long drives.

The train presents the hardest problem. The child has less space to move about it, and there is no chance to enjoy sunshine and fresh, clean air on the way. The noise and the motion are tiring to the small child, and mother finds it harder to keep the baby, his clothes and his food, sweet and clean under these conditions.

Experienced travelers will use hand luggage. Trunks and bulky baggage are apt to be slow in moving, and it is best to keep everything needed for baby's comfort within reach. Imagine the fix in which a young mother of my acquaintance found herself when she boarded a sleeping car and prepared to quiet her hungry and sleepy youngster with a bottle of milk, only to find that she had checked the wrong bag and baby's supper was up forward in the baggage car under a huge pile of luggage!

I FIND that the best type of bag for a woman to carry, especially when she is traveling alone with children, is a light straw suit case. The leather ones, when packed, are far too heavy for her to manage. A two-week's journey can easily be made with two suit cases—one for mother and one for baby. With the present lightness and compactness of women's clothes, mother's may be a small one. An old-fashioned "shawl-strap" or the modern canvas steamer-rug roll is invaluable to carry blankets, baby's own pillow and rubber sheet. Add to this, a box of food supplies, and a folding screened cot; even a folding rubber bath-tub, if desired, and you have the largest possible amount of baggage you will need. This can easily be reduced for shorter trips.

But let me warn against the temptation of trying to "travel light" with a small baby. If you do not start with certain needed equipment you will have to get it on the way. This adds to the cost of the vacation; and it may not be possible to find what you need en route. Start completely equipped and you will have a lot less to worry about on the trip.

Your equipment will naturally group itself into three main classes: Food, clothing, and comfort equipment. Comfort equipment includes bedding and medical supplies.

What to Do about Food

First of all, do not change baby's diet on the trip! If you find, however, that a slight change must be made, make the change several days before leaving home, so that he will be accustomed gradually to the new food under normal surroundings.

I have learned that I can not depend on steamship, dining car, or summer hotel kitchens to prepare properly the foods required for a small child, though in exceptional cases the kitchens of large ocean liners and the very best hotels provide dishes expressly for very small travelers.

THE mother who is nursing her own baby will find little difficulty with the food problem; but if the baby is on a bottle, never plan to use the local fresh milk at each overnight stopping point. This causes indigestion as the milk will vary in composition with different dairies. In New York City, a well-known laboratory supplies either one's own formula or whole milk, sealed and sterilized in bottles, and packed in ice, all ready for a journey. This will be delivered to boat or train, or to your own home ready for an automobile trip. It will keep at least ten days in perfect condition, and is worth its extra cost in convenience and in health insurance for the young tourist. Where there is no such laboratory, an evaporated, or preferably an ultra-violet irradiated powdered milk can be substituted for fresh milk in baby's regular formula. With enough of such milk you will be protected against questionable milk supplies until you reach home again, but in any of these cases it will be especially necessary to employ orange juice freely to make up for the deficiencies of the prepared milk.

Taking all conditions into account, I have found the best outfit to heat the bottles consists of a pan, holder, and can of solidified alcohol. The holder, can, and pan-handle fit inside the pan itself when packed, and the cost is low. Especially when traveling by automobile this outfit is quick to use, easily carried and readily kept clean. To guard against the danger of fire, I carry this equipment in a small tin box and stand it in the tin box-cover when in use. The pan is invaluable for heating milk, for boiling baby's drinking water, for cooking a portion of cereal, for warming broth or vegetables or for sterilizing rubber nipples.

I never attempt to carry warm or hot milk in a vacuum bottle, because at certain temperatures a chemical change takes place in the milk which makes it unfit for baby to drink. So keep the milk chilled in transit and heat enough for each feeding.

CEREALS are easily prepared by the side of the road, or on a boat, by the use of the solid alcohol outfit. The oatmeal which requires only a few minutes' cooking is recommended, and also the other cereals that cook quickly. Whole wheat crackers, arrowroot biscuit, and zwiebach, I have found invaluable. Carry them in a tightly-covered tin box, especially on a sea voyage.

Never give highly seasoned canned soups to a baby. Prepare simple vegetable soups—all are easily carried, easily served, and are relished by a youngster.

Vegetables can be had in cans, ready cooked, mashed and strained. A variety of these canned vegetable purees are included in my supplies. They tell me that there is a vegetized wafer on the market which is said to supply the necessary food elements to the child who does not care for vegetables, but one should not depend on this alone and the child should be trained to like vegetables.

I have always been able to get fresh eggs almost everywhere; a coddled or poached egg is easily prepared on my alcohol stove. I never give more than one a day.

A great variety of fruits can now be had in small eight-ounce cans—apple sauce and stewed prunes, pears and peaches—all of which or dried unsulphured fruits may be used. I have given dead-ripe bananas sparingly to my babies ever since they were two years old. Oranges, like eggs, are protected from dirt by nature, and are safe to buy anywhere.

Give your baby plenty of water to drink on his journey. You can buy it ready bottled on the way; but take care not to get carbonated or mineral waters. The cheapest way is to boil enough to fill two eight-ounce nursing bottles each morning. I use a flat rubber cap to cover the bottle.

IF your baby is taking cod-liver oil daily, this is not the time to omit it. Wrap the bottle, well-corked, in a piece of waxed paper, then in a square of oil silk, and pack in a small tin box. This prevents odor and oil from escaping into the rest of the luggage.

Never feed baby in a moving vehicle, if it is possible to stop by the way and let him eat in quieter surroundings.

As my children grew older, I firmly resisted their clamorings for hot dogs, soft drinks, ice cream, popcorn and candy, as additions to their regular food. Experience has taught me that these, added to the strain of (*Continued on page* 136)

SUMMER TIME IS SALAD TIME

Here Are Numerous Suggestions Which Will Help to Tempt Unwilling Appetites In Torrid Weather

By PROFESSOR BRISTOW ADAMS
of Cornell University

"MY men folks are the most ornery critters that ever existed. If I serve them a salad they always tell me they're tired of it, but if I don't, they always miss it." My friend, Mrs. Wolfson, confided this to me, apparently with the hope that I might be able to do something about it.

I had been staying with the Wolfsons for almost a week, and had had plenty of opportunity to observe that Mrs. Wolfson was telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

"Now I don't want to cause dissension in the Wolfson ranks," was my reply, "but why not ask your men folks in the morning whether they're going to want salad that night?"

Mrs. Wolfson sighed. "No, that wouldn't do. You see, they don't want to be bothered with the food question until it's time to eat. I think I know what the trouble is. They like salads, especially in this hot weather, but there's not enough variety to the ones I give them. I'm no genius for invention and I only know three different kinds of salad. Maybe you could give me some more."

I had to admit that I was in a better position to provide salad recipes than to straighten out family peculiarities.

THAT Mrs. Wolfson knew only three different salads rather surprised me, for almost any good food will also make a good salad. Just garnish it with some sort of dressing, add lettuce leaves—and there you are!

A little hesitantly, I asked Mrs. Wolfson what salads she already knew.

Without hesitation she replied, "Lettuce salad, tomato salad and cucumber salad. And then, of course, the combinations of the three, which, I suppose, really make three more."

I began to wax enthusiastic. "Why, you've caught on already. The important thing is to get a number of salad bases and combine them to make as many different salads as you want. I know six excellent bases: cheese, fruit, vegetable, meat, egg, and fish. And by counting on only three combinations for each base, you have eighteen different kinds of salads. Simple, isn't it?"

"That many would hold me for twenty years," remarked Mrs. Wolfson, "especially if they aren't the same as the ones I already know."

By now I was quite eloquent on the subject and remarked, "It's far easier to satisfy a man by thinking up one-thousand-and-one salads than to think up stories for one-thousand-and-one Arabian nights, as Scheherazade did, to keep her husband good-humored."

Well, the upshot of all this was that every night for the next week, Mrs. Wolfson and I collaborated on a new kind of salad. We always kept in mind what I call the "S.S.S."—secrets of successful salads. They are: *Number one:* Make them snappy looking and don't be afraid to be a little fancy. *Number two:* Put a surprise in each one. Make them look like one thing and turn out to be another.

And here are some recipes which we evolved from our six original bases:

Walnut Cream

Cream cheese
1 tablespoon butter
Salt and cayenne
Sweet cream
English walnuts
Lettuce

With a silver fork rub the cream cheese to a paste with a tablespoonful of butter; add salt and cayenne and, if not soft enough, add a little sweet cream. Make into small balls and on each press the two halves of an English walnut. Lay on the white heart leaves of the lettuce, and put all in the refrigerator until ready to use. On the instant of serving pour over a rich French dressing and send to the table with thin, buttered bread which has been put in the oven and crisped.

Cheese and Egg

Cottage cheese
Sweet cream
Butter
Salt
Garlic clove
Chicory
6 hard-cooked eggs

Mold the cottage cheese into little flat balls, first making it moist with cream and adding a little butter and plenty of salt, and put on ice. Rub the salad bowl with a clove of garlic and arrange in it the bleached leaves of chicory to form a nest. On this, alternate the little cakes of cheese, with hard-boiled eggs cut in half. Over it put French dressing, to which a few drops of onion juice has been added.

Special Waldorf

Apples (sliced)
Celery (cut fine)
Malaga grapes
English walnuts (chopped fine)

Slice tops off tart apples; hollow them out and cut the removed pulp very thin; mix with the white part of the celery, cut fine; add the English walnuts which have been chopped fine. To this add a bunch of Malaga or other tight-skin grapes, which have been cut up. Mix with mayonnaise dressing and serve in the cups made by hollowing out the apples. Set the apples in the tender leaves of the celery.

Pineapple Delight

Celery
Pineapple
Green peppers
Pimentos
Lettuce

Cut clean, crisp stalks of celery into narrow straws about like matches, and throw them in ice water to curl. To a small can of shredded pineapple add a few green peppers and pimentos chopped fine, and put all on the ice. When ready to use, dry the celery in a napkin, and mix all together with a mayonnaise, to which a cup of whipped cream has been added. Serve very cold on lettuce hearts.

Ambrosia

Lettuce
Mayonnaise
Strawberries
Honey

Make cups of the white heart leaves of crisp lettuce, by lapping the stem ends of two leaves. Pile a few big red strawberries in the center of each cup and pour a little honey over them. Put a teaspoonful of mayonnaise dressing on a leaf of each cup.

Garden Salad

Spinach
Butter
Salt
Lemon juice
Mayonnaise
Watercress
Egg rings

Take cold boiled spinach, drain it and season it with butter, salt and lemon juice, and press it into (*Continued on page* 92)

"Let Us Be Gay"

Is the Message that Color Brings into Every Home

By MARTHA HOLMES

TWO long lanky twins had just come home from college for their final summer vacation. With a slight note of pity in their voices, they were discussing Jim Marshall, an old friend who had recently graduated from art school.

The pity was for what they called his mistake in selecting an education. Martin, who was incorrectly thought to be a little taller than his brother Lee, was the first to speak.

"Wow! Have you seen Jim Marshall's bedroom? It looks like a forest fire on an Indian reservation. You wouldn't think a bozo'd have to go to art school to learn to throw paint around like that."

"I can imagine," laughed Lee. "Jim always was a bug on color. Do you remember the time he painted that pig red, white, and blue for the kid circus we were giving?"

"Well if you think that was loud," replied Martin, "you haven't seen anything yet. How about it, do you want to make a visit to the Marshall family?"

"Sure! Let's go while going's good!"

But true to the old saying about speaking of the devil and having him walk in, there came a knock at the door, and in walked none other than Jim Marshall.

"Hello, boys!" he exclaimed, "Say, you two grow more like each other every day. If I didn't know that you always wore tan shoes, Martin, I couldn't tell you apart."

"Guess again, Jim, 'cause I happen to be Lee; although I will admit that these shoes belong to Mart."

Everybody laughed, and soon the twins asked if they might go over to take a look at Jim's bedroom.

Jim smiled and confided that he had, at his mother's request, painted every room in his house with much the same brilliancy. At this, Mrs. Duncan, the twins' mother, gasped a little and decided to go with them.

More to prepare herself for what she knew she was about to see, then for any other reason, Mrs. Duncan started the conversation into a discussion of color.

"Everywhere I go," she said, "I see and hear a lot about color, color, and more color. Magazine articles, advertisements, show windows—all of them shout about color for everything in the house, from the furnace in the cellar to the pots and pans and the refrigerator in the kitchen. The furniture must be tinted with every hue in the rainbow.

"Even the bathroom is supposed to be colored nowadays. It used to be easy enough to choose white when we wanted things to look clean, but now they talk about cool colors and warm colors and how to blend them. I read a lot about harmonizing colors and contrasting shades and setting one off against another. To tell you the truth, most of the time, I don't even know what they are talking about."

"Well," spoke up Jim, "there's no danger of using too much color, as long as you use the right ones. Now, if Martin here, were going to paint his bedroom—" At this, Martin smiled a little, but Jim went right on (*Continued on page* 158)

Its action is "certain"

says noted skin specialist in statement advocating

YEAST

Dr. Clément Simon of Paris is Dermatologist (skin specialist) of the Hospital of St. Michel; Physician at the St. Lazare Hospital; Editor-in-chief of the "Medical Bulletin" and the "Annals of Dermatology," both of Paris; Officer of the Legion of Honor. He was Chief Physician of the Dermatological Base of the French Armies in Italy during the World War.

"Only since the work of Pasteur has yeast really received scientific recognition. . . . Fresh yeast has properties which are certain in the treatment of some skin troubles and especially furunculosis {boils} . . . The eating of yeast introduces into the system substances endowed with various and powerful biological activities."

Dr Clément Simon

DR. CLEMENT SIMON

MOST recent of famous authorities to add the weight of his opinion to the almost world-wide advocacy of yeast for health, is Dr. Clément Simon, editor of important French medical journals and a leading skin specialist of Paris.

His views on the value of yeast bring new hope to all who suffer from embarrassing, painful skin eruptions—pimples and boils.

A bad skin—like bad breath, indigestion, headaches, "nerves"—indicates an unclean, unhealthy intestinal tract. As Dr. Simon points out, fresh yeast has properties which are sure for the correction of certain skin troubles. And in a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed fresh yeast for skin disorders and the host of other common ills which result from clogged intestines.

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Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. P-31, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York, N. Y.

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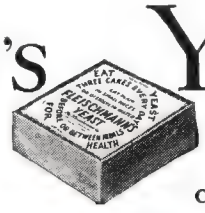

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Only a Poor Relation

(*Continued from page* 64)

anyway! It simply screams at your hair."

"Have a heart, you!" cried Jimmy. "You've got another coat, haven't you? Anyway, Bea can show you up chinnin' bars!"

I never wore the red coat again. Uncle Allan sent me a dark blue one with brass buttons, and a blue cap like Lois' green one. Even the thrill of lifting the rich new garment from its tissue wrappings, did not wipe out the hurt of that morning. Even seeing in the mirror how really lovely red hair can look against a proper background did not restore my wounded vanity.

Perhaps even Lois was sorry, for she invited me to go with her and Aunt Marcia to the Lakes that summer. I should have known from Aunt Marcia's grim frozen look that she disapproved of the invitation. But I was so ecstatic over the prospect of having a real vacation trip, of being, this summer, one of the fortunate little girls who *went*, instead of poor little stay-at-home Bea Taylor, that I didn't notice the danger signals.

OH, how different Aunt Marcia could have made that summer! Lois and I were invited to go on a motorboat cruise. A boat cruise! I caught my breath in ecstasy. The clear sparkling water of the lake; the wind and spray beating against one's face. The joyous carefree boys and girls. My first real taste of social life. But—Aunt Marcia accepted for Lois, and declined for me.

"Why, dear child," she boomed at me, "*what* would you wear?"

Aunt Marcia played bridge and I wandered forlornly down to the water, still the little left-behind. Lois returned, important, full of the delights of the trip. An invitation came to a dance at one of the large summer cottages.

"Of course, Bea, you can't expect to be included," explained Lois. "We're a regular little crowd now."

Then followed a house party. Crushed and lonely I drenched my pillow at night and longed for my hot little room at Derrick. The lump in my throat strangled me at every breath. I begged Aunt Marcia to send me home.

"Such an ungrateful little creature," I heard Aunt Marcia saying. "Absolutely penniless. Out of the goodness of Lois' dear little heart she gave her this lovely vacation, and she repays her by jealously begrudging Lois every pleasure."

In the years that followed, I was still the poor little left-behind Bea Taylor. Lois and her crowd went to boarding school, abroad, to college. I went to school with the oil workers' children, took long tramps over the brown rolling hills, and learned to play tennis with Lois' cast-off racket.

I was seventeen. One morning I was exploring the remains of an old wild-cat well. In some way the isolated, deserted old relics of lost hopes and fortunes fascinated me. Standing on the sagging old platform I gazed out over the sweeping panorama of mountains and desert, and looked at the huddled little group of buildings below that was Derrick. Suddenly footsteps crackled through the dried sage-brush and I turned to face a stranger.

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed, "do I intrude?" He was long and lean; unmistakably English. About forty, I judged, sallow, bored and disillusioned, but a gentleman.

"You don't intrude any more than I," I laughed in answer to his question. "This place belongs to the lizards and cotton-tails, really. But they've grown used to me."

"You come here often?"

"Quite. And you?"

"I've just arrived in America." His white riding breeches, his shiny boots and crop, told me he was not native to Derrick. "It's my nature to explore, so the cotton-tails will probably grow accustomed to me, too. I'm Archie Fletcher, newly come to the Consolidated Lease from India."

"And I am Bea Taylor."

"Do you ride, Miss Taylor? I have a string of horses to exercise. No polo in this bally climate."

"I only play tennis," I answered, thankful that Lois' cast off racket had given me one accomplishment, and thrilled in spite of myself at being accepted as an experienced, sophisticated person.

"*Tennis!* By Jove, that's ripping! The Club courts are corking, really. If I send a car for you, will you play with me there some day?"

Would I? The Consolidated Officers' Club! Even Lois Taylor had never been there since that morning when a sunny-faced little boy had championed me and defied her.

MY second visit to the Consolidated opened a new chapter in my life. This couldn't be happening to *me*—Bea Taylor. A company car called for me, and Archie Fletcher and I played tennis in the early coolness. We plunged into the green tiled pool, and then a soft footed Filipino boy served us breakfast in the *patio*. Reverently I gazed about at the rambling stucco *hacienda* screened with bougainvilea and climbing roses, out over the sloping green lawns and golf course. Vividly I remembered when a little scarecrow in a too-small scarlet jacket had tried to out-dare a sunny-faced little boy.

Now, several times a week, Archie Fletcher and I played tennis or went for a horseback ride.

"You ride instinctively," Archie said, for it came to me so easily. Then came a dance at the Consolidated, chaperoned by the wives of the officers.

Mother, as intoxicated as I at my first taste of life, let the butcher go unpaid that I might be suitably dressed. Never was ball gown more becoming than this first and only one of mine—pale green satin with fluffy chiffon ruffles.

"Ravishing," exclaimed Archie, and the surprised admiration in his eyes told me what my mirror had already revealed to me, that for once in my life I was really lovely.

I would have been content to let life go on just like this forever, I thought. Archie Fletcher enjoyed my company—my youth, my exuberance, my abounding vitality flowed out to him and gave him a return of his fast vanishing youth. His money and position gave me pleasures from which I had always been excluded. It seemed a fair exchange to me, but Fate thought otherwise. She had the bill for my new pleasures tucked up her sleeve.

One cool glorious morning in early fall Archie and I were riding up the winding trail to Point Lookout. My head was thrown back, the wind blowing against my throat and ruffling my hair. Suddenly I became aware of Archie's look bent upon me in strange concentration.

"Roughette, little sweetheart," he breathed, as my eyes at last met his. "You are the girl of my dreams come true." He had reined his horse close to mine, his arm was about me, his face buried in my hair. "Sweet—sweet—do you feel it, too? This love that sweeps me from my moorings? Tell me you do, dear. Rougette, tell me you will marry me soon. *Today!*"

I REMAINED in his embrace, frozen. Oh, this wasn't love! This couldn't be the wonderful thing I had been waiting for all my life, that was magically to atone for the hurts and heartaches. I was eighteen—and he was forty. He had squandered his youth—his health. Already he looked on life with world-weary eyes. But my life was all ahead. My lips were treasured for some one—some one whose youth would meet mine and whose touch would set my blood to flaming.

Slowly I wrenched from Archie's embrace. "Oh, I'm sorry." My voice was low. "So terribly sorry—"

At my first words, Archie stiffened. His head lifted proudly. The look of tenderness froze to arrogance; the fierce arrogance of an offended Englishman.

"Mistake," he cut in frigidly. "Just a proof of my dotage. Do me the favor of forgetting my insanity. Shall we ride back?"

That was all. A wordless ride down the mountain. A curt farewell at my door and no backward glance. When next I heard of Archie Fletcher he had left for the East.

I found my mother in one of her rare moments of leisure. I dropped on my knees beside her and buried my face in her lap.

"Mother," I whispered, "Archie Fletcher asked me to marry him."

"Beatrice child," mother's voice was joyous. "I've seen it coming. It's what I've wished for you. You'll have money and position. You'll be spared this eternal grubbing for three meals a day."

"*Mother!*" I cried in dismay, "you *want* me to marry Archie Fletcher—when I don't *love* him?"

Suddenly we were sobbing, in each other's arms, mother smoothing my hair.

"Mother, mother, would you have me

(*Continued on page* 82)

Beauty of ivory skin and amber eyes

Lovely MISS JANET NEWBOLD *of Washington, D. C., was recently married to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan.*

MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN JR.

LOVELIEST DEBUTANTE in Washington last season, this spring she is its loveliest bride—Miss Janet Newbold, whose wedding to the grandson of the late Thomas Fortune Ryan was a society event.

Young Mrs. Ryan is enchantingly beautiful, with wide set amber eyes, soft knotted amber hair and ivory skin kept satin smooth by simple care given faithfully each day.

"Ever since I was a girl at school in Paris," says Mrs. Ryan, "I've been devoted to Pond's Two Creams.

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This is Pond's famous Method:

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Then—with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, remove cream and dirt.

Next—dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over your skin, to close pores, banish oiliness.

Last—smooth on a little Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a powder base.

Her trousseau sports suit was brown with a chartreuse blouse, most charming with her amber eyes, fair hair and clear smooth ivory skin.

Six evening gowns were in the young bride's trousseau. This is soft amber satin.

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Pond's four famous products—Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.

(*Continued from page* 80)

marry Archie, or any man, without love?"

"Never, never, dear! Love is your birthright. But from your sudden blossoming I thought you did love him. I've suffered so for all the things of which life has cheated you."

Suddenly I knew I was richer than Lois. I had a mother to love and reverence; a mother who loved and suffered for me, while Lois had only her money and Aunt Marcia.

Life was so drab after Archie's passing that I wondered dully if I had done wrong in refusing him. Was I demanding too much of life? Perhaps I should have been content only to receive love. Empty week followed empty week, but still a fierce little inner voice cried, "No! No! You did right to wait for love!"

At Christmas, Lois and Aunt Marcia returned and opened Taylor Place. Their visit wasn't to make Christmas merry for Uncle Allan who, since Derrick was still his headquarters, lived most of his time at the hotel. Lois, as she dashed in to see me the morning after their arrival, informed me otherwise.

"FOR the love o' he'vum, woman," throwing herself into the one little chair my bedroom boasted, "fetch me a match. I'm a dead woman if I can't have a nicotine baby—*right now!*" With nervous hands she clawed open her vanity case and snatched a cigarette. She dropped her head back against the chair and, through heavy smoke rings, explained, "Marcia's agin 'em."

What a Lois! The lovely pink-and-white and gold of her baby days was gone. Her hair was too vividly golden, her lips too hectically bright, her nails too artificially carmined. Avidly she smoked her second, her third cigarette, and with the fourth came gradual relaxation.

"That's to catch up," she smiled at me. A whole day without 'em! Marcia's riding her mid-Victorian hobby to death, and her little Goldilocks along with it." Lois' fifth cigarette hung idly between her fingers. "Looking wonderful, old dear. Rotten shame to waste yourself in this jerkwater dump. Gets worse every time I come back. How do you stand it? Maybe when Marcia gets me married off she'll give you a whirl.

"I'm—" Again that arch look from under too dark lashes. "I'm in love myself, Bea. Real thing. Even my battle-ax momma approves his credentials—money 'n position 'n everything! Me—I think I'd be a bit loco over him, even if he begged with a poodle and a tin cup.

"The bunch is having a round robin house party, and my contribution is a dance tomorrow night at Taylor Place. Thought it would be quaint to have the bunch motor up here. I had forgotten it was such a horror. Marcia is stewing about importing decorators.

"By the way," Lois was pouring over her vanity case, "do you remember Jimmy Coyle?"

My heart leaped. *Jimmy Coyle!*

"W-what about him?" I stammered. Oh, it couldn't be Jimmy Lois was in love with! But what an idiot I was. What was Jimmy Coyle to me? I had never seen him since his little boy days.

"He'll be at the dance. Swell kid, really! Parties around with our crowd. "Say, old thing, why don't you come to my dance? There'll be some extra men. Got any joy rags? Mine would fit you too quick!"

"Only this," I lifted down the only too-idle green satin with its chiffon ruffles. Lois scarcely glanced at it.

"Wear it and come. We'll send the car. One more cig and I'm off."

With an airy wave, Lois was gone and I threw up the window to rid the room of smoke. Was I foolish to accept the invitation to her dance? Hadn't her few favors always been more bitter than sweet?

But I knew I would go. The thought of seeing Jimmy Coyle outweighed all the possible snubs.

The great lower rooms of Taylor Place were cleared of furniture, and banked with palms and flowers. An imported orchestra was blaring forth intoxicating jazz when I arrived.

The shaded lights were kind to Lois. In her evening frock she was once more the frail, ravishing princess. Graciously she introduced me to her dancing partner. My throat constricted and my head whirled. Jimmy Coyle, the bright-faced little boy grown up!

"The red-headed red-coat, as I live!" cried Jimmy grasping my hand with a cordial grin. Oh, how handsome he was, straight and bronzed and virile, with gray eyes that crinkled when he smiled, and strong white teeth.

Some one cut in on Lois and whisked her off. "Get acquainted there, you two," she called out, but, despite her laughing words I caught the quick displeasure that leaped into her eyes at Jimmy's cordiality.

I DON'T know whether Lois' other guests slighted me or not. They didn't count. No one counted but Jimmy. We danced together again and again. There was so much to say! Eagerly we interrupted each other in the saying of it. Both of us had been waiting all our lives for this meeting.

There came a lull in the dancing when negro entertainers took center stage. I escaped to the dressing room for a touch of powder. The sight of my own reflection in the mirror halted me. Could this be I—Bea Taylor? Why, that creature in the mirror was radiant! That mop of red hair caught golden lights in its deep waves. Archie Fletcher had said, on that other night when I wore this green gown, that I was ravishing. Oh, did I look like that to Jimmy Coyle? Did he think me beautiful?

Suddenly I heard voices. One rose shrill, querulous, from the adjoining alcove. Instantly I knew it for Lois'.

"Good Lord, mother, don't rub it in! Don't I know it was dumb to invite her? But I've told you and told you it was just to head Jimmy off from seeing her alone."

"You know what a traitor she is!" This Aunt Marcia's voice. "Bea Taylor has always been insanely jealous of you. But—when landing Jimmy has been so difficult. Just when things began to look promising—to throw those two together."

"But, mother, he was coming anyway! You know he's visiting Archie Fletcher at the Consolidated. It was for that very reason that I staged this party here in Derrick. He intended to look Bea up. You know he's always asking about her.

"I know, just as well as if he had told me, that the reason he's never really asked me to marry him is because he's cherishing some silly ideal about her. He has, ever since that idiotic meeting, years ago. If daddy only hadn't taken her that morning!"

"But to have her here, when she's grown to be a really stunning beauty—if you care for that blatant type—"

"I did it deliberately, so that she'd cut her own throat. In her own territory she might show up to good advantage. But here—a green little country town girl in my sophisticated city crowd, her clothes a mess, probably not able to dance. He'd see with his own eyes how rough and crude and boorish she was, and he'd be cured.

"Even when I saw that green thing hanging in her closet this morning, it didn't look like much. How could I know it would turn out like this?"

I HAD heard enough. It was Jimmy Coyle that Lois loved! Oh, if she had only played fair, I would have sacrificed my dreams for her sake. But to scheme to make me ridiculous! My heart burned with hatred. Blindly I caught my coat about me, felt my way along the unlighted hall, down the servants' stairway and out into the night. I hurried along the deserted streets, white in the moonlight, gained my own bare little room, and sobbed into my pillow as I had not cried since those desolate days at the lake.

Next morning I awoke with the sun. Without rousing myself I lay there, aching from last night's buffeting.

Jimmy Coyle had come back into my life. It was Jimmy that, unknowingly, I had loved, always. Never had I been so vital, so thrillingly alive, as in those moments of our dancing together. And he felt that same strange exhilaration. I *knew!* But Lois loved him. Aunt Marcia wanted him for her. Somehow, she would manage so that I should never see him again!

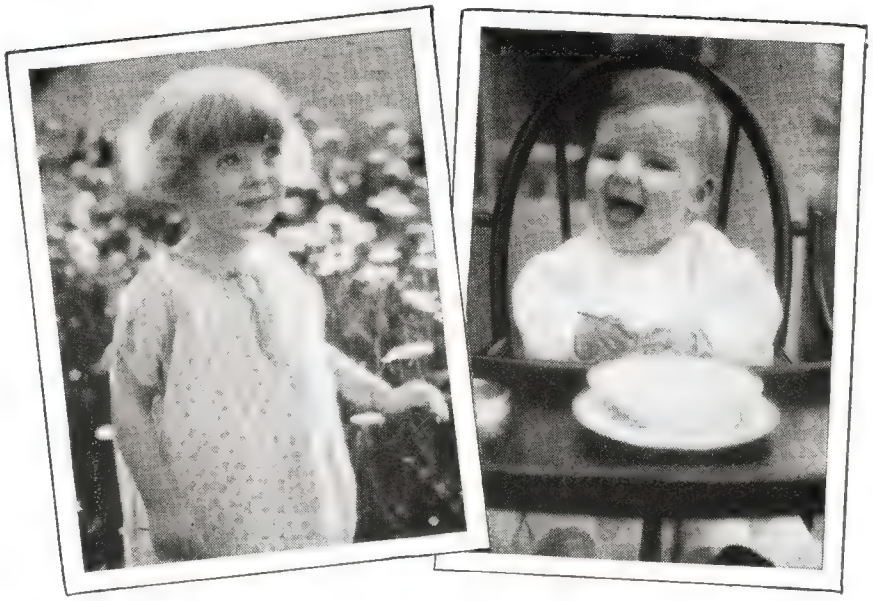
The sound of pebbles hitting my window startled me upright. Slipping into my kimono, I crossed to the window. Below, mounted on horseback, a second horse wheeling about, was Jimmy Coyle.

"Wake up, Sleepyhead! Bet I could beat you to the top of the hill, and you can have first choice of horses."

My blood leaped. My heart sang. I hurried into my clothes and down the stairs. The horses whinnied in recognition. How often I had ridden them! Archie Fletcher, I learned, was back. Through the glorious early morning we rode up the hillside, not racing, but shoulder to shoulder, continuing last night's eager dialogue. It seemed as if we should never get caught up with the things we wanted to say.

We breakfasted at a little mountain inn, on waffles and sage honey. Never had there been such a breakfast! We wandered to a bench under a spreading live oak. The air was like a cool, in-

(*Continued on page* 84)



Tiny Tots NOW-

Tomorrow they'll be Grown up

NOW that they are so small and helpless, the time when they'll be venturing out into the big, bewildering world all by themselves seems far, far away.

As a matter of fact, you'd rather not think of that time. As you hug them to your heart today, you don't care much whether they ever grow up. They're so adorable as they are that you put the thought out of your mind, pretending to yourself that they always will be babies.

They Change So Quickly!

But soon the high chair and the baby-carriage go up to the attic; a regular bed replaces the crib; a regular bicycle the outgrown three-wheeler. Dolls come and go and then one day you find that they, too, are relics of the past.

The years flash by. Graduation Day comes. Why, they were in kindergarten just a short while ago! Then off they go to high school. Childhood is now but a memory.

How Snapshots Help

You look back wistfully to those distant years and try to remember what your youngsters were like. If you've left it all to your memory, how disappointed you are at the little you can recall. But if you had the forethought to take plenty of snapshots, everything comes back to you as if it were only yesterday that Sister's first tooth came through and Junior frightened you to death by falling down the cellar stairs.

So get your Kodak out and use it. Lay up a store of precious snapshots for the years to come. You haven't a Kodak? Well, that's easily fixed. There's not a community in America where they can't be bought and the cost is whatever you want to pay. There's a genuine Eastman camera, the Brownie, as low as $2, and Kodaks from $5 up.

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Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture. Expert photo finishers are ready in every community to develop and print your films quickly and skilfully.

Don't forget that childhood lasts but a very short time. Tomorrow the children will be grown up—take snapshots of them now.

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(*Continued from page* 82)

vigorating drink of water; like smooth silk drawn across our faces. Jimmy drew me down beside him.

"You don't suppose," he whispered, his lips against my hair, his arms suddenly and strongly about me, "that I'm going to let you go now that I have found you? I knew last night, the instant I saw you, that you were the only girl in the world for me. Tell me that you knew it, too. We don't have to fall in love—we just are in love. Kiss me!"

My lips responded to Jimmy's. It was for this moment that I had saved them. Sheer joy enfolded us. Then, like an icy hand, the thought of Lois closed in upon me.

"Jimmy," I cried, wrenching free. "What of Lois?"

"You have the right to ask that, dear," he answered slowly. "I have cared for Lois. She's a bright little piece of fluff, a pampered little hothouse orchid. I—I've been pretty close to loving Lois. If I had never found you—perhaps I might have thought my love for her the real thing. Now I know how slight and meaningless it was. But, child, we don't have to argue about anything that *gets* us like this!"

Again I was in Jimmy's arms, unresisting. But we did have to talk about Lois. Facts had to be faced. Never must she be able to say that I had abused her hospitality by stealing her lover.

"Do you realize what you're putting me up against?" Jimmy smiled wryly. "If we were engaged, I could honorably break it, loving some one else. But we're not engaged; nowhere near it. It's just—"

I KNEW that Jimmy was too much of a gentleman to put it into words. It was just that Aunt Marcia had set her net for him and that Aunt Marcia was hard to elude.

"What can I say?" he pleaded. "Shall I tell her I must cancel all further engagements with her daughter since I must give my time to my fiancée?"

I have never known just what Jimmy did say, but at five o'clock our telephone rang furiously. I had waited in frozen suspense all afternoon. Aunt Marcia's voice boomed at me over the wire:

"The car will call for you immediately. Come to Taylor Place at once."

Taylor Place, the curtains drawn, the furniture back in place against their departure, looked like a ghostly old tomb. Lois huddled in a big chair, her face red and swollen, her breath coming in long panting gasps. Uncle Allan sat by her, his arm about her shoulders, trying his best to comfort her. He looked nervous and pale. Aunt Marcia paced up and down, up and down, reminding me of an angry old lioness lashing her tail.

"You—you—you—" she raged, whirling upon me and shaking her finger in my face. "What have you to say for yourself? *Sneak—thief—traitor!*"

"Traitor!" echoed Lois, sobbing. "I—I invite you to my dance out of pity—and you steal my lover!"

Once more sobs racked and tore her.

Poor Lois! Suddenly I pitied her. I wanted to gather her into my arms and promise to return Jimmy to her. But—he had said he did not love her. How then could I return his love? She had never had it.

"All your life," Aunt Marcia cut in again, "you have been a wicked, impossible child. You have repaid my every kindness with a viper's sting."

Suddenly my temper flared. After all, my hair *is* red!

"You have never shown me a kindness, Aunt Marcia. It is you who have been a thief. My father made the investments in oil land and Uncle Allan bought his holdings for a song. You have grown fat on that oil land while mother and I have starved. In my childhood you were cruel, not kind. You made me a scarecrow in Lois' cast-off clothes. You planted the first seeds of bitterness in my heart. You are in no position to ask a favor of *me!*"

"Hear, hear, hear!" shrieked Aunt Marcia, her face purple. She hurled herself into a chair and was well on her way toward a sinking spell when she realized no one was paying any attention to her.

"AS for you, Lois Taylor," I turned toward my cousin, my temper still flaming, "you invited me to your party so that *I might cut my own throat!* I am not stealing your lover. You *tried* to steal mine! In spite of you, we found each other. Now it is not in my power to give you back Jimmy Coyle's love!" Head high, I started for the door. In the hallway Uncle Allan overtook me. He blew his nose vigorously and patted my arm.

"You are right, Beatrice. We have no right to ask favors of you. But Bea—Bea— what is to become of my little Lois? What will her life be? I can't see the child suffer. I've always given her everything. But this—this vital thing—upon which her life's happiness depends—I am powerless to give."

Suddenly I was sobbing in Uncle Allan's arms. He was so broken, so helpless. His tenderness touched me where Aunt Marcia's tyranny had only hardened.

"I'll give him up, Uncle Allan," I cried blindly. "I'll never see him again. Lois can have her chance to win him back."

Oh, that blind, foolish promise! That hideous nightmare of a winter and spring that followed, when my heart was wrung dry with misery. With every waking breath I regretted the weakness of love that led me to make those promises to Uncle Allan. I had a right to love as well as Lois!

But stanchly I held to my word. I would not see Jimmy Coyle. I would not answer his telephone calls—for if I heard his voice—

I returned unopened, his telegrams and the many, many letters he showered upon me.

Briefly, in one note I explained to him my stand:

"Uncle Allan has always been so kind to me—befriended me against his own family. It was breaking his heart to see Lois suffer. I couldn't stand it. I had to make that promise, even if it broke mine. Now that it is made, I must keep it. But know that I shall always love you."

I don't know how I could have stood the winter if it hadn't been for Archie Fletcher. He buried his pride—his stiff-necked English pride—for he knew of my misery—and returned to me as a friend.

Feverishly I followed the society columns of the San Francisco papers. My pulses leaped, and I grew dizzy when I came upon Jimmy Coyle's name—linked with that of Lois at some party. In April I read the announcement that, somehow, I always knew I should find. The words blazed into my heart, and some part of me went dead.

From the newspaper picture Lois' face beamed triumphantly at me. Below, was the announcement of the betrothal of Lois Anita Taylor and James Haworth Coyle. The wedding would be a brilliant social event of early summer.

In the weeks and months that followed, I read of the succession of parties honoring the bride-to-be. While I, Bea Taylor, who had held happiness in her grasp, was back in the hopeless old groove—the poor little left-behind—in a drab desert oil town.

One spring night Archie Fletcher was driving me home from an evening of tennis.

"You—you've heard—about Jimmy Coyle, of course?"

"You—mean—he and Lois are married?"

"Oh, no! About his father. Made an unlucky plunge in stocks. Covered his losses—and was completely wiped out."

"How—terrible!" I gasped. But—Lois was rich enough for both.

"Couldn't buck it, poor fellow!" Archie continued. "Suicide."

JIMMY'S father! The world whirled blackly. Jimmy in trouble, and I could not go to him.

The next day I noticed Taylor Place astir. As I passed, Lois ran down the steps to hail me. It was the first time I had seen her since that fateful afternoon. Apparently she chose to ignore the storminess of that scene. Aunt Marcia followed ponderously after.

"How do you do, Beatrice?" she beamed in her gracious society manner. "Don't chat long, Lois dear. We have a great deal to do. We sail in two days."

"Sail?" I cried. "Then you've put your wedding date ahead?"

"Postponed indefinitely," and Aunt Marcia gave an indulgent rollicking laugh. She could be like that. "It was only a foolish, childish infatuation. Lois sees her mistake now, don't you, dear? Come, child. We'd give you a lift Bea, if we were going in your direction."

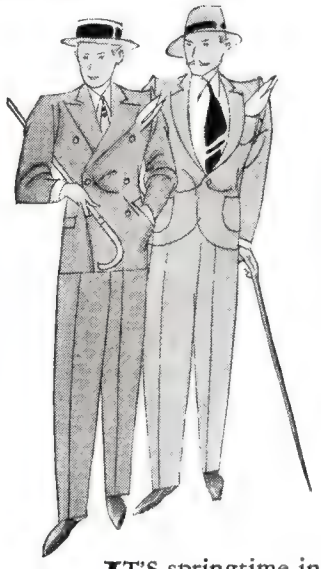
It happened they were, but Aunt Marcia sank blandly back into the cushions, while Lois gave me a stricken look and clung to my hand for a brief moment. She seemed to be begging forgiveness for her past actions; pleading for a little pity for the future.

Poor little Lois! She had my pity without the asking. Had I ever thought her lucky? As the car rolled off, it seemed to me that it bore off the most unfortunate little creature in the world. I recalled Uncle Allan's words. "What is to become of my little Lois? What will her life be?" What, indeed! A pawn in Aunt Marcia's schemes.

Jimmy Coyle, penniless, disgraced, was a "childish infatuation." Lois, resplendent with new jewels, new clothes, would be strutted up and down in some new mar-

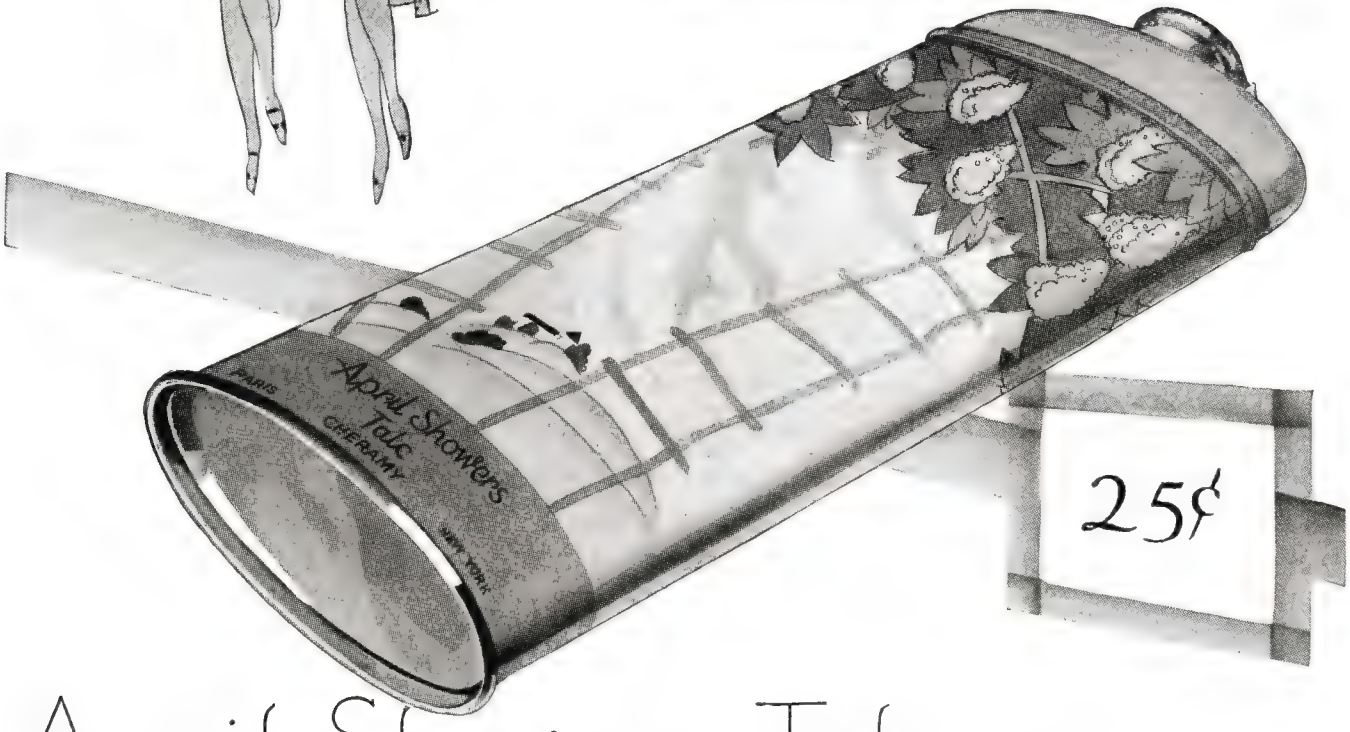
(*Continued on page* 86)

MEN TURN AND LOOK WHEN



IT'S springtime in Paris and the very air lulls the senses, stimulates the passions—for life, for love. This fragrance Cheramy has captured and imprisoned in exquisite crystal flacons. And named it, appropriately, April Showers Perfume (Ondees d'Avril). A mystic fragrance that cannot help but *cause men to turn and look.*

The extract of April Showers Perfume is priced from $1 to $16. The toiletries—face powder, bath salts, and a talc of ravishing softness and refreshing smoothness—in the same delightful fragrance—at 25¢ to 50¢ the container.



April Showers Talc by

CHERAMY · Paris

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(*Continued from page* 84)

riage market. Lois' heart would not be considered.

With Lois' departure, I felt a sudden lifting of my own misery. Now I was released from my promise. Now Jimmy Coyle would return to me, and my love and my sympathy would be sweet to him in his trouble. And life—life would be vivid and joyous again.

But Jimmy did not come back to me. My note of sympathy was returned. He was no longer at that address. My misery and despair closed more blackly over me. Then I had really lost my chance at happiness. The love that had flamed for me had died. Perhaps, after all, it was Lois whom he had really loved.

Archie Fletcher was still kind to me. Listlessly I accepted his invitation to a tennis meet at San Francisco. Listlessly I went through the motions of eating and dancing at the dinner-dance which followed at one of the big hotels.

SUDDENLY I flamed into life. My searching, searching eyes rested and clung. My heart hammered in my throat. There in the doorway he stood—Jimmy, Jimmy Coyle! My glance compelled his, and I bowed eagerly. Without moving he bowed in return, in a distant formal manner.

In a distant formal manner! Jimmy Coyle. I dropped my eyes to hide the swift tears that seared them. My heart constricted. In that moment, life for me ended. Then it *was* Lois that he loved! I had been only a passing incident. Pain like a knife stabbed me and I could not breathe.

Archie Fletcher reached out and patted my hand.

"I've been through it, too, little girl," he whispered.

It was his first reference to his old love for me. And I had not known then how I had made him suffer!

"May I invite young Coyle to join us?" he continued. "Poor chap! He's reticent since his trouble. Supersensitive. May I tell him that *you* wish him to come?"

DUMBLY I nodded. Unreasonably I caught at the suggestion that Jimmy was waiting for us to take the initiative and the ache in my heart lessened.

Jimmy came, his face lighting divinely at Archie's message. We danced. I know what water is to the man dying of thirst. I know what food is to the starving. The music ceased and we danced on, unheeding, for what need had we of music?

My heart was beating against his heart. Jimmy's lips were touching my hair in the way I loved.

"Dearest, dearest," he was whispering, "it's you I love. It's always been you. My life is empty and you fill it to completion. Bea—little Redhead—I love you utterly. But—how can I ask you to marry me when I am penniless?"

"Penniless?" I laughed exultantly, my heart doing queer things. "Poverty has no terrors for me. I've always been poor—until now! We—you and I, Jimmie—are the richest people in the world. We have each other."

When love comes! Oh, it's worth the heartache and the misery. That inner voice advised me well. I did right to wait for love. And, oh, how glad I am that I gave Lois her chance. I played more than fair, and love came gloriously—as it was destined to do.

The One Thing I Couldn't Do

(*Continued from page* 56)

with a steady, lasting glow. But I was not so sure about it as I am now. I told Evans all the worst things about myself; about my not being domestic, about my feeling that my writing was one of the biggest things in my life, even about how I had felt toward Harry while I was married to Malcolm. He said nothing would make any difference to him. Everybody seemed to think that it would be a good thing for me to marry him; it would give my children a normal home, a father, an honorable name. I respected Evans very much but never for a moment did I deceive myself into thinking that I loved him. What I had once thought was love had failed me. Perhaps this elusive thing called love was all a delusion, found only in plays and books, but not in life itself.

Respect—the affection of a good man—these were things not to be despised. I would put the longing for love aside. I would try respect. So I married him.

He proved to be a man of very forceful opinions. You know the way some advertisements show a man pointing at you with his forefinger that follows you everywhere? Well, that's just how Evans affected me. And it got on my nerves.

I went on writing with more and more success in a small way. I also went back to college—we have a university here in our city—for I had the time and leisure to do so, finished up my work there and got my degree.

Of course, associating with people in college gave me the courage to think for myself. There I found the intellectual companionship for which I had been yearning for many years. For a while it didn't make much difference to me what Evans thought; but when he began to try to make me think as he did I rebelled. I got so that I wouldn't argue with him, for I couldn't agree with him in many things, and I saw it did no good to express my opinion, so I said nothing at all. He wanted to raise the children as he had been raised forty years ago on a farm, but of course, I would not consent to that. We were courteous to each other, but that was all. The children noticed it and began to lose respect for him on account of his dogmatic assertions; modern children do not accept everything from their elders the way we did.

(*Continued on page* 88)

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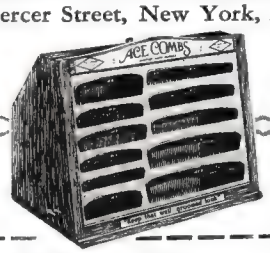

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Address .....

(*Continued from page* 86)

Finally we were all so unhappy—I couldn't do my work and neither could Evans—we got on each other's nerves so that we could hardly bear to be in the same room. I was bitterly disappointed. Surely, surely life held something more than this constant bickering. So we agreed in a friendly way to live apart. I would not accept any support from him, as I felt that it would not be fair.

Now comes the last man on the scene—Holden Sargent. I met him several months ago at the house of a friend. The type of my friends has changed greatly from that of the ones I had when I was married to Malcolm many years ago. I like people who are doing things—artists, poets, writers, dancers—and I am accepted as one of them, for I can talk their language and understand their ambitions and temperaments. I have accomplished a little myself, having several books in print now, with the prospect of more. The minute I met Holden Sargent I knew that he was what I had been seeking all my life. Here was some one who would give me all that life held. I had toward him that same feeling that Harry had aroused in me years before, which had been lying dormant all this time. He had a background of all of those things which I love—books, music, culture. He was honest almost to the point of rudeness, especially in regard to himself. I felt there was no sham of any kind. He is not well-to-do—in fact I think that you might call him a failure in business. His wife, who is a professional dancer, twits him about it all the time. She makes probably three times as much money as he does. He has wonderful possibilities, but they are being dwarfed by his bitterness toward life. He has done some of the loveliest paintings that I have ever seen. His ambition was at one time to be a sculptor, and he has done some remarkable work with the crudest kind of implements. But his marriage has killed almost everything of the kind in him.

I STRUGGLED against my feelings toward Holden Sargent. Surely at my age—I am thirty-seven now—a woman should be proof against such feelings! It was hardly decent, I felt—you see the old standards of my girlhood still had hold of me—yet oh, how wonderful! To long to see him; to hear his voice; gently to touch his coat in passing him! The very mention of his name by any one sent a glow through me—my name on his lips spoken in the most casual way, made my heart gallop, my blood run hot with something I hardly understood. When he was in the same room with me, although there might be dozens of other people present, I was aware only of him. Everything about him—the way he rolled a cigarette, his little mannerism of tossing his head sideways, the iron-gray hair that waved back in profusion from his forehead, his firm mouth, his hands, his eyes—became infinitely precious to me.

I was haunted by his image. No matter what I did or where I was, it arose before me; the simplest thing I did was imbued with his presence. My nights were filled with dreams of him; my days with longing for him.

But still I struggled against it. His wife was my friend. It was not right to feel that way toward her husband, even though she did not love him herself.

She boasted of her affairs with other men—in her profession as a dancer she comes in contact with men as unconventional as herself. She is an artist—temperamental—people excuse her for such things. But she would not leave Holden. They have one child, a boy about thirteen years old whom she used as an excuse, claiming that she wanted him to have a home. But was it a home? It was a house with four walls and a roof, where they sleep and occasionally eat, but can there be a home without love and harmony within it? Time after time I have heard Jacqueline say she was tired of Holden and wished he would leave her. But when he tried to, several times, she threatened to shoot him. So he stayed on, partly, I judge, to avoid scandal.

ONE night Jacqueline and Holden came to see me. I could feel the minute they entered the room that there was unusual tension in the air. Holden's lips were compressed and her dark eyes were smoldering.

"Holden and I have decided to separate, Nancy," Jacqueline told me, sitting down. "I am sick and tired of him! A failure! I can't stand him another minute!"

I was struck dumb, for somehow I never thought it would really come to this. I had heard her rant against him many times before, of course, but it had never actually gone so far before. I looked at Holden. I could see that he was hurt. It is not a pleasant thing to have such things said in such a tone about one. My throat seemed held in a vise.

"How do you feel about it, Holden?" I asked in a voice I tried to make steady.

"It's all right with me," he said, tossing his head in the way I loved so. "Either of us can get a divorce in five minutes. All she will have do is say that I don't support her, and that would end it. If she feels that way about me I want her to go ahead."

"Well, I am going to all right," answered Jacqueline. "I can't stand him! I want to be free, free!" And she buried her head in her arms. She was suffering, there is no doubt of that. Perhaps she was thinking of her boy.

Across her head Holden looked at me. Then, like a levee before a rushing river, something gave way within me. All the inhibitions of my youth were swept away in that instant that Holden looked at me. I closed my eyes for a moment, for I felt dizzy. I knew that I loved him with a love that was overwhelming and overpowering. I forgot Jacqueline sitting there with bowed head, I forgot myself, I forgot even Holden in that electric instant that the realization came to me. I loved, I loved! I loved, passionately, wholly, unreservedly. Nothing, nothing in my whole life had ever given me such exultation, such ecstasy! Life was not stale, monotonous, uninteresting. It was real!

Well, Jacqueline didn't leave him. She

(*Continued on page* 90)

How attractive are the shapely sun-tanned limbs of PHILLIS HAVER, bare as those of a Grecian goddess. Miss Haver, a Pathe film star, is one of the coterie of younger screen actresses who are enthusiastic sponsors of the bare-leg vogue.

When You Accept the *Stockingless* Style—

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Several seasons ago, only the continental elite dared the stockingless style at the smart, French coast resorts. Then last fall, a handful of adventurous debs introduced it at a formal dinner party on Long Island. This past winter saw the bare-leg vogue spreading like wild-fire, Palm Beach, Miami, Del Monte, Santa Barbara . . . By now it is a generally accepted fashion.

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Dozens of the young fashionables who introduced this bare-leg style have found in Del-a-tone the surest, swiftest and most convenient way to remove superfluous hair from their legs. They realize how inexcusable and wholly lacking in good taste is the revolting sight of a pair of legs with or *without* hose but *with* an unsightly growth of hair.

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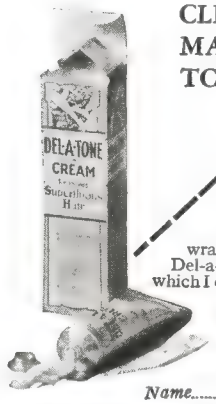

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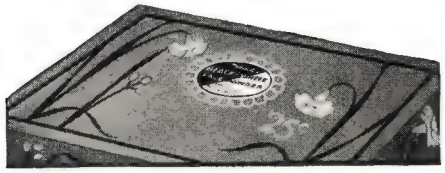
If you want to know the meaning of "face powder satisfaction" just dip into Black and White Face Powder and fluff it over your skin. Note how velvety soft it is—how smoothly it applies—how closely it clings—how perfectly it blends in texture and tint—how soothing and how pleasing it feels! Then look into your mirror. What a revelation! *Gone* are all imperfections, every trace of coarseness and sallowness! And in their place is radiant, youthful beauty—the *natural* beauty of Black and White Face Powder. Try it and see! Your dealer has it or will get it. Price 25c.



BLACK AND WHITE
Face Powder
Plough, Inc.
NEW YORK · MEMPHIS · MONTEREY

(*Continued from page* 88)

changed her mind—on account of the boy, she said. They would go on, unhappy, chafing each other, embittered, to give the boy a roof and four walls that she called a home.

The next night Holden came over to see me. Jacqueline was out dancing somewhere. We had a wonderful evening before my wood fire, reading, smoking, discussing the things we were both interested in; his ambitions, his so-called failure, my work. Peace, harmony, contentment. It was as though a great, protecting bird had spread its soft wings over us, as though a storm-tossed ship had suddenly glided into a haven.

It grew late. The wind howled around the house; the fire leaped in the fireplace; the children were sound asleep upstairs. Then, suddenly, as Holden held a match for me to light my cigarette, his hand touched mine. In an instant we were in each other's arms. Forgotten was Evans, the good moral man I had married out of respect, forgotten was Jacqueline with her bursts of temper; forgotten was everything, save that we were together, body and soul, in what must have been a union of that spark of divinity whose product is all that is true and beautiful in the world. Not a word of love passed our lips. It was unnecessary. It is not what one says that means the most—it is what is left unsaid.

"You will go away with me, Nancy?" Holden whispered, his trembling lips on mine.

"Anywhere," I breathed back.

WE decided to go the next day. It didn't matter much where—just so we could be together always. My mother, who lives with me, now that my father is dead, would take care of my boy and girl. I made enough money from my writing to provide well for them all. The children would soon be old enough to go to college; they did not need me any more. Soon they would be living their own lives, and I would be forgotten. Surely I had a right to my own life!

That night, after Holden had gone, I lay far into the dawn living over what had come to me. Love, real, true, wonderful love upon which alone is builded happiness. It was mine, mine!

Then all at once I thought of my children. What would they think of me, of life, of the things that I had tried to teach them were right and honorable, if Holden and I should go away together? I could not divorce Evans—he had done nothing to give me grounds for a divorce, and Jacqueline was so changeable that we both knew she would probably never leave Holden. Yet Holden and I loved each other with a passion that would not be denied.

The faces of my boy and girl arose before me, accusing, sorrowful. But I had a right to happiness, to fulfillment, I argued! Surely my life was my own! Just because I had borne children—the children of a man I had long since forgotten—was no reason that I should not live, now that I had the chance. But what were those things that I had been teaching my children all these years—honor, truth, decency, loyalty? Yet love was greater than all, I answered back.

"Yes, love," my little girl, sweet with the bloom of young womanhood, seemed to say.

"Yes, love," my boy, not yet quite a man, seemed to mock "Love! There is no such thing!"

All night I tossed and tumbled, wretched. First the faces of my boy and girl, then Holden, with his arms outstretched. Which should it be?

AT last, weak with weeping, I fell asleep. I awoke as the first faint pink streaks of the morning were kindling the sky, and went to the window where I stood for a moment gazing out at the dew-pearled grass. An early bird chirped sleepily. The young day seemed to breathe peace and sweetness.

Slipping on my kimono, I tiptoed into my little girl's room. She was sleeping peacefully, one shapely arm wound about her fair head, her limbs beautiful in slumber. I kissed the tips of her fingers lightly; then I stole into my boy's room.

Tousle-headed, tanned, hands scratched with rough boyish sports, he sprawled on his bed, the covers wound tightly around him as if he had been fighting some monster and had come off victorious.

Soon, ah, very soon, he would be a man!

But what kind of a man, I thought as I gazed down at him. Honest, truthful, loyal, facing life with head up and fearless eye, or bitter, disappointed, believing the things that I had taught him were nothing but a pack of lies? I thought of Holden's boy. Probably he, too, was dreaming of adventure, love, chivalry. Would his ideals—for every boy of thirteen has them—be shattered by what he would think was his father's defection?

Softly, so as not to waken my boy, I dropped an extra cover over him, and stole out.

As I closed the door, something scalding hot fell upon my hand. It was the tears that fell from my eyes; and then I knew the struggle was over.

I went into my room and sat down at my desk. The early sunlight touched the cold hand that reached for my pen, and in another moment I felt its rays upon my cheeks down which the tears were coursing.

Love—even the kind of love that Holden and I had for each other—was not enough. There was a greater love even than this, beautiful and wonderful though it was.

Beloved (I wrote through my tears):

Love—even though it is as great as ours—is not enough to pay for the destruction of youth's ideals. Although my heart is breaking—although I know that your life and mine will be death in life—although I shall long for you every minute of every day all the rest of my life—I cannot do as we planned.

Forgive me, and God bless you, my beloved.

Yours,

NANCY.

Did I do right? God only knows. As I said before, it is we of the middle generation who are being ground to powder between the millstones of Life.

Will you pay half the usual price for *white, lovely* teeth ?

WOULDN'T you like to have snowy, gleaming teeth that are the admiration of others?

Wouldn't you like to attain them without a lot of tiresome scrubbing and rubbing?

Wouldn't you like to experience that delightful feeling of mouth exhilaration that you associate with the use of Listerine itself?

And wouldn't it please you to know that in getting these results you cut your tooth paste bill approximately in half?

If you've been using 50¢ dentifrices—and they are all good—switch to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ the large tube. Look for the results we have outlined above. Like thousands of others, you will be convinced you have made a wise change.

Only ultra-modern methods of production and vast buying power make possible such a dentifrice at such a price. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Women who know values choose Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ in preference to other dentifrices in the 50¢ class, and spend the saving to buy things they want. A wave, for example. The saving is $3 per year, figuring you use a tube a month.

25¢

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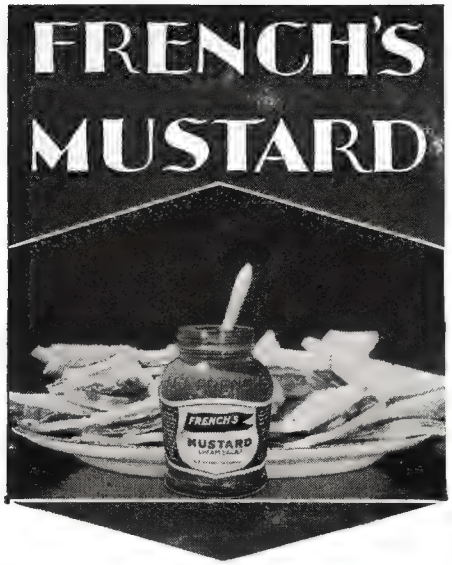

to make a

Sandwich

to any man's taste

No man likes a feminine sandwich, he wants something substantial — something with a taste that tickles his appetite—

And here's French's recipe for making sandwiches to any man's taste—once you have learned the helpfulness of "that flavor called French" you, yourself, can vary this recipe according to the materials on hand — always successfully.

Give this new twist of flavor to a Roast Beef Sandwich—

Run cold roast beef (or any cold meat) through your grinder until you have a heaping cupful. To it add ½ teaspoon of salt, ½ tablespoon of melted butter, and 1 teaspoon of French's Mustard. Mix well and spread. This is certainly easily and quickly made—and the French's Mustard gives it a flavor that tastes good all the way down.

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Housewives' Service Dept.
THE R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
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Summer Time is Salad Time

(*Continued from page 77*)

shallow cups to shape. Put the molded shapes on ice, and let them remain overnight, if possible. Remove from the cups, hollow out a little round place in center of each, and fill with mayonnaise. Garnish the individual plates with watercress and egg rings.

South of France

Cooked beets
Boiled potatoes
Onions
Watercress
Coriander leaves
Lettuce
Celery
Egg
Chicory
French dressing

Boil small young beets and skin them. Make a mound in the center of the salad dish of cold boiled new potatoes cut in thin slices, minced onions, shredded lettuce, and celery. Around this place a row of beets, quartered, alternating with pieces of hard-boiled egg. Outside of this, sprigs of watercress and chicory, and over all a few chopped coriander leaves. Set on ice and just before serving pour over a rich French dressing.

Canned beets may also be used.

Polish Salad

Chicken, cold game or meat
Hard-cooked eggs
Celery
French dressing
Lettuce or romaine

Cut the meat and celery into convenient small bits; moisten with French dressing and put on the ice for several hours. When wanted, make a bed of romaine or lettuce on a flat dish. Arrange a chain-like pattern on the outer edge of the lettuce, of the whites of hard-boiled eggs cut in rings and pile the meat in the center. Over the whole sprinkle the egg yolks put through a vegetable press or potato ricer, and serve with French dressing.

Russian Salad

Cold roast beef
Broiled bacon
Spanish sweet pepper
Lettuce
Olives
French dressing

Cut cold roast beef into little dice about the size of a pea, and with it cut up fine, thin, crisp slices of cold, broiled bacon, and add a little chopped sweet Spanish pepper. Put the lettuce leaves on a platter and pile the mixed salad in the center, with olives on the edge. Serve with French dressing.

West Point

1 onion
1 stalk of celery
1 pint of tomatoes
½ box gelatine
Salt
Cayenne
Lettuce leaves
Chicken salad
Mayonnaise

Boil the onion and celery for twenty minutes with the tomatoes, strain and pour upon a half box of gelatine, which has been soaked one hour in a half-cup of cold water; season with salt and cayenne, put in a mold and on ice. When cold and firm, turn from the mold on a bed of lettuce leaves, making a hollow in the center of the jelly and filling it with chicken salad covered with mayonnaise.

Egg and Carrot

Eggs
Butter
Cracker crumbs
French carrot
Lemon juice
Salt
Paprika
Lettuce

Cover the eggs with cold water and let them boil for half an hour; remove and douse in cold water until they are thoroughly chilled, then cut in half, lengthwise, and put yolks into a bowl, with a large spoonful of butter, and mash smooth; add a few cracker crumbs and one cold boiled French carrot, chopped fine; season to taste with lemon juice, salt and paprika. Return this mixture to the white shells and lay all in a nest of crisp lettuce leaves.

Egg and Tomato

8 eggs
Butter (size of an egg)
½ teaspoonful of cayenne
½ teaspoonful of salt
Lettuce
1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley
Shrimps (a very small can)
16 tomatoes
Mayonnaise

Boil eight eggs very hard, cut each in half, take out yolks and mash them to a cream. Add the butter and one-half teaspoonful of cayenne, and salt, and the parsley and shrimps chopped fine. Mix well and fill the empty whites with this mixture. Select sixteen smooth, fine tomatoes, and put them on ice to have as cold as possible. Hollow out the center, placing in each the half of a stuffed egg. Serve on lettuce leaves, arranged so that every two leaves will be in round, cuplike shape, on which is each tomato; mayonnaise sauce, with two drops of onion juice added.

Codfish Salad

Codfish, boneless
Butter
Cabbage
Mayonnaise
Hard-cooked eggs

Soak salt codfish overnight, change the water in the morning, or let the water run a little all night and parboil. Wipe dry on a napkin, dip in melted butter and broil. Flake the meat fine while hot, and put it on ice. Just before serving, arrange the fish on a bed of finely shredded cabbage and cover it with mayonnaise, to which hard-cooked eggs, chopped fine, have been added.

Canned tuna fish or salmon may be used in place of the codfish.

Picnic Salad

Crab meat
Celery
Mayonnaise
Lettuce
Cayenne
Salt

Pick out the meat from a fresh, well-boiled crab, or use canned crab meat, shred it and set on ice. Prepare one-third as much celery as you have crab meat, by splitting and cutting in half-inch lengths, and put in ice water. When ready to use arrange the lettuce in a flat dish and on this lay the crab and the celery wiped dry. Sprinkle a little cayenne and salt over this and serve with rich mayonnaise.

On all the above recipes where cream is called for, sour cream will serve as well as sweet.

Can a Man Ever Understand?

(*Continued from page* 42)

want to stay—if you can find it in your heart to let me!"

A strange numbness was stealing over me. If only memory could be blotted out!

"Then, Eloise," I said, as though memorizing some difficult passage, "you must leave here at once. If I have anything you need or want, clothes, money, anything, you are welcome to it. I wish, for the sake of the past, that I could feel differently; that I might say—oh, many things that would help to bridge what has happened, but I cannot, Eloise. I cannot! Please go—just as soon as you can."

Alone in my room my eyes sought first one familiar object then another. Hal's picture stood beside mine on the dresser. Hal's clothes hung beside mine in the closet. Hal's place had been beside me through all the long night hours. If I cried out in my sleep, it was Hal's touch on my shoulder and his drowsy words, "You're all right, honey, you're all right. Hal's here," that sent me back to sleep again.

AND now? I felt so detached, so removed from the life around me, as though I might have died and had not yet awakened to the change. Would it always be so? A knock sounded on the door and I opened it to Hal's tall form and troubled face. Passing hours had left their imprint on his face, and his eyes were tortured.

"Yes, Hal?" I questioned, sensing his reluctance to speak first. "Will you come in?" I closed the door and turned to him again.

"Mary," he said, hurt eyes evading mine, "I thought it might make the situation less difficult for you if I were to take the guest room for—for a while. My presence just now surely cannot be welcome. What a rotten cad I am! Believe it or not, but I loathe myself beyond anything you can imagine." His voice broke and he buried his head in his arms.

Even then I was tempted to take that bowed head in my arms and let our tears mingle together. Instead I tried to put the situation on a livable basis.

"I'm sorry, Hal, that you could not have thought of that before it had gone so far. What are you asking of life, anyway? Well, life confronts us and somehow we will have to go through with it.

"But I feel as though some vital thing within me had been killed; that life could never be the same again. Oh, Hal, what are we going to do about it all?"

The answer was the closing of a door and the echo of a suppressed sob. I crept into bed and stared at the ceiling. I was just drifting into a troubled sleep when I heard a dull moaning sound that seemed to come from across the hall. An interval of silence; then the same broken sounds again. I opened the door and saw that a light still burned in Eloise's room, though it must have been well toward morning. I listened again! It was some one sobbing, and the sounds

It's Smart to be Brown, but Who wants to be Red?

TO burn or not to burn—that is the question agitating the world at present.

No matter which side you are on, however, the use of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly will help you.

For example, if you wish to attain a good rich tan with a minimum of painful burn, spread "Vaseline" Jelly on the exposed parts before you sit out in the sun to bake. A film of "Vaseline" Jelly over the skin protects it in a measure against some of the sun's rays and hastens the formation of the smart bronze color becoming to so many.

On the other hand, if you don't wish to burn (there are plenty of smart members of both schools), protect your skin against exposure wherever possible. And if you do get sunburned, hasten to apply "Vaseline" Jelly to the burned area and keep up the treatments till the soreness and redness disappear.

For "Vaseline" Jelly does eliminate much of the pain and disfiguring red that sunburn brings. It is so pure and bland that it heals the soreness quickly, keeps the skin soft and smooth. And it's so cheap that you can use lots of it at a time if you want to.

"Vaseline" Jelly is on sale everywhere in jars and tubes. And remember when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the label is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Company, Cons'd.

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Vaseline

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PETROLEUM JELLY

JIM KIDDED ME WHEN I SENT THE $2.50

but when our guests arrived . . .

Jim and I had just moved into our new house. We hardly knew anybody in our neighborhood. Suddenly one night the telephone rang.

"Why, of course we'll be home—love to see you!"

As I hung up the receiver, I wondered how we could entertain Tom Marlyn and his wife. Why, bridge, of course—How glad I was then that I hadn't listened to Jim. That I'd sent for my bridge set—the score-pad with the latest contract bridge rules and the beautiful cards—with our monogram on them.

And how lucky that I had the Melachrinos that came with the set. I was glad we could offer our new friends the compliment of these fine cigarettes! — — —

"Well, I was wrong," said Jim as we went to bed. "You certainly know how to entertain. Those monogrammed cards alone were worth the $2.50. And did you notice how they took to those Melachrinos? We'll have to keep plenty on hand."

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Gentlemen: I enclose my check for $2.50, for which please send me the $4.75 Melachrino assortment of (1) 60 cigarettes—plain, cork and straw tips—(2) score-pad with the latest rules of contract bridge, and (3) two packs of monogrammed Congress Cards *free of any advertising.*

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came from the direction of her room.

I threw on a kimono and crept quietly to her door. A light tapping brought no answer. I could hear a dull sound like the impact of slippered feet upon the covered floor. Then came the sound of sobs again followed by the half stifled exclamation, "Oh—I cannot—I cannot do it!"

I opened the door and entered. Eloise stood in the center of the floor, a small bottle in her shaking hand. She raised it to her lips with a desperate gesture, but I was in time to grab her arm, spilling the contents on the floor. A few drops touched her lips and left little white patches.

Carbolic acid! Did she love Hal like that? Would she rather not live at all than to live without him?

"Eloise!" My lips seemed paralyzed. "Eloise, why have you tried to do this thing? Regret that you should have failed me? Don't feel quite like that, dear. Don't, Eloise—please!"

She didn't answer, but sunk in a heap on the floor. My voice went on like a machine. "There'll be a new start, Eloise—"

"Mary, please, please don't talk to me like that! A new start! For me? There is nothing for me but—death!"

She rose to her feet and faced me. Her thin gown clung to a pathetically childish figure whose every curve showed the promise of motherhood.

"Do you understand now, Mary? It is the only way out. Five minutes more and it would have been over. I want to die—I tell you I want to die!"

Catching the back of a chair, I steadied myself while I made futile efforts to brush away the thick fog that threatened to blind and choke me. A flat throbbing of insects' wings, a murky haze, then darkness.

WHEN I opened my eyes again, Hal was beside me, chafing my bloodless hands and imploring me to speak to him. Eloise, with face hidden, sat in a chair nearby.

"Did you know, Hal? Did you know—about Eloise?" But she answered for him:

"No, Mary. He doesn't know; I was afraid to tell him." Hal stared with anguished eyes at me, then lifted them to Eloise.

"Know what, Eloise?" he repeated, stooping to pick a half emptied bottle from the floor. A skull and crossbones marked the label.

"Know that I am going to have a baby." She fell on her knees by the bed and buried her face in the pillows. My eyes sought Hal's, but he was staring at Eloise. It was then that I saw his soul stripped naked.

A prayer was flung back against the utter stillness as Hal swept from the room.

Days of torture, nights of unspeakable anguish, words spoken because there must be some medium of communication.

Then it was all over. An unborn child must be protected and my children already had a name.

Just as quietly as the law allowed, I obtained a divorce. Uncontested, it gave Hal and Eloise the right to marry immediately in an adjoining state. Taking the children, I went to a city several hundred miles distant, and the wheels of existence continued to grind.

We found a little gray cottage with a large square yard, several tall, spreading trees and space for a tennis court. I wanted above everything else, to fill their days with clean joyful pleasures that would tend to build strong minds and clean sturdy bodies. They, of course, did not understand the causes that had made so drastic a change in their lives, so I merely explained that mother was not very well and must have a change of climate. Would father come by and by? Yes, I was certain that he might come later.

Half-truths, but they were better than filling their childish minds with hatred. School filled the greater part of their time and I planned the routine of their lives so that no time was left for morbid questioning. I wonder if time, even eternities of time, can ever obliterate the dull, gnawing pain of those first few months? I grew so thin and white that, in a month's time, I was only a shadow of my former self. Sleepless nights with dreams to torture; then an awakening and a pillow drenched with tears. My lips were colorless, my eyes were dull. Food nauseated me.

I COULD not bring myself to pray. When I needed most the comforting assurance that there was a God who cared, my lips were mute, and my heart was dead! Only once had I spoken that name in prayer and that was the first awful night in the bare, empty house. Half open boxes yawned around me, shadowed walls threw grotesque figures to fright me and every sound was cause for a dread foreboding! I knelt, but my heart was in rebellion against my Maker.

"God," I whispered shakily. "God," I called again, "I feel that I have nothing for which to thank You tonight—nothing to ask of You. It's too—too dark."

I began building a wall that shut out the sweet sane philosophy I had once known. Before another month had passed, I knew that I must have aid from some source or I would die.

Not that death would not be very welcome, but I had my job to finish. That afternoon I went in search of a doctor. How was I to find one in a strange city? Looking through the classified list I noticed my mother's maiden name, Emerson—Doctor Fergus Emerson. Why not let coincidence settle it?

When I entered his private office, a strange sense of peace crept over me, the first I had known for many weeks. He was a striking figure of a man with gray eyes outlined by heavy lashes, and features that told of strength. His hair was only threaded with gray, yet one white lock covered each temple. Both his smile and the friendly inflection of his voice conveyed warmth.

Yet all this man said to me was, "May I be of assistance to you?" Keen eyes searched my face for symptoms. I explained to him how imperative it was that I regain my health; that I had never before been without it.

When I had finished, he began talking in low earnest tones. "You will pardon my seeming frankness, but I think your

trouble is only partially physical. Unless I am entirely wrong, you are carrying a mental burden as well. Am I right?" And he smiled a slow, understanding smile.

"Yes, you are right. I am carrying a burden." My face twisted convulsively at the memory of things I wanted to forget.

"Well, we'll see what is wrong with the physical body first."

The extensive examination was finished, and again he sat across the room from me. His eyes met mine, then wavered.

"You are going to have a baby," were his only words. I tried to rise, but crumpled in a heap on the floor.

Consciousness returned slowly. I could feel the strong, steady stroke of finger tips upon my forehead. Some pungent odor assailed my nostrils and, a little later, my head was gently raised and a stinging liquid was forced between my lips.

"She's coming back again," a masculine voice said briskly, and my eyes slowly opened to see the office nurse standing a few feet away while Doctor Emerson sat on the couch beside me.

"BETTER?" he queried, a I looked from one to the other, dazedly.

"I—I—believe I—am," was my reply in a small voice that seemed to come from a great distance. "How very stupid—of me." And I smiled faintly at the deplorable weakness I had shown.

"Better lie quiet for a little while," he cautioned. "You did not respond to treatment as well as you might, you know."

My head went back on the pillow. Only a moment of drifting peace then it all came back—the poignant memory of the thing that had struck me down.

"Oh, it cannot be true—it must not be true!" The words were torn from my lips as the future passed before my eyes in mocking panorama.

"Just why, may I ask?" came in Doctor Emerson's earnest tones. "Is this wonderful thing so utterly repugnant to you?"

A thinly veiled expression of disgust crossed his features, then he went hurriedly, "Are you, too, one of the pseudo-modern women who have relegated the sacred privilege of child bearing to the category of evils to be escaped by any possible means?" A pause. "I had rather thought, somehow, that you were different!"

"I have two children," my weak voice challenged, "a son of five, and a daughter of seven."

My feet were on the floor now, my head against the cool panel of the wall, my eyes nearly on a level with the doctor's.

"Then why," he asked curtly, "should you consider it so monstrous a thing to bear another child?"

"Because—" I answered wearily, holding his eyes with mine, "because I—I have no husband."

Doctor Emerson turned his attention from me to a paper weight on the desk. He shifted the dull, grinning Buddha to a pile of loose papers lying on the corner, then turned his attention to me again.

"I beg your pardon for speaking as I

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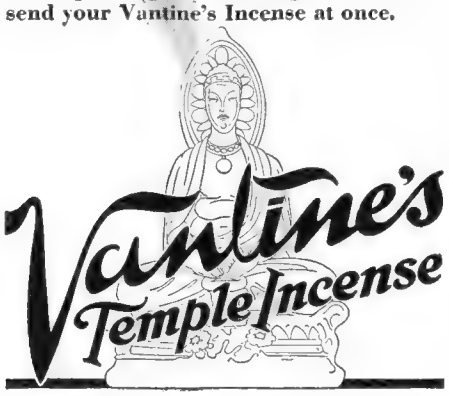

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did, Mrs. Carrol, but it had never entered my mind that such a condition could exist with you; I am sorry for you—sorrier still for the children—they are always the real victims where a mother goes wrong—even though—"

"Just a moment, please, Doctor Emerson. You do not quite understand. I told you I have no husband—that is true—we were divorced only two months ago. I am not guilty of wrongdoing."

He reached for my hand. "You have my sympathy, Mrs. Carrol, and any help I can extend to you will be most gladly given. I would, at least, like to have you count me as a friend. You will, of course, acquaint your husband with the facts, give him an opportunity to share the responsibility with you—or do conditions governing your marital troubles preclude that possibility?"

"He is married again," I answered finally, "and there is a child coming there. No, Doctor Emerson. I guess it is my burden, mine to carry alone!"

HIS eyes were grave and unsmiling as he watched me try to stand alone; he brought my coat and helped me into it, then whimsically:

"And I suppose, as this old world goes, you love him, too? Well, you have courage, my child, and that alone will take you a long way. I am going to take you home in my car, for you are not fit to travel alone."

We did not speak as he picked his way through the crowded traffic; but when he helped me out, he said, "I would like to see you again in two weeks." And touching his hat, he was gone.

The children were not yet home from school and I sought desperately to adjust myself to the strange condition confronting me. In the days that followed, sometimes with leaden feet, I learned the truth of the Bibical statement that "the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak!"

When I had groveled my way, an inch at a time, to a spiritual stronghold, one little incident would send the solid ground slipping from beneath my feet.

I do not know just when I began to hate my former husband, but perhaps the seed was sown the day that Stephen came in from school calling, "Mother, mother, where are you?"

There were tears in his shaking voice and I called to him with fear in my heart:

"Yes, son. Mother is in here. What do you want, dear?"

"Mother," and his underlip trembled as a tear squeezed past quivering eyelids, "mother—we—we have a father, haven't we?"

"Why most certainly, my son—we have a father!" And I smiled into his upturned face.

"Then—then—mother, why isn't my father here?—Why does he stay away so long?"

I answered my son with a calm assurance that surprised me. "Business, dear, keeps him away just now. But later he will come to you. I—I believe, Stephen, I would not discuss the subject with your school friends. You and mother and sister understand and that makes it all right, doesn't it?"

I kissed his tear-stained face and sent him out to play. It was not long before Eleanor came home with the same question and the same wondering, wide-eyed anguish in her eyes. After I had quieted her fears I locked myself into my room and with white face and clenched fists, vowed to God an everlasting hatred of the man who had brought chaos into the lives of the children he had helped to bring into the world and forgotten.

"I hate him—I hate him!" I hissed through set teeth as I walked the floor, and dug my nails into cold palms. I could have cursed the day he was born, the first breath he ever drew, when out of the stifling darkness I remembered that curses sometimes came home to leave their mark! For myself, I did not care but the children—please, not that!

One night my mind, steeped in bitterness, surfeited with hatred, came up against a cold, blank wall. For a second I saw a clear space of light and the evils that waited to possess it. I was going crazy! Hadn't there been enough without that black fear stalking me? What should I do?

Again I found myself in Doctor Emerson's office. Something seemed to drive me there! I was thinner, I was whiter; and there were chains forged to my very soul! He listened, wrote for a minute, then handed me a prescription.

"Mrs. Carrol, medicine cannot heal your illness. I wish you would unload; tell me the whole thing from beginning to end, stressing the incidents that hurt you most. Bare the wound just as you would a physical injury for a healing poultice. You will be surprised at the weight that will be lifted from your mind. We will put it under lock and key and then forget it. Will you tell me, Mrs. Carroll?"

"No," I answered, lifting hot aching eyes to his clear, cool ones, "No—I cannot tell you. Do not ask me, please, Doctor Emerson—for I must refuse."

BUT there came a day when I could go no further. The question of the children's welfare began to recede into the background, and death, with its potential peace and quiet and nothingness, began to loom up alluringly to my distorted vision. I knew then that my salvation lay in one direction. I made my way to Doctor Emerson's office to grasp at the only straw that held out hope.

"I am ready to talk," was my only greeting, and he sat with bowed head and listened.

When it was over the man before me made no comments, merely said with a cheerful smile, "Fine! Now let's forget it!"

I closed my eyes as something, intangible and nameless, slipped from my shoulders.

"Would it interest you to know, Mrs. Carrol, that I, too, carry a burden that sometimes threatens to floor me?" Doctor Emerson was speaking again in quiet, even tones.

"Fifteen years ago I married a beautiful girl—my ideal in every way. Our love was cemented by mutual interests. It seemed that life had nothing more to offer us! Fifteen years ago and ten of those fifteen years she has spent in an asylum for the insane. Just an empty

shell—waiting for release. At first she knew me—but now even world renowned specialists say there will be no change.

"She is my wife and so long as she lives, I shall remain loyal to her and the memory of what she once was to me. That is all—but I stifle the ache in the joy of service to others for life must be lived and from some source we must find the courage to carry on."

Other dreams reduced to powder, and yet he would not let it break him! Strange as it may seem, my health began to improve from that day. I still hated Hal and the venom of my bitterness gave a taste of gall to many an hour that would otherwise have been sweet.

Doctor Emerson began dropping in at infrequent intervals, cultivating the friendship of Stephen and Eleanor and becoming a wonderful friend to all of us. In a measure he filled the awful void their father had made in their young lives. Whenever I was perplexed, distracted, undecided, always I could share the problem with him and be sure of a sane solution.

The months rolled away and spring was on its way. Two weeks before Easter I received a letter from Hal, saying their baby had died and could I find it in my heart to let the children spend the vacation with him.

HE realized, he went on to say, how little right he had to ask it, but he was so lonely for them!

I showed the letter to Doctor Fergus, as the children called him.

"And you will let them go?" he asked quietly, handing the closely penned sheets back to me.

"No," I answered vehemently. "No—I will not let them go! If it makes him suffer, it will add just that much to my happiness!"

"Mary," came in a voice that held both pathos and censure, "have you forgotten the child that is coming, or are you willing that its only heritage shall be that of bitter hate? Have you no love in your heart for the helpless mite? And what of the two already here? They love their father. Do not hurt him through them. Life will do that, Mary, beyond anything you can realize. If you are not careful, the bitterness and hatred that you harbor for him will turn inward and wreak its vengeance on you."

In the end, I let them go.

That night my baby came. Soft shadows and half lighted faces, ether dreams and a hand that clung to mine, and a kind voice which said, "Courage, Mary! Courage, dear girl. One more long, deep breath—"

After an eternity I opened my eyes to the reality of a concrete world and sounds of simple living; the pushing of a chair across the floor; the dripping of water from a faucet; the memory of a half-forgotten cry.

"My baby? I—I do not seem to hear it—now! May I see it—please—Doctor Fergus." His warm hand covered mine.

"Mary dear, your baby came—but it could not stay. It was too soon, dear girl—too soon. Perhaps it is better so."

I did not try to answer, but drifted back casually into the dream world from which I had so recently emerged.

The best looking girl on the boat

—yet always alone!

You can never tell when a temporary deodorant will cease to protect you . . .

PAM had dreamed for months of going abroad! The first day out she was the most sought after girl on the boat! But before the second day was over people were no longer enthusiastic. Wretchedly, she wondered why.

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It was so peaceful there and I did not have to think. Just a slow drifting with the tide; soft waves lapping a coral shore; swift fingers on my pulse, the same stinging of my nostrils, the sharp prick of a needle in my arm—then a gradual receding of the vaporous dream. Life once more called to me and I answered.

Later they brought him in to me—my little son, lying white and flowerlike against the outlines of the pillow. Hal's features; Hal's curls; Hal's straight chiseled nose and the same sweet curve of the lips! I lifted a cold little finger; then I closed my eyes and tears slipped from beneath heavy lids.

But in that moment my hatred for Hal died! In its place was a calm, impersonal indifference. But I knew then that if he suffered I would strive to alleviate the pain; if he were in want, I would share with him all I had; he was the father of my children and because of that I could meet him on a common ground where their interests were concerned; but he, alone, was a detached, irrelated object in my life.

Life resumed its usual proportions and I began putting every element of spiritual perception and physical strength into building the lives of my children. Months were welded into years and Eleanor became a tall, good-looking girl with dark eyes and golden hair, serious in her attitude toward life and its disturbing problems. I was to learn later what her broken home had cost her. Stephen, clear-eyed, frank and graciously gay, was speeding toward manhood with almost amazing rapidity.

Their vacations were spent with their father and no seed of rancor or bitterness had ever been sown in their hearts toward him.

Doctor Emerson seemed almost like one of the family, and the children confided in him as they did in me. Life would have been almost unbearable without his smile and the courage of his voice.

ELEANOR told me that another baby had come to her father's home and that they were very happy. I never questioned her concerning their affairs, and with quiet loyalty she was reticent in speaking of them.

The summer that she was fourteen and Stephen was twelve I watched the train out of sight with a lonely misgiving in my heart and mind. Would they ever leave me, choose to stay and not return?

One day a letter came from Eloise. The first direct word from her since I had closed the door of my old home behind me—and left it to her and Hal. My first thought was that something must have happened to the children. But it seemed that it was for me alone and I read it while the sunlight filtered through on its tear-stained page.

MARY—(the letter began): I have wanted to tell you for a long time what I am telling you now! Many times when the nights have been too long and too dark for a tortured conscience, I have wondered just what the years have done to you. From the clean and stalwart beauty of your children, both of mind and body, I can see that life has never broken you.

Have you envied me these years with Hal, Mary? Have you dreamed of the old sweet ways that were his and yours, but that now belong to me?

Don't, Mary, don't! They are not mine, nor have they ever been. I have learned the bitter truth that no woman can build her happiness on the ruins of another woman's hopes, without one day having the timbers crush her. Hal has never been mine, Mary. He was yours in the beginning, and he will be yours at the end. Whenever I have thought to capture for a second one of the dear hours that you and Hal had known, a dead baby crept with tiny feet across the open space between us.

There is another baby now, but when he holds it in his arms I know he searches its little face for some resemblance to you. I stole, Mary, and I am paying the penalty of a thief. Though you may never find it in your heart to forgive, remember that my heart cried out for it.

ELOISE.

The letter, blistered with falling tears, lay open on my lap. So this was compensation!

A step sounded on the walk, and Doctor Fergus appeared with smiling face and outstretched hand. Two weeks he had been gone; two weeks and not a word from him. I handed the letter to him to read.

"POOR little girl! But life does that very thing." Then he turned to me with one of his rare smiles.

"Mary, two weeks ago I saw the earth laid on my wife's grave. I cannot say that I grieve—not in the accepted sense—for she has been dead to me for many years. Her dear memory will never fade, nor will it ever tarnish. But I can say to you now what I had no right to say to you before. Mary, will you walk the rest of the way with me? I care for you, deeply, reverently, Mary dear, and I have been so lonely."

I told him that I cared for him too; not in the wild, unreasoning way that I had cared for Hal, but with the newer sense of values that life had taught me to recognize. We then planned that, in the fall when the children had returned to school and the drowsy summer was over, he and I would be married and we four would glean the best and sweetest things life had to offer.

But Fate seemed insatiable in her morbid appetite for crossed threads and the blending of garish colors. Just before the summer vacation ended I received a letter from Eleanor.

In it she said that Eloise had died two weeks before, suddenly and almost without warning, and she felt that she could not yet leave the baby left motherless by her death.

"She is too young to understand it all, mother—and she clings so closely to me. Oh, how I wish you were here! Isn't life the funny old thing? You alone; father alone. Stephen and I have a mother and the baby has a father! I just can't understand it all, mother dear. What is it all about?"

I wanted to wire her to come home at once, but hadn't I tried to teach her the meaning of duty? What right had I to dull her vision now? A chill fear struck my heart. What would be the outcome? School would begin in another week and I waited for the decision. It came—but not in the way I had expected. A yellow telegram to say that my daughter was dying! Would I come? Hal's signature

was at the end of the message.

I entered again the same door through which I had passed years before. A white-faced man met me, and led me into Eleanor's room. My girl did not recognize me. In vain I told her that mother was there. I chafed her wild, restless hands and smoothed the golden hair back from a throbbing forehead. But she only babbled on incoherently, of the things that had bitten deep. Of a broken home and the taunts of school friends; of a baby alone and the puzzling questions she could not answer. Once she recognized my voice and cried out with a piercing scream, "mother!" Just a second, and she slipped back into the shadows again.

Hal walked the floor and wrung his hands, white to the lips. Stephen paced like a sentinel, outside the door, afraid to enter the room. The attending physician said she would die. That her heart was giving out, and that she seemed to have no incentive to remain. Peculiar, too, he said, in a girl of her age. It was then that I went to Hal.

"Send for Doctor Emerson, Hal.—He will bring her back. He loves her—and she trusts him. Send for him, Hal, dear, send for him!"

Doctor Emerson came. Cool hands captured the wildly fluttering ones in his own. Low words, vibrant with hope and certainty, filtered through to her fever crazed brain.

"THIS is Doctor Fergus, Eleanor. I have come to make you well! Can you hear me, my child?"

Over and over, in low crooning tones, he repeated these sentences until the eyelids ceased their erratic lifting, the pounding heart slowed down a bit and the small hands lay quiet in the shelter of his own. Silently I watched and beside me, Hal, her father, watched, too. Later, Doctor Emerson beckoned us from the room and the nurse stole in to guard.

"Is there any hope," I whispered tensely, "any hope at all?"

Doctor Emerson looked into my eyes, then into those of the man at my side. He closed his eyes for a second, as though seeking strength from within. Then slowly he said:

"Yes, there is hope. Eleanor's heart is breaking. She has been unable to understand the strange twist Fate has given to the lives of those she loves—and the tide is pulling her under."

He caught his lips between strong, even teeth, then turned to Hal. "Before I say what must be said concerning Eleanor, I want you to know that I love her mother—and had hoped to make her my wife.

"The thing I am about to do is difficult, even in a world of difficult things. Hope? Yes—if you two will get down beside her bed and grope prayerfully to find the door to her consciousness, I think you can bring her back! Promise her that she may have you both; but be ready to fulfill that promise. That, I think, is all." He walked with firm step and shaking shoulders into a starless night.

Eleanor heard our call, and we honored our promise by cementing together the remnants of our strangely ordered lives.

$100 for True Stories

We paid Mrs. Edwin F. Wold, Elmhurst, Ill., R. No. 1, $100 for her letter which is reproduced below. Send in YOUR OWN personal experience dealing with the use of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk. We offer $100 in cash for every true story of this character which we accept and publish. Read the letter sent in by Mrs. Wold and then send in yours.

"He would wake up at night screaming—"

(The True Story of an Elmhurst, Illinois, Mother)

"I am writing you of my personal experience with Thompson's 'DOUBLE MALTED' Malted Milk. We are sure it was the means of saving our eight year old Jimmie.

"After being in the hospital with a severe case of lockjaw and after having about 5,800 units of Tetanus Antitoxin, Jimmie was in an extremely nervous condition and had completely lost his appetite for food. He would cry if the other children looked at him. And he would wake up at night screaming. Week after week, we could see that he was gradually fading away and steadily losing weight.

"It was about this time that a neighbor of ours who had chanced in had a suggestion to make. 'Why,' she asked, 'don't you try malted milk for Jim?'

"'I have', I replied, 'but it doesn't seem to bring about any improvement in him.'

"Well, we got our first package of Thompson's 'DOUBLE MALTED' Malted Milk for Jimmie and within a week you could actually see the boy improve. Even the doctor commented upon it.

"That was last August. And now instead of being underweight, he weighs almost as much as his sister who is considerably older than Jimmie.

"His old self-consciousness is gone. He no longer wakes up at night. And he is just as 'peppy' as can be all day long.

"We have a little girl, seven years old, who has Yellow Jaundice. I am giving her Thompson's Malted Milk, too. But I see that she gets it more often than usual. Because milk, as we know, counteracts poison and Thompson's Malted Milk gives her additional nourishment.

"I buy Thompson's now in five pound cans and give it to all five of my children. Occasionally Dad and I have a 'DOUBLE MALTED' with the children. We have an electric mixer but the children, of course, get a bigger kick out of using their individual shakers."

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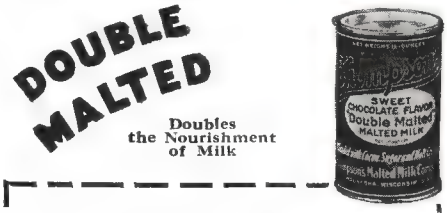

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Please send me a large size 75c value shaker — sample of Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk and your book of weight charts. I enclose only 25c to cover packing costs.

Name .....

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She is happy now, and Stephen, too. Their eyes light up with a deep sincere affection when they see their father and me together.

And we? The usurer still draws interest. When Hal's motherless baby lies, with moist curls and rose-pink cheeks, asleep in my arms, a look of trenchant pain stabs its way through his dark, brooding eyes.

It has not been easy. It never will be! But it will always be best. Together we are finding some measure of peace as a family, and that balances the sacrifice as individuals.

The other evening Eleanor looked up from her book to say, "Mother, I only hope the man I marry will be as fine a man as father."

"I hope so, too, my child," I answered smilingly.

The needle with which I was darning slipped and pricked my finger. I wiped away the drop of blood and went on mending the hole in my husband's sock.

Yes, it has been worth while.

Devil Driven

(*Continued from page* 36)

Gavin has all the charm of youth and personality and manner, much as your father had; has still, for that matter. Of course Gavin has wealth, which is certainly not be despised in this world. But my poor baby, money is not everything; it can't buy happiness; it can't compensate for some things and drunkenness is one of them. Dear little girl, there is some hideous potency about liquor that can so inflame the worst passions, the most bestial side of man, that they are brute creatures for the time being, and I tell you, my child, sweet as their love may be, pitifully sincere as their remorse may be afterward, a drunken man is an insane man, and drunknenness merely a form of insanity. I know!"

A WEEK later came the tennis tournament over at the Rockledge Club. Everybody we knew was going, and Gavin was taking me, of course.

I had a new dress, and was feeling awfully happy when Gavin arrived in the early afternoon, but my happiness was instantly dispelled by the fact that Gavin had been drinking again.

I knew that Don Reed would be at the club, and all the girls of our set, too, and I had so wanted Gavin to be at his very best; to charm my friends by that gay, disarming friendliness of his and set at rest the ugly rumors that were beginning to spread around about his dissipation.

One glance at him was enough to know that he would make less than no effort to be charming that afternoon, but with an edge of weariness in my voice, I began the same tiresome discussion. It was a bad time to choose, for Gavin merely looked sulky, then openly cross, and after driving in black silence for a while, he suddenly stopped the car, turned toward me and said hatefully:

"Now listen, Alice. Once and for all, stop fussing about my drinking. I've been doing it ever since I was fifteen, and I'm going to keep right on doing it, and the woman that I marry can just realize that fact and keep her mouth shut about it if she doesn't like it. Your old man's drunk all his life, too, and just because the poor old fellow has rather muffed the financial end of it, you and your mother are queered on anybody's drinking. If he'd made money, it would have been all right.

"All women are alike; they want the world with a string around it. You're the only one I ever saw who didn't think money was everything. Now, I've got money enough to give you everything within reason that you want, and I want to give it to you—everything! You're beautiful, you're well-bred, you're sweet. But you're just a silly child about drinking and hipped on the subject, and I'm most awfully tired of hearing you talk about it. Now then, just cut it out, hear? I'm going to drink when I please—where I please—how I please—and exactly, precisely, and at all times, just as much as I please, and you're going to have not one thing to say about it. Understand?"

It was the first time he had ever been so rude and hateful to me. I was so hurt that I couldn't answer, but began to cry. My tears instantly softened him, and he tried to draw me into his arms. But I was angry as well as hurt, and pushed him away furiously. He laughed—a throaty, liquor-laden laugh.

"You little devil! I love a little spitfire—the most heavenly sport on earth is taming a woman. Come here, little Puritan, I'll make you kiss me and like it, too," and he crushed me in his arms. Whirling me sideways in the seat of the car, he bent me back across his lap, straining me so close to him that I gasped for breath. He was gasping too, for another reason, and his darkly flushed face bent over me as his hot mouth crushed mine. I struggled wildly, crying with shame and embarrassment, and Gavin suddenly loosed me as he heard a car honking behind us.

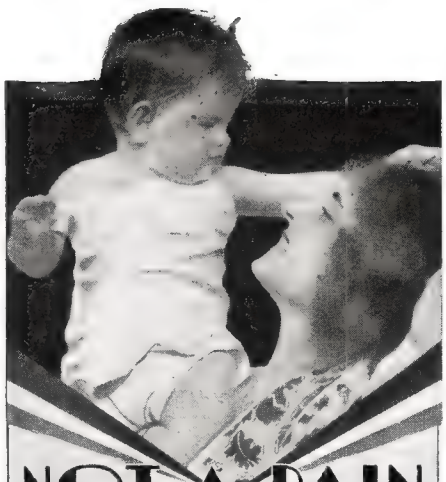
I SAT up instantly, arranging my dress, smoothing my hair, and trying desperately hard to look unconcerned and nonchalant as the car passed us when, to my horror, I heard it slowing down and Don Reed's cheery voice calling out gaily:

"Hey, there, folks! Nothing the matter with the car, I hope?"

Gavin, who was straightening his tie sneered disagreeably that there was not. But at the sight of my face Don instantly, and soberly opened the door of his car. He looked so good and so dependable, and so worried, as he stood there, also on his way to the tournament, that my heart skipped a beat somehow, remembering that this man's love had been very sweet to me before I met Gavin.

"Alice, can I be of any assistance?" he said formally.

Gavin snapped rudely. "Not this go-round, old top. Ever hear of a lovers'



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quarrel? Best plan is to keep out of 'em. See you at the tournament and hope you lose—" Then he grabbed the wheel, started the car, and with a vicious jerk, swung up into the road, grinning maliciously as he left Don to follow in a cloud of dust.

Arrived at the club, Gavin went at once to the locker room, where he proceeded to drink still more, improving neither his appearance nor his disposition.

It was merely a local tournament but, contrary to Gavin's sweetly expressed wish, Don Reed won the best three out of five in the doubles, and a love set in the men's singles.

Because I went with the other girls to congratulate Don, Gavin unceremoniously and sullenly stalked up to the laughing group, and grabbing my arm so it hurt, he jerked me around and headed me toward his car. He was furiously angry.

I saw glances exchanged between the girls, and one of the irrepressibles among the boys gave vent to a long, low whistle, as Don took a step forward with such determination in his face that I grew cold with apprehension.

Anything to prevent a scene and, with a reassuring smile to the group, I waved gaily as Gavin steered me through the crowd with that iron grip and almost flung me into the car.

Not a word did he say, and I was too busy thinking to say anything. So we drove in utter silence until we reached the state highway, when Gavin slowed down. With a sullen side-glance at me, in a spirit of pure hatefulness, he drained the contents of his flask. Still I said nothing, and pretty soon he sneered:

"Your overpowering attraction for your country swain is doubtless explained by the fact he never touches the Demon Rum, I suppose. That mollycoddle hasn't the price or the nerve. That's why!"

IN the clear, cold light I suddenly seemed to see the years that stretched ahead. Always having to pretend, just as I had pretended on leaving the club grounds; always having to accept just what tempers and humors he happened to favor me with; always having to listen to his sneers and jeers in attempts to hurt me; always the unenviable position of being the penniless wife of a rich young profligate. And what earthly resources would I have in the years to come when this physical love of his had waned?

Thinking these, and other long, long thoughts, I was still silent; when Gavin, enraged because I had not answered, shouted out, "I said he was a mollycoddle. Did you hear me?"

"Perfectly," I said politely.

"Well, he is, then, don't you think so?" growled he.

"I really can't say, just yet," I answered coolly, as I slipped off that gorgeous ring and dropped it on the sweater across his lap. "But I'll find out and let you know, as I intend to marry Don and not you, after all," I concluded.

There was a thunderstruck silence for an instant, then Gavin ground on the brakes.

"Do you mean that?" he said in a voice that cut like a lash, as he slowly scooped up the ring.

But I was tired and worn out by this time myself, weary of his tantrums and

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Then, too, Hinds Cream protects the skin from weathering. Keeps it safe from sun and cold, wind and dust.

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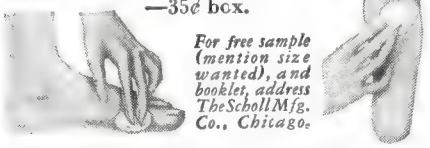

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unreasonableness, and had no intention of being either soothing or diplomatic. I snapped, "I never was more in earnest in my life. Drive on, please."

He looked at me queerly. "Alice—you mean it?" he almost whispered.

"As God is my judge," I answered, with all the firmness I could command.

"All right," he said quietly. "That goes with me, too." Adding surprisingly, in an undertone, "I guess I deserve it."

Then he bent over the wheel. The long road glistened in front of us like a white ribbon, with the late afternoon sun slanting across it in peaceful beauty. Slowly Gavin pressed down on the accelerator and slowly and steadily the powerful motor responded. The hum of the engine mounted to a roar as the car began to eat up the white road with unbelievable speed, as we flashed along the quiet highway. Gavin was driving like seven devils. But after one glance at his face, I sat motionless; rigid with a certain cold fear.

I remembered mother's words. She was right. Only an insane person would drive like this, deliberately risking his life and mine. I shuddered as I noticed the demoniacal smile glinting through his half shut eyes; that cruel curl to his lip, and ferocious grip with which he held that hurtling car in the road was that of an insane man, crazed with some horrible idea of crashing us both into eternity to punish me for having crossed his will.

WITH a wild little sob I thought of Don, whom I knew would never know now that I loved him; had loved him all along, in reality. Suddenly, in a desperate realization that nothing but my own brains could save me, I reached out and turned off the switch. And just at that instant a hay wagon turned into the highway a few hundred yards ahead of us. Loaded so high and wide that the trailing wisps swept the ground in all sides, it looked like a moving haystack; there was nothing visible of either horses or driver; just a big, soft looking pile moving along.

There was a hoarse chuckle at my side and, as I saw that devil's gleam in Gavin's crazed eyes and realized his insane intention, I screamed in desperation. I snatched at the handbrake, only to have my arm struck aside—though the engine was off, we were still going at terrific speed.

The top of the car was down, which fact may or may not have registered in Gavin's drink-clouded brain, but it was certainly all that saved our lives. It takes time to tell it, but at the time, everything happened almost instantaneously. I hid my face in my hands—I tried to pray—in the second before that blinding crash, that hideous, shattering noise, and then an agonizing pain that was quickly followed by merciful blackness and utter silence.

But it must have been just a few moments before I began to experience the awful feeling of suffocation, I knew I was smothering, and with that sure instinct of self-preservation, began to dig feebly out of the dusty darkness which I dimly realized, was hay.

My shoulder hurt excruciatingly and my ankle throbbed unbearably. I was conscious of a most horrible noise. One horse was dead, but the other had been run almost through with the wagon tree and lay jerking in a pool of blood, uttering the most awful sounds.

I cried out as I saw an old man, lying half buried under the hay, his white head outlined in crimson against the pavement, blood oozing from his nose and ears.

He was breathing and I weakly tried to ease him to a more comfortable position, and lifted his head in a vain hope of rousing him, but he remained unconscious, and I crawled back, with agonizing slowness, to look for Gavin.

And like some horrible unreality of a nightmare, I saw the car first, that rakish, long, low sporty car I had been so proud to ride around in, lying half in the ditch, the hood completely smashed, and in the seat, incredible as it sounds, sat Gavin, slumped queerly behind the wheel with a long cut across his forehead.

He began climbing out when he saw me, but as he reached my side, he suddenly collapsed. Stretched beside me on the hay, I heard him mutter thickly, "Oh, what a mess— Why did I do it! Darling, darling, are you hurt?"

A deadly sickness was going over me in waves. Far away I heard shouts, and knew help was coming at last. It seemed years since that awful moment when I knew that Gavin was heading straight for that wagon. With a queer sense of detachment, I seemed to be seeing him now from some great distance, noticing how foolishly his mouth hung open, saliva drooling over his chin. He was giggling weakly.

"Oh, sweetheart, it was funny! You hit that hay like you'd been shot out of a gun. Honey-darling, are you hurt? I'm sorry—hay's nice and soft, isn't it? Oh, what a mess—why did I do it?"

The pain was making me faint and suddenly I went away for a little while; a nice cool, dark place where pain couldn't follow me.

I CAME back as I was being lifted into an ambulance. Somewhere out of a thick white mist of suffering came voices, voices, and a terrible sobbing, the rending sobs of a heartbroken man struggling through his grief to suppress blood lust.

"Now, now, Joe," came a voice. "Don't go to pieces, son. Ease up on the stretcher, boys. We'll carry your dad careful, Joe. He'll come round all right in a little while. Your mother never knew what hit her, son. There wasn't no pain nor nothin'. Now, now, boy, steady! Spread that sheet over her gentle-like, fellows. Joe, she's a saint in heaven now, son—" Here the kind voice broke.

So there had been a woman! I never saw her. Later I learned that she had been hurled to the ground and buried beneath the fragrant hay that was a sudden shroud for her faithful old heart; the heart that had carried her to the haying field that afternoon with cookies and lemonade for her husband and sons. Playfully swung up onto the wagon seat by her husband, she had ridden from the field like a queen, her boys calling after her:

"Now then, Mom, you ride on home, and we'll follow—" And their mother had gone home indeed, and they could not follow. Oh, the suffering caused by the crazy whim of a drunken mind that

sunny, peaceful afternoon, for which I shall always feel in a measure responsible —to my never-ending sorrow. I moaned with pain, while the voice that seemed to be in charge went on:

"Now then, boys, let's lift this girl, then the fellow. This precious pair have done about enough damage around here— Back, son—easy does it. Remember we don't know how it happened.

"Joe, son, here comes the girl. We've got to act like men now, son. Steady, old boy, steady—"

As the ambulance started to move carefully away, I heard a pitiful effort to suppress his sobs, as a patter of feet came down the road—I heard girlish voices suddenly broken short with a dread silence more awful than screams.

And in that tense silence, with every nerve laid raw and quivering, I heard Gavin, in his stretcher across from me, still giggling.

* * * * * * * * *

The monotony of the ensuing dreary days in the hospital were broken only by Gavin's repeated attempts to see me. Attempts so flatly unsuccessful that he finally gave up with a desperate sort of resignation that touched even mother, who had stoutly allied herself with me in my determination never to see him again. Messages, flowers and notes were all either ignored or returned; though I felt sorry for him, as I knew he was suffering from the awful realization of what he had done as well as from the lesser hurt of a broken engagement.

AFTER the first lurid headlines in the paper, and still more heady accounts of bystanders and onlookers at the club and scene of the accident, manslaughter charges were brought against Gavin and there was endless legal procedure. The case was finally thrown out of court, by a verdict of defective mechanism in the car, which seemed to satisfy the public.

Gavin, I heard, tried to do the honorable thing by having his lawyers settle a huge sum of money on the old farmer who refused it, saying simply that the price of his wife's life had been above rubies.

So Gavin encountered the second person to whom wealth was not all. Soon after that, he left the country and has been living somewhere down in the Argentine for the last three years.

Added to my fractured ankle, dislocated shoulder and two broken ribs, I guess my nervous system was pretty well shot, as they wouldn't let me have any company at the hospital for a long time. But my first visitor was Don Reed. He stood looking down at me pitifully, holding the right hand I held out to him, in both of his. I drew my other from beneath the covers, and saw his eyes fasten intently on it with a sort of puzzled wonder. And I knew he was missing that gorgeous ruby that had once sparkled so opulently on my finger.

I smiled, my best effort, and said gently, "It's gone, Don, for good—"

"You mean—" he breathed.

"I mean I'm not engaged any more, to any one—unless, unless—"

And that snippy little nurse of mine came in just in time to witness a perfectly good proposal and a likewise good acceptance.

Photo by W. E. Thomas, Hollywood

JEANETTE LOFF, *lovely Pathé star, says: "No matter what climate my pictures take me to, Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin enviably smooth."*

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In Canada address 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.

Making a Friend of the Refrigerator

(*Continued from page* 68)

compartment is emptied from Saturday to Monday—there is something wrong with your refrigerator and—" Here Janet interrupted herself, saying, "But I'm preaching a regular sermon. Any one would think I was being paid to give a speech."

But we wouldn't let her stop. We were all too much interested, and urged her to continue. So she began to tell us about arranging the refrigerator, something most of us had never thought about.

"Furnishing your refrigerator is a lot like furnishing your house," she told us. "Don't overfurnish it. That is, don't put too many things in it. Circulation is necessary to insure a steady supply of clean, dry, cold air. The good old rule, a place for everything and everything in its place, means efficiency in your refrigerator as in your house in general. Foods which spoil easily belong in the coldest part, while vegetables or foods with strong odors should be put where the circulating air will pass from them directly to the ice compartment.

"In a refrigerator with a side icer, foods which are delicate and easily absorb odors should be placed directly under the ice chamber. Milk, meat broths, butter and moist, cooked foods, like cereals, custards and cream sauces, belong in this compartment. Jellies, charlottes and heavy cream desserts should also be placed here while they are becoming set, instead of directly on the ice.

"THE next coldest place, the bottom shelf of the compartment, is the best place for meat. I always take meat out of the wrapping paper as soon as it comes from market, and lay it out flat on a plate in the refrigerator. Chops or steaks should not be piled together, because they keep fresher when the air can reach them. Fish may be placed in the meat compartment but must be kept in a tightly covered container.

"The shelf above the meat is the place for vegetables, such as lettuce, celery, and asparagus and for berries and cherries. I always wash lettuce and celery when it comes from the market, shake it free of water and put it in a tightly covered jar where it keeps fresh for days and does not get broken. If the heads are too large for available jars, paper bags can be used, or the regular open wash cloth lettuce bags which should be kept moist and on a dish to avoid wetting the shelf. Asparagus keeps fresh a long time, if the tough ends are trimmed off and the bunch set in a shallow pan of water. Cherries and berries, which are so readily attacked by white mold, should be spread out or kept in a well-ventilated container so that the cold dry air can circulate freely around them. Eggs go on the shelf above, along with such vegetables as do not have a decided odor or flavor. All foods with strong odors, musk melons, oranges, peppers, cabbage and apples belong in the top compartment where the air current strikes them just before returning to the ice chamber. Then the odors will be absorbed by the film of water on the melting ice and pass off with it down the drain.

"A REFRIGERATOR with a top icer is arranged in a different way. The top compartment, nearest the ice, is used for milk and the bottom compartment shelf for vegetables."

It was long after five, and time for all of us to be getting home to hungry husbands; but we were still asking questions as we went toward the door.

Ellen was protesting again. "I can't believe that just a plain refrigerator could make that frozen salad," she said.

Janet laughed and then said:

"I'll have to tell you my secret. Jim has been so pleased over my success in economizing on food that he gave me a new electric refrigerator for my birthday last week. Most of the principles of cleaning and caring for it, I find, are the same as in an ordinary refrigerator, but it's a great joy to be able to have blocks of ice for cold drinks always ready this hot weather, and to be able to make easily delicious frozen desserts and other delicacies that we couldn't always have before."

Many of our readers are fond of pretty romances, charmingly sweet love stories. If your life experience has been such that you can furnish us with a story of this type that is dramatic with heartfelt interest, we shall be glad to read it.

And then there are others who like the stories that grip you with their virility. Here is an extract from a letter that is vividly descriptive of stories we would also like to have submitted:

"Give us more tales of the Great West—the Pacific Coast; romances of the logging camps, the desert countries, the mining sections of the Sierras, the fruit-growing slopes of the Pacific. To a lover of such, these Western tales possess a breadth, a wind-swept, vitalizing quality which centralizes all the faculties of the mind into one supreme joy-abounding consciousness."

The conditions of price, length of stories, general form, manner of presentation, etc., can be had by applying for a little booklet which we get out, which is known as "Facts You Should Know about TRUE STORY."

Luxury Blinded

(*Continued from page* 50)

and to estimate them, but to the end of my days I shall be blind to the sort of keen perception of people which was natural to Ben.

The life which I lived in The Village was a constant succession of shocks to me, some of which were horrifying and some of which were amusing, but all of them were so new to me and showed me such a conception of life that I was never free from the sense of drama, feeling that I sat and watched sometimes, and sometimes became part of it.

The house where we lived was considered quite fine by our friends, but the dirt of the halls never ceased to worry me and the establishments which were in it never ceased to cause me amazement. The halls were never free from the odors of cooking, and a most penetrative cooking. For quite a while I was totally unable to identify any of the aromas. Garlic, beloved of the discriminating eater but which by no stretch of poetic license can be called a fine perfume, was always with us. The gas plates which were tucked into all sorts of queer corners of the various rooms produced meals of the most exotic flavor. With every one in the place vying with every one else to get a new Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, Chinese or Mexican dish before the public, as it were, we smelled cosmopolitan, at least.

I SHALL never forget being invited to breakfast—which was odd enough, in itself—and the curious sensation I had when my hostess fried eggs on a one-hole gas plate which was perched insecurely on the edge of her dressing table amid a litter of pin cushions, face powder, perfume bottles and soiled handkerchiefs.

I feared every moment that one of the bottles might tip over into the eggs, or that her hand would be unsteady as she casually powdered her nose with one hand, while poking at the eggs with a knife in the other.

Many of the villagers ate breakfast at noon, dinner at nine and supper at midnight, after which they went out to call! They would say that they could not afford to have a new coat, for instance, but they seemed unable to walk, and took a taxi for a trifle of ten blocks; never seemed to have a cent of ready money; but religiously saw all the new plays, and found money somewhere for a life which seemed never to be ridden with work as I was accustomed to see it ridden.

This casualness with money did distress me. I tried to save, to pinch, but Ben would not let me. He came as near to impatience as he ever did when I balked at some expense which suddenly fell upon us.

"Making money is what you want to look at here in New York, Peggy," he expostulated, "not this financial drooling that saves a few pennies. What good are they when they are saved? You can't buy anything with pennies—in New York. If we want to save, we'll go out to some smaller town and buy a little house. I'll get a job in the bank and we'll get all of a raise of ten dollars every

WOMEN WHO CAN LAUGH AT THE PASSING YEARS

THE woman who possesses health's sparkling eyes, pure complexion, and dazzling smile need never consider the passing of the years. For her, life will always be filled with zest.

Many realize now that to preserve youthfulness it is health that must be guarded. And so they pay meticulous attention to diet . . . exercise . . . and particularly *mouth hygiene.* For your well-being has no more treacherous enemies than decaying teeth and irritated gums.

One of the principal causes of tooth decay is the fact that no tooth-brush can reach into all the pits about your teeth, or into the tiny V-shaped crevices at The Danger Line—where teeth and gums meet. As a result food particles collect there. They ferment. Acids are formed that may cause decay or dangerous gum infections.

Squibb's Dental Cream contains more than 50 per cent of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, long recognized as a safe, effective antacid. So, Squibb's neutralizes the dangerous acids in your mouth. And enough remains to protect your teeth and gums for a considerable time.

Squibb's Dental Cream makes teeth lustrous—it is pleasant and contains no grit or astringents to harm the delicate mouth tissues. It is safe to use on the gums and in the tender mouths of children. Use it regularly. Visit your dentist twice a year. You will then be doing everything possible to safeguard your health and beauty against tooth decay. Only 40c a large tube. E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York. *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical Profession since* 1858.

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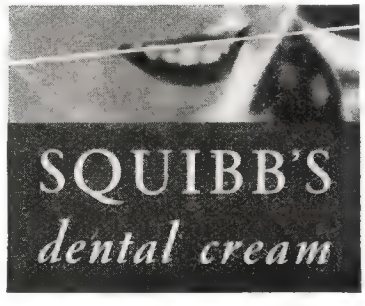
SQUIBB'S Milk of Magnesia, *from which Squibb's Dental Cream is made, is a pure, effective product that is free from the usual earthy taste of other products. It has unsurpassed antacid and mild laxative qualities.*



Triple *the Whiteness of Your skin in 3 days*

I beg to present one of the great beauty discoveries of all time . . . a three-fold skin-whitener. Expect results that will amaze you. For now, in just 3 to 6 days, you can triple the whiteness of your skin . . . smooth it to soft, creamy texture . . . and clear it of every blemish!

Entirely Natural Method

Your skin is far whiter than you imagine, but its whiteness is masked beneath years of exposure to sun, wind, dust, etc. My new-type lotion unveils it and multiplies it. In six days this lotion undoes the havoc of years of exposure. In a perfectly natural way, amazing whiteness and smoothness are brought up from underneath the darkened, weather-roughened surface.

Freckles and Blackheads Vanish

Blemishes, roughness and tiny imperfections are erased from the skin surface. All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads and roughness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. You actually see your skin grow clear, fresh, ivory-white . . . and this beauty is in the skin relief—smooth, delicate, flawless beauty that powder can never give!

Now Used in 28 Countries

Never before have women had such a cosmetic. In a few short months its fame has spread to three continents and 28 countries. Now, in just three to six days, you can have the glory of a clear, milk-white skin.

Positive Guarantee

Will you try this amazing treatment? Test it to whiten hands, face or neck. Apply in three minutes at bedtime. See what a remarkable improvement just three days make. Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only $1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not simply delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon today to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

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GERVAISE GRAHAM
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MAIL NOW

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Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only $1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

year. When we're old we'll own the house and maybe you can take in boarders."

This was the law by which I lived for many years; the law that you had to make what money you needed, and that you had to "keep climbing."

That was one of the slogans of Ben's existence. As soon as new contacts with a new crowd of people began to grow stale; as soon as we were not meeting new people all the time, Ben took to staring at nothing, with the blue of his eyes turned gray, and then I would know that we were due for something.

We lived in Bohemia for over a year, twisting our tongues to the patter of Bohemia, living the scattered domestic life of Bohemia, eating the casual meals and making the casual friendships of Bohemia, but Ben was a very, very different type of person from any real Bohemian. He was a gentleman adventurer, a buccaneer, a financial gambler, but the indifference to actual monetary success, which is both the weakness and the refinement of the true Bohemian, was never his.

THAT year we climbed steadily, selling bonds to everybody of the Village who had money to buy bonds; constantly getting into social waters a little deeper than those of Bohemia, constantly on tiptoe, edging forward, dashing here and there—really predatory.

There were times when I yearned for the farm, and for the quiet days when there was no telephone to ring, no hectic thrill that demanded the best of a person, every moment, no possibility that any one needed to be influenced, persuaded, dealt with, interested—won. But there were other days when I loved it and when I was as excited as Ben because we had bagged some new acquaintance who seemed that he or she might be of use to us.

The thing which blinded me in those early days to the weakness of the structure on which we were building our lives was the fact that we were much more substantial people than our Bohemian friends. Ben was making more and more money, I always had plenty with which to entertain the women friends that I now had in such quantities. We went to "quainter" restaurants than Tony's (the quainter they were, the more money it cost) and we saw everything in the playhouses, from vaudeville up.

The people whom we knew in The Village were what Ben came to call the "also rans."

He soon discovered that we would never know the real artists whose big, skylighted studios we could see in other parts of the place, but which we did not enter. Scattered around there were, we knew, a good many successful artists, writers and musicians; but they formed an exceedingly exclusive circle, and people such as we were, who were not of the art world at all, had no chance with them.

The people we knew did sometimes sell a story or a picture, but not often; and when they did, they did not conserve the money but had a "celebration" with all their impecunious friends, and then were "broke" until the next sale. The hour of foregathering socially, was midnight and, night after night, Ben and I struggled manfully to keep awake until the appointed time, stealing cat naps until the time came when we would rush gaily into the studio of our friends, chatter wildly for an hour, and then thankfully go home to bed.

Still—I did learn a great deal from those people. I learned that Dickens was not the only author in the world; that it was rather silly to quote Shakespeare at length, and that there were new books coming out all the time which one ought to read.

I soaked up information about people, society, art, what was and was not good taste, and absorbed a great deal which, while not seeming important at the time, yet aided me afterward.

For instance, I was quick to see that the slow and labored manners of my home town people were tiresome; that it was stupid not to talk when you met people, and that a good deal of the fussy and overly prim standards of conduct to which I had been accustomed were just that.

For some things, however, my own opinions refused to yield to those of my new found friends. When a "free verse poet" read to us all one evening from his own compositions, I, who had been used to the rich roll of the sonneteers from my father's mellow voice, felt that I was listening to the ravings of a maniac. When a much traveled man of the circle (I think he sold American shoes abroad, a thing never openly acknowledged as being too sordid for words) said softly, at the end of the reading, "Bis, bis!" I credited him with the courage of his convictions. But I soon learned that he was very proud of the new foreign words that he knew, and that every one deferred to him a little, partly because of being traveled and partly, I was sure, because he was most affluent, from the standpoint of our circle, and usually paid far more of our social bills than the rest of us.

THE Village also taught me a great deal about foods. All that year I ate dinners, slanderously labeled French, German, Spanish or what not; but all the same. If the soup were suffering from pernicious anemia it was French; if the soup were congested with sausage and dried peas it was German and if it had spaghetti in it, it was Italian; otherwise, distinguishing marks were few; but they taught me, did those dinners, to dislike the loaded and groaning table which had been my girlhood's idea of festivity. And when I came really to have a home, later, I profited by what I had learned.

Bohemia also did a good deed in teaching me something about the art of furnishings. Hating the old stuff in our country home, as I used to do in retrospect, I know that, as a natural reaction, I should have flown direct to lace curtains and bird's eye maple if I had not heard so much about "line;" "simplicity;" "stark beauty," and so on, before I had a chance to buy anything but the few bits with which Ben and I began our first home in Bohemia.

Ben and I moved once in the time that we stayed in The Village, and that was the first of the many treks that we made—always to a better place!

We were among the first to take a "studio" in a remodeled stable; where there were actually working studios up where they used to store the hay. I got rid of the conventional bedroom "set" that we had had and of the parlor "pieces" and fitted the place with imitations of old American furniture. They were shoddy and cheap, so thrown together by the makers that they fell to pieces in six months, but by that time it didn't matter—we had moved again.

It was the beginning of the second year's stay in New York that we met one of the cold, nasty springs which are some of the peculiarly dirty little surprises that New York weather sometimes produces. The stable was damp and the patent heater that was supposed to heat, didn't, and we were burning gas stoves day and night to keep warm. Ben had begun to be absent-minded, by which sign I knew that he was dissatisfied with things as they were, and I had my own causes for thoughtfulness.

One night I said to him suddenly:

"Ben, I don't think I want to bring up our child in The Village."

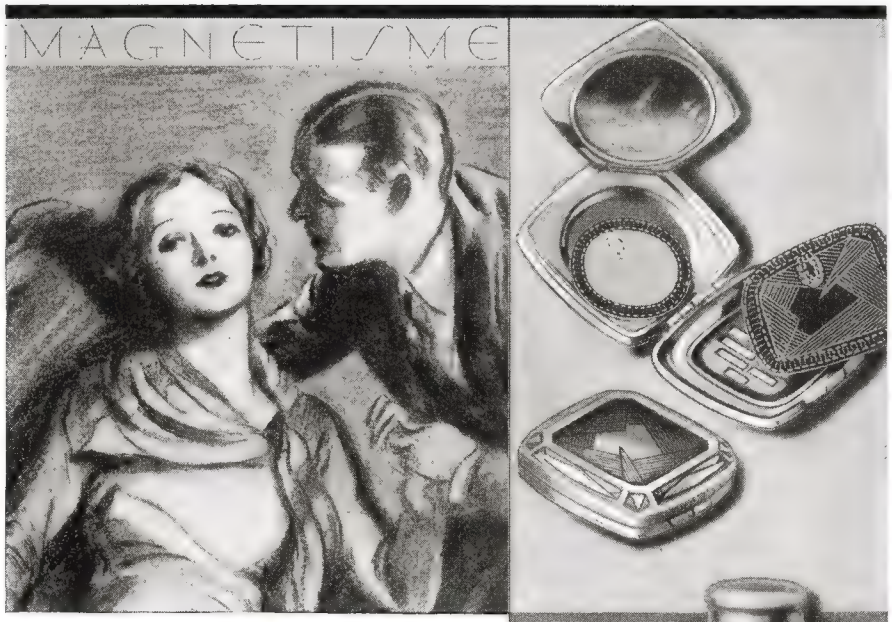
I had already written my mother about this, running to her in my first fright, as I always had; and she had written one of her sane and serene letters which were always characteristic of her, so that I was ready to be brave by the time that I had told Ben.

BUT I did not need to be. He swept me into his arms; he spent an hour just holding me, he had me out of the stable by the next morning, he got me a lovely apartment far uptown, from the windows of which I could look right down into the heart of the green of Central Park. He made the time before our first boy was born a fairy tale with his care, his protection, his attention. No woman ever had greater thoughtfulness from a man than I had from Ben during the trying times I knew when my children were coming. He fought like a tiger for more and more money; working with speed and precision—and with predatory skill. Yet he was home a great deal with me, devoted, loving, sweet-tempered, never saying a word or the strain which he was undergoing in forcing our income up and up so rapidly, so that he might do the many things for me that he insisted I "must have."

The circle of people that we grew to know in that time were different, indeed, from our Bohemian friends, whom Ben dropped calmly. I had many a pang over this desertion and yet I could not deny that it was true, what Ben said, which was that we had proved that there was little in common between us.

He had formulated his philosophy by that time and it was stragetic. He taught it to me. Instead of permitting circumstances to choose our companions and our environment, we were to do the choosing. We ought to have a choice of friends, so that we might have the ones who would be of use to us. We ought to know everything about higher and higher social—and financial circles—so that when we got to them we would understand them.

"But isn't that selfish, Ben?" I feebly protested.



Lovely Mystery

Lovely, tantalizing mystery ... she stood before him. Fascinated by her charm, by the warmth and allure of her presence ... he wondered at the change that had come over her ... at the thrill of her nearness ... at the strange intriguing magnetism that surrounded her.

✣ ✣ ✣

Strangely magnetic, irresistibly alluring, is that exquisite parfum known as Djer-Kiss. Though the secret of its creation is jealously guarded in the Parisian atelier of Monsieur Kerkoff ... its subtle, provocative loveliness pervades each exquisite Djer-Kiss Toiletry. A single harmonizing fragrance ... haunting ... *magnétique!*

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Herpicide is unexcelled for reviving dull lifeless hair and for relieving itching scalp and, dandruff. These unnecessary conditions that rob your hair of attractiveness can easily be eliminated, by simply shampooing with Herpicide Tar Soap and using Newbro's Herpicide regularly. Even the first application will greatly enhance the life, lustre and beauty of your hair.

You need seek no further—youthful charm and alluring beauty of your hair can easily be acquired, if you but give it the few minutes daily attention it deserves.

Just try it—you'll be delighted with results.

Sold at drug counters. Applied at barber and beauty shops. Send 10c to Dept. A, for trial samples.

The HERPICIDE CO. DETROIT, MICH.

He shook his bright brown hair at me, flashing open the deep blue of his eyes.

"It's the law of life, Peggy," he said firmly, "and the people who refuse to recognize it are the ones who lose in the battle. They are not fitted for the big circus where you and I are now. They are fitted only for the side lines. You don't want to be on the side lines, do you?"

I said no and shuddered, suddenly filled with a strong memory of the life that I had lived before Ben came into it.

No, indeed, I didn't want that. Work and again work, calm, quiet days, long nights, earnest and attentive people for friends, but seldom a laugh, seldom a bit of pleasure, with all the machinery of life hard, hard. In one of the slinky silk negligées that Ben loved to have me wear in the house, I slid into his arms and he picked up one of my hands and kissed every finger.

"I can't have these rose leaves soiled," he said, "and if they are to be kept as they now are, father must get out and fight."

The new society which we found consisted of the younger generation of typical American families. Among them, sophistication was creeping in, but in a way quite different from that of Greenwich Village. In a more substantial way, a way which counted success as the greatest thing in the world, and which ranked success by externals only.

Ben innately knew how to be just a step ahead of this sophistication.

He rode in cabs when other men of our circle walked, he had the right clothes for evening, for afternoon, for sport and for business, and wore them all well. He made it a point to change into a dinner coat every night, whether we dined alone or not, saying that this was one of the ways that the British kept up their morale in out-of-the-way places of the earth, and that people who expected to be forces in the world ought always to act as if they were already the observed, as they would ultimately be.

HE insisted that I should have quite décolleté dinner gowns, and that I should wear them every night of my life, no matter what trouble it was to stop and dress. He wanted our table to be graced with candles and flowers each night, even if we had to go in debt for them, and no matter how tired he might be, he consciously and deliberately made conversation and lingered over the coffee.

When our new friends happened to drop in informally they were likely to find us, attired as they seldom were, lingering over a table which was set for festivity. Trivial as it seems, this was one of the things which slowly drew to us people a great deal better off than we were, people who liked Ben's air of assurance and poise and who confidently talked to him as if a fortune were already within his grasp.

Again, in a short five months, we moved to an apartment on Riverside Drive—not the great, spacious and expensive place which was our next stop, but to a building where there was a "foyer" and much bebuttoned darkies and where the deliveries and the servants used a separate elevator. I had a lovely bedroom and bath to myself there and it was there that my son Edgar was born.

By this time Ben was more than a "comer" in Wall Street. He was selling more and more bonds. He had a private office of his own with two stenographers and was making money faster and faster. He needed to, for as soon as Edgar was three months old we had a French nurse for him and Ben and I started out to really make an impression among the new people by whom I found myself surrounded. Ben had what was really a magic ability to accumulate people. Used as I was to him, I was astonished to have over a hundred people come in on the first afternoon that I was "at home" after the birth of my boy. Most of them I had never seen before, but the women "my dear'd" me and the men were very attentive.

I looked over at Ben, seemingly so boyish, laughing away, so gay and irresponsible looking, and began to have some real perception of my husband's genius.

THERE began now, in earnest, the kind of a life that I lived for years afterward. The nurse took care of Edgar beautifully. I had an excellent maid for the house, extra help when needed, the washing sent out, tailors to make my clothes, every material detail of my life cared for, but I had exhaustive duties, just the same, which grew heavier and heavier as time went on, so that, as I have said before, Ben, tired as he was, got into the habit of rubbing my back every night, to lessen the nervous tension under which I labored.

Now I learned to pinch and save, not in pennies but by purchasing in quantities. I gave up what would have been the sewing room or the trunk room in our apartment to storage. The commonest foods I bought in twenty pound lots, coffee in the sack, green, to be roasted once a day and ground while still warm, getting it for ten cents a pound and gaining the reputation of being the finest coffee maker in New York. I shopped endlessly; buying cautiously hats, gowns, gloves, shoes, wraps, all the endless array of clothes that a woman needs if she is to be more than a shadow moving amongst other shadows to the discriminating eye.

I learned the trick of buying from the little shops where the models of many famous dresses appeared after they had served time in the glass cases of Fifth Avenue. I discovered Lexington Avenue almost before the world did, and used the small, clever shops there.

Soon, although Ben made less money than many other men did who were more or less in his class, we began to be the arbiters of that little world. We were continually being courted. People watched our comings and goings, quoted us, aped us, envied us, sneered at us. We were marked for the fact that there did not seem to be any "back stage" phase to our existence. People could come in at any time and find me as quietly and well gowned as if I had issued invitations.

They could come in any evening and find Ben and me well dressed and ready to receive all and sundry. We had a little car when other men of Ben's position did not think that they could afford one. We could not afford one, either, but Ben's

manner of superb confidence got us anything that he decided that we ought to have. Thus we were always greatly in debt but there was always money enough to meet whatever payments were due.

Very early in my life on Riverside Drive, I learned to keep careful accounts, to stretch budgets, to pay a little here and there that I might buy more here and there.

"Never look down," Ben would say gaily to me. "That's the advice that they give the steeplejacks and we are a pair of steeplejacks. It's not enough to keep your place. You have to shove it ahead of you."

Following this rule, he was never the man who was dismissed from a firm or a connection but the man who dismissed himself. The moment that there did not seem to be an immediate chance of a "raise" or of making better terms, he began to look for another connection. So, instead of his watching the faces of the men he did business with, they watched his. It grew to be a sign of prosperity for any firm to have a contract with Ben Butler. "You must be good, if you can afford *him*," others would say to that firm.

We were breathlessly climbing when that madness, the World War, broke loose.

I shall never forget the whoop of joy with which Ben cried:

"*Now* watch us clean up!"

I WAS stunned. Father had written me one of his rare letters, a careful, guarded letter, in his meticulous hand, with the old-fashioned letter formations, just before the war did break, warning me of "The greatest catastrophe we have ever known," and urging me not to forget that America ought to take a proud and honest position.

This was just as the first rumbles of the war began, and before even our statesmen were aware of the impending conflict. At least, before they allowed their awareness to get into the papers. It was characteristic of father that he should write me on such a subject at length, when he had sent me only a pleasant note when Edgar was born. I never appreciated the solid power of my father's mind until long after he had been laid away with the other Pendletons in the old churchyard. However, when Ben greeted the war with a yell of exultation I was stunned. Feebly I tried to tell him that it was a terrible thing, that we ought not to look forward to benefiting by it, but he only gave me his usual response; he squeezed my hand, and grinned and said:

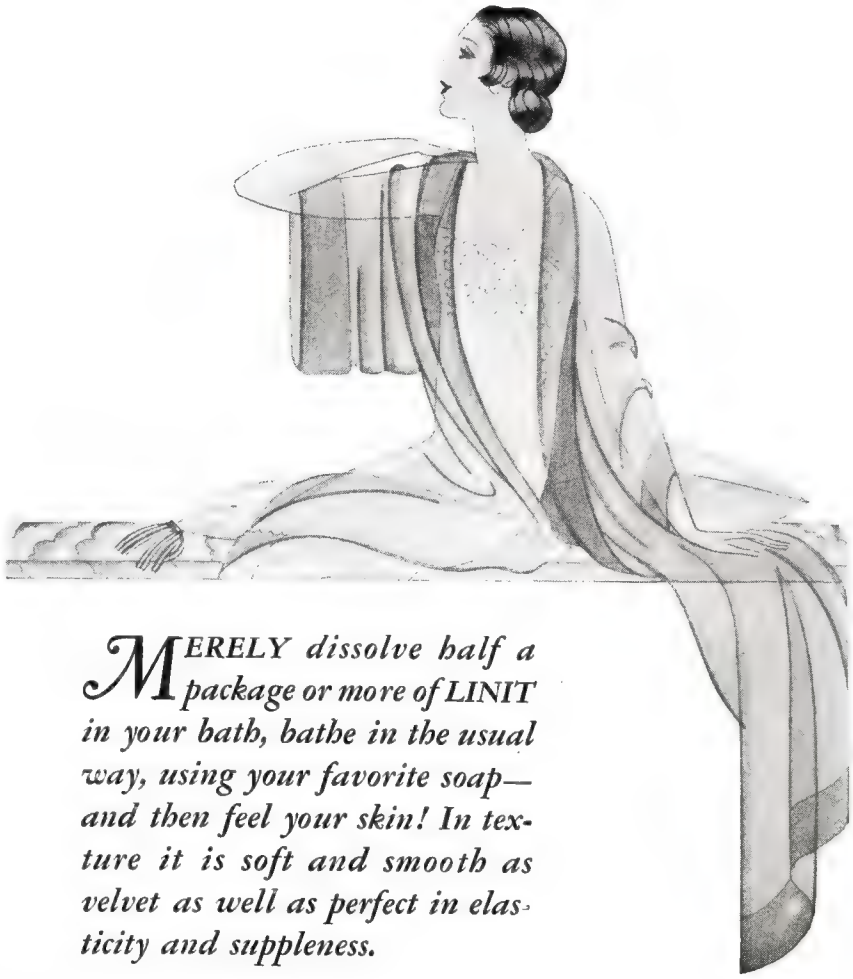
"Old girl, you watch the fun!"

I don't pretend to know what he did then. He sold stocks feverishly. He was, more than he had ever been in his life, away from home. But the tempo of our family life increased and increased. A class of persons with which I had not been familiar began to associate with us. They were common and uneducated, some of them, some of them frankly on the edge of the criminal world; all of them out to "get theirs."

It was at this period that I began to grow vaguely alarmed, vaguely uneasy. The people whom we had more or less known as fairly substantial seemed to literally fall apart. Men lost their modest

The Remarkable LINIT *Beauty Bath is exhilarating . . . on Hot Nights*

THE luxurious but expense-*less* LINIT Beauty Bath helps insure a perfect night's rest by leaving on the skin a light, invisible "coating" of LINIT powder that harmlessly absorbs perspiration and gives the skin a satiny smoothness.

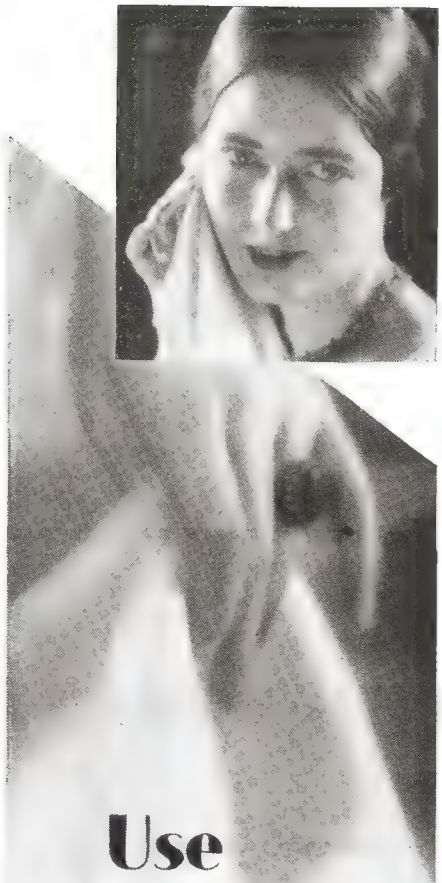


MERELY dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your bath, bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it is soft and smooth as velvet as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

STARCH from Corn is the main ingredient of LINIT. Being a vegetable product, LINIT contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, the quality and purity of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors who treat skin diseases, that they generally recommend it for the tender and sensitive skin of babies.

Linit is sold by your Grocer.

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN.



Use cold cream?

then remove it entirely every day

to avoid sallowness, acne and other skin troubles learn to *rub cold cream off instead of rubbing it in.*

FACE creams, dust and dirt that gather in the pores, powder and rouge—all these things endanger your skin beauty. Wash cloths and towels don't really remove cold cream. They *rub it in, instead of off.* And they must be laundered too often when soiled with cream and make-up. Old pieces of linen are regular germ-breeders, infecting the skin.

You must remove cold cream with a substance that is made *to absorb!* There is a product created just for this purpose, called Kleenex.

Kleenex cleansing tissues are soft, delicate to touch, pure white, hygienic. You use them once, then discard them like paper. And they cost so little that laundry bills seem extravagant in comparison. They're ideal for blending rouge and powder, too.

If you don't already know Kleenex, send the coupon below for a sample packet.

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Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois. Please send sample to

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fortunes over-night and their families disappeared from our view, sunk, lost in some abyss where they did not wish us to follow them, and where we would not have done so. Crash! Some man was out of business and, at once, several more were, too.

Ben and his special friends were of a different caliber. They seized opportunities, they flung themselves into big breaches, they gambled fearlessly, with a laugh in their teeth.

Prices of everything went up. Instead of retrenching, Ben, true to his code, increased his expenditure. It was then that we moved to one of the duplex apartments in the fashionable section. It was then that he urged me to be careful, not in the spending of money but in "keeping with the right people." In this new house of ours I found a new set of people, partly through the very fact that we lived there and partly through the fact that Ben was now a partner in the old and very substantial firm of Carter, Harris, Jones and Butler. Their specialty was "a quick turnover"—at least, that was what it had come to be. Mr. Harris, who was the only member with whom I ever had very close contact, mourned to me once that he feared their turnovers were too quick, but he was always in bad repute among the members of his firm, who disrespectfully spoke of him as "old Crape."

THESE newest people were a notch above the war profiteers, with whom I had had only a fleeting association. They were possessed of country "places" on Long Island or out Westchester way. They went to Europe as casually as I went downtown. They never seemed to work. Men and women, they always seemed able to be tea-ing at some smart hotel or off on somebody's yacht.

Ben and I began to do that, too. I wondered how Ben managed, but old Mr. Harris mournfully informed me one day, as we sat on the porch of a big country club where Ben and half a dozen men had gone ostensibly to play golf.

"What they are really doing is killing an industry so that another industry can be born," he told me, "It is not business, according to my way of thinking. We used to get these things over in the office and then go home to our families. I don't know any more when office hours begin and end. These boys play all the time and work all the time, and you never know where you are."

The war taught us the word camouflage, but the thing itself was no novelty. There were days during the first year of the War when I was living in my eagle's nest far up in the big building when I had a ghastly sensation that I was not really there, at all, that it was only a sort of picture of me that was there.

Out of this state I was shocked by the discovery that I was to have another child. And just when I found this out, my father died, without warning, quietly, after reading aloud to mother from *The Tempest*, as he so often did.

I had been home only once since I had left it, and then on an automobile tour with Ben, when we had stopped at the old place for a day. I had been struck with what seemed to me the pitiful poverty of it, and I had tried to induce father to sell the place and at least go and live in a good hotel in Baltimore, but although he listened to me, he had only smiled gently at me, and when we left, nothing had been decided.

Mother was as quiet and silent as usual, when I walked into the front door of my girlhood home. It was November and the trees were bare. All the countryside seemed to be inexpressively lonely. Not a horse stirred in the fields. I had forgotten how solitary the earth could look under November skies—in the country.

THE house frightened me. There was no bath. There was no one to bring me water when I wished to dress. Food had to be prepared over the kitchen stove, with coal, which required careful attention. There was the old "base-burner" in the parlor where we gathered, but the rest of the house was chilly. Father lay, with a hint of his usual smile, in the library, where it was so cold that you could see your breath.

I went in there by myself, on the second day and looked long into his quiet face; wondering what life had brought him, how it felt to be out of it, and whether he had known that he was going, in the few minutes before he died. How pitiful and poor his life looked to me. One long succession of quiet and uneventful days.

The uncommunicativeness of father's friends was, I think, the thing which struck me with the worst chill. Few of them said anything. They came to the funeral and some of them shook hands with mother and with me. The women sat with us; but almost no one said anything.

Silent, mother sat beside me, too, and I looked uneasily and aside at her, wondering how she could be so calm. Before they closed the coffin, she got up and went over to it, and touched father, a caress which was so noble in its gesture that for the moment I was startled. Was that my mother, my plain and silent mother, who, in her dark, flowing headdress and with the profile which I suddenly saw to be beautiful, stood like some Grecian or Roman statue?

That moment passed and I forgot it. There was all the misery of the cold drive to the church. Another Pendleton "laid to rest." I shivered and cried and mother, dry-eyed though very pale, pulled my head down on her shoulder and took me back to the carriage in which we had come.

I had arranged that mother was to come back to the city with me. Ben had insisted on this. He said that I would need mother, that he was getting more and more busy, that Edgar ought to have her and finally, that she'd be happier.

So mother came back, and I put her in one of the bedrooms where we had used to put guests. The nursery, where Edgar and his nurse lived, was next to it. Mother dismissed the nurse. She said that unless she had real work she would not be happy and that she was not used to servants. So she and Edgar began their life together and, although I was supposed to be very "quiet," entertaining went on in our house pretty steadily.

Ben performed miracles, so that he might again be home with me, but we seldom saw each other without others near and with us. People had found out that our home was always ready to receive guests and that we were hosts who received with every air of being happy in doing so.

Mother would not take part in our family life. With her black dress, her small, sheer white apron, her hair parted in the middle, her steel-bowed spectacles, she was an incongruous figure in this ultra modern home of ours, and if she had not had the good sense to take her silent place behind it there would have been difficulty. When I think that even Ben thought that mother did not want to see company and that she was too "old fashioned" for us, and that neither one of us knew enough to see that she understood us a great deal better than we did her!

She made no comment on our way of life, and did not encourage me to make any. She liked dinner at noon, so she and Edgar had it then, and they had light supper at five. When Molly was born, with all the ultra modern accessories of two nurses, a doctor and a specialist, and a nurse for the baby in addition, she said just one thing:

"I suppose that it will be a year before you think that I can take care of her."

IT was all of that. We kept the special baby's nurse for her and as there was not room enough in our apartment for this nurse, she and the baby had a room in one of the hotels near by. Mother made no comment on this arrangement, but I knew what she thought. It was Ben's idea. I knew that the increasing pressure of our financial affairs was getting very heavy and feebly tried to insist that we should take Molly into our room and then have mother help me with her, with the addition of a nurse for both children, but Ben was so nervous about this and so irritable—for once in his life—that I agreed.

This was a period in which life hit such a pace with us that there were times when Ben did not even see the children for days at a time and when I could not do much better.

Our house was the gathering place of all sorts of people. We were getting bigger and bigger in business.

I had to spend my entire time seeing women whose husbands were part of Ben's following, and we entertained lavishly. It was no longer possible for me to do what I had done up to that time, in the way of serving meals which I skillfully arranged for in inexpensive ways. Dining at the expensive and exclusive restaurant on the twentieth floor of our big building was "the thing," and many a time twenty people were with us at some impromptu party. I used to shiver and deliberately put away the thought of what each mouthful of food that our guests put into their mouths would cost us. Motoring out to one of the fashionable restaurants on Long Island was a weekly event. Even with only one carload, we never got out of it for less than a hundred dollars.

The war was in full swing now, and more and more every other interest was swallowed up in it. The stock market was in a very doubtful condition and

See Your Teeth WHITEN

3 Shades in 3 Days

Amazing Kolynos Dry-Brush Technique Removes the "Yellow"

"Yellow teeth" are merely teeth coated with a mucin. This coating makes the teeth look dingy and uncared for. It catches stains from foods, drinks and tobacco, and discolors. It holds odors, fouls in the mouth and causes bad breath and "bad taste."

The average tooth paste has little or no effect on this coating. Being mucus-like, it merely slips back and forth on the teeth under the toothbrush. Gritty pastes and powders only cut furrows in it, and sometimes in the enamel, too!

Kolynos deals with this mucoid coating in a different way. A half inch of Kolynos on a dry brush—*the Kolynos Technique*—fills the mouth with a foam that is antiseptic, germicidal and mucin-disintegrating. Using Kolynos on a dry brush you use its *full strength!* Also, the brush bristles retain enough of their stiffness to scrub the tooth surfaces properly, penetrate the crevices, pits and fissures in the teeth, and massage the gums.

Solvent Action

The antiseptic Kolynos foam spreads itself all over the teeth and throughout the mouth. It dissolves and washes away the mucoid coating on teeth that "yellows" teeth and makes them look dingy. It cleans the teeth down to the naked enamel and leaves them gleaming white

The foam bathes and stimulates the gums helping to keep them firm, pink and healthy. It refreshes and purifies the entire oral cavity, making the mouth and breath sweet and wholesome.

At Our Expense!

Try the Kolynos Technique for just 10 days. See your teeth 3 shades whiter in 3 days, and dazzling white and beautiful in 10! Mark the new sensation of freshness in your mouth—the new sense of oral cleanliness. Get a tube of Kolynos Dental Cream at any drug or toilet counter, or write today for a free two-weeks' supply!

The coupon brings you a two-weeks' tube free and postpaid! Clip and mail it today. The Kolynos Co., New Haven, Conn., Dept. TS-E.

Ask Your Dentist!

Kolynos not only removes the mucin that makes teeth dingy and yellow, but it also destroys the germs and bacteria that breed in the mouth and cause tooth decay and diseases of the gums. U. S. Bureau of Standards ranks Kolynos highest in germicidal value!

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

2 Weeks' Tube FREE

The Kolynos Co., Dept. TS-E
New Haven, Conn.

Mail me FREE Two Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.

Name .....

Street & No. .....

City ..... State .....

3 days ··· when Mum means most

Most women have discovered the need of Mum to guard the underarm from all taint.

But protection from the odors of perspiration is only half the story!

Mum performs its most important service on the sanitary napkin!

For Mum is a true deodorant. It neutralizes the most unpleasant odors as fast as they arise. Not the least offensive vapor can penetrate a protective film of Mum. Just spread it lightly on the napkin. You'll be serenely safe—all day. If you rely on anything short of this positive protection you are almost certain to offend.

There are numerous ways Mum can contribute to daintiness of person. But none is so vital as this napkinal use—to neutralize odors which the sheer dresses of today cannot confine. Use Mum at this trying time, and remain your confident self. This snowy cream is quite harmless to the most delicate skin or fabric.

Mum is not expensive; especially in the 60c jars which give you almost three times the quantity of the 35c size. All druggists.

Ben's nerves, for the first time in my experience of him, began to go. The "booms" and the "war babies" and "war brides" which were the names that were bestowed on highly profitable stocks, seemed to be the only topic of conversation, unless one might mention the weaving thread of prohibition which was getting itself into conversation oftener and oftener.

The tension increased and increased and Ben stopped laughing. Once or twice he had a night when he could not sleep at all.

One day I went into the quiet room where mother and Edgar were having their early supper. The nurse had left Molly with mother for the afternoon. She was different from Edgar, a boisterous child, always cooing and laughing, with bright, blue eyes with their turned-up fringes, just like Ben's. Mother had the knack of keeping a room in order, no matter how constant its use, and the air of peace, quiet and comfort which lay over the scene touched something in me. Suddenly I was tired and I was frightened. I sat down on the stool where mother usually put her feet when she was sewing and for a long time felt that I wanted to say something, and could not. Mother glanced at me now and then.

"DO you feel well, Laura Belle?" she asked at last.

"Well enough," I replied listlessly. "But—mother, have you noticed Ben lately? He never gets in to see you very much, but when you had breakfast with us last Sunday didn't you notice how unsteady his hand was? He never drinks much, you know. He never has; though he has the reputation. It's wonderful how he can take just a sip or two and 'ditch' the rest somewhere, as he calls it. But he's not sleeping well."

Mother helped Edgar to some rice pudding and shook her head, compressing her lips a little before she spoke:

"Daughter, it is no use for me to say anything. You and your husband have your lives to live. I do not consider that the way you live them is worth while, or the right way, but they are yours, just the same. I hope that Ben will try to take a little rest now and then; he needs it."

Beyond that she would not go, and I knew her too well to try to get her to talk. But I pushed the stool along until it was by her chair, and leaned my head against her for a while. She laid her hand kindly on my hair and finally began to lightly pass it over my forehead and eyes, something which she had often done in my early years, when I had had so many dull, baffling headaches.

That was the beginning of a vague and yet very positive development of a closer relationship between mother and me. I felt that she was wise; I was beginning to understand the stern strength of her character and also to appreciate how much she had taken off of me in the care of the children. That week I really asserted myself and declared that Molly's nurse could go now; that mother would take care of her for me, with just a little nursemaid for both children.

Ben frightened me by irritably and absently agreeing. It was the first time that anything which had to do with me or our home or the children had not seemed to be of the utmost importance to him.

Suddenly, like the popping of buds on a laurel bush, America gave a whoop and threw herself into the War. The air tightened nerves everywhere, bands were playing along all the principal streets, orators were on the steps of the library with fifty thousand people packed around, listening to them, women everywhere were organizing.

Ben amazed me by not feeling a thing about the rightness or the wrongness of it, and by not having the slightest reaction to any nation's part in the fight. What he wanted was the adventure!

His eyes would blaze as I had not seen them blaze in years when the bands played; he loved the excitement; his nervousness fell away from him. It was no surprise to me when he told me that he wanted to go to the officers' training camp at Plattsburgh. I fought him about it, one of the few times in my life when I tried to influence him. The humiliation that I felt when I found that he did not even listen to what I said made me resentful. He would kiss me, and tell me how carefully he was arranging things with the firm so that I would be "quite all right," but he never even replied to a word that I said about his not being a soldier. I urged him to be "a dollar man," for which he was really fitted, but he shrugged that away.

I knew why. All those years, when I had not had time to read anything but smatterings of this and that, when I had been, as it were, Ben's armor bearer, I had learned to know my lad. I had gained something in depth of feeling, too, and the shallowness of Ben's reaction to the solemn appeal of the War hurt me as I had never been hurt by anything else in the world.

MOTHER said to me finally, "Laura Belle, you might as well stop. Ben can't feel the War as anything but a new kind of adventure. A good many men who get the reputation for being brave soldiers are like that. They want to be released for a while from the serious world where there isn't much excitement, even though they know that they endanger their lives by it."

This was heresy and I instantly flew to the defense of Ben. Mother shut her mouth, smiled at me and took up a sock that she was knitting.

I flounced out of her room and gave Ben the surprise of his life by suddenly being enthusiastic about his going to Plattsburgh. At once, he was the gay and happy lad, the joyous adventurer, and a still, small voice within me told me that mother was right. The hypnotic influence of such an atmosphere as that in which we lived at that time, however, prevented me from hanging on to the idea. It was long, long afterward, that I was to realize how true mother's estimate had been of almost all war and all soldiers.

Ben was a great success in the camp. His superiors told me that he would be a superb soldier and I did not doubt it. His qualities had always been those of the gallant fighter.

With a good many other women, I worked hard. For many months I waited on the table in one of the "huts" where we fed soldiers. I hated the work, but there was nothing else that I could do. Some of the women whom I had known were still frittering away their time and money, but many an acquaintance of mine really buckled down to work—hard, grinding, physical work.

I had deliberately chosen the work of waiting on table because it would not disfigure my hands. This was a secret that I kept to myself. Ben had always loved my hands, and they were really beautiful. Anywhere and everywhere, they were admired. Many an honest young fellow has "kidded" me about the "rose leaves" or "the snowflakes" that were bringing him big platters of ham and eggs. In a way, I felt that it was cowardly—but I didn't want Ben to lose what he had always prized so.

I had wanted to move into a less pretentious place, but Ben wouldn't hear of it. He said that if it were necessary he would; but that it would have a bad effect on the firm's reputation if we took a backward step. Besides, everything was going up and up, money was easy and his share was considerable.

SO things went along until suddenly it was Armistice Day.

I suppose that there are hundreds of thousands of women in this country and all over the world who will never forget that day. I never shall. I went to a balcony high up on our building, where a number of the tenants were gathered and listened to the titanic roar which told me that the war was over, and that Ben, my Ben, was coming right home to us. Mother refused to come down. She sat quietly in her room, something monumental about her simplicity, and her set, still face.

"Yes, dear," she said, "I'm glad! It was time."

"And Ben didn't have to fight, after all!" I exulted.

She gave me a glance over the top of her glasses and there was rebuke in it.

"Others did," she said slowly, "and perhaps it would have been better for Ben if he had, too."

I did not understand her and instantly flared up in his defense. Hadn't he gone to the training camp? Was it his fault if the war stopped a week before he was scheduled to sail for Europe and the fighting? Mother shook her head.

"I didn't mean it that way, Laura Belle," she said and would say no more.

Ben came home soon afterward and I had a wild celebration staged for him, with all his "old friends," whom we had known actually for several years, to welcome him. He was brown and leaner than I had ever known him; a little older, a little colder. There was something lacking in him. Try as we all did that night, the old thrill was out of the party.

Most of the people went home at twelve. By half-past one the apartment contained only ourselves. I had waited for that moment, when we were alone, thrilled with the belief that it would be like finding Ben again; for the time when he had been at the training camp was the first separation that we had ever had, but he was tired—tired in a way that I

Shampooing

done properly . . adds loveliness to

Your Hair

Why Ordinary Washing . . fails to clean thoroughly, Thus preventing the . . . Real Beauty . . . Lustre, Natural Wave and Color of Hair from showing

THE beauty, the sparkle . . . the gloss and lustre of your hair . . . depend, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Only thorough shampooing will . . . remove this film . . . and let the sparkle, and rich natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Washing with ordinary soap fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value . . . beautiful hair . . . use Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

This clear and entirely greaseless product, not only cleans the hair thoroughly, but is so mild, and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified make an abundance of . . . rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

The next time you wash your hair, try Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo and . . . just see . . . how really beautiful . . . your hair will look.

It will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking, wavy and easy to manage and it will—fairly sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

For Your Protection

Ordinary Cocoanut Oil Shampoos are not—"MULSIFIED." Ask for, and be sure you get—"MULSIFIED."

MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

had never seen him and I soon persuaded him to go to bed.

He slept, moaning in his sleep, and I sat across from him, in the shadow of the window drapery, where I was sure that he could not see me, if he awoke and shivered with fear.

Something was wrong. I knew it. Of course, what I feared was the tragedy of the other woman, the other woman that so many men found, either just outside the training camps or in the nearby towns. Ben had not wanted me to go up to Plattsburgh. He said that it would distract him and that it was a stupid little town and it would worry him to think of my being poked away there, far from the New York which I loved and which loved me. I remembered that and wondered, wondered. Finally I fled to the dressing room to cry miserably half the night.

What had the War done to Ben Butler? Was there really another woman, or had it merely wakened his soul, as it did the souls of so many men and women? Another installment of this absorbing story of a woman's life will appear in the

August TRUE STORY Magazine
On Sale Everywhere July 5th.

LOIS MORAN
one of Fox Film's new sensations, applying Boncilla clasmic pack

For Girls Who Care

A Wealth of New Enticements

Queens of beauty, on the stage, the screen or anywhere, are persistent users of Boncilla clasmic pack. This is their premier help.

Scores of them send us their endorsements, for which nothing is offered or paid. But we print them to help others who desire to look their best.

One appeal is to girls. We urge them to prepare for their great occasions, just as these artists do. No matter what make-up you use, start with the right foundation.

First apply Boncilla clasmic pack. You will feel it act, and quickly see amazing results. It draws from the skin whatever clogs or mars it —dirt and grime, dead skin and hardened oil. The causes of blackheads and blemishes. The result is a clear, clean skin.

It draws the blood to the surface to nourish and revive the skin. The result is a radiant glow, an animated look. You will wonder at the quick, amazing change.

Corrects Skin Faults

Blackheads and blemishes are caused by contaminations. Boncilla draws them out.

With older women, little lines are eradicated, wrinkles are combated, sagging muscles are made firmer. Enlarged pores are reduced, rough skins are made softer. New youth appears, and it often comes at once.

Every girl or woman owes herself this basic beauty help. Do this first, then apply whatever else you wish.

The way to know is to apply Boncilla clasmic pack. All toilet counters supply it. Tubes, 50c and $1—jars, $3.50. Or the coupon with 10 cents will bring you a week's test of four major beauty aids —the pack, two creams and a new-type powder. Please act now.

Four *New Beauty* Aids

BONCILLA—Indianapolis, Ind. T. S. 729

Send four quick aids to beauty—the pack, two creams and powder. I enclose a dime.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ 195

The House That Love Built

(*Continued from page 69*)

can get most rooms for our money in a rectangular house."

These little planning parties were nightly occurrences, and recurrences all through the week-end. Plans were changed, rooms modified, and untold compromises made.

I wanted small panes in the windows to give a cottage-like effect, and to break up the large surfaces. Isobel acknowledged the value of the idea, but floored me with the argument that she had to wash the windows and that six small panes were about six times as hard to wash as one large one. So what we did, was to have small panes in the upper sashes where frequent washings would not be necessary because the youngsters' little hands and noses would not be constantly pressed against the glass to dirty it, and large single panes in the lower sashes which the children could reach.

Where we achieved distinction was in the grouping of the windows.

ON the front of both the living and dining rooms, the effect of one large and generous window was gained by placing three windows side by side, with nothing but thin frames between for the sash weights.

For the high window over the sideboard in the dining room, we used only an upper sash, and hinged it like a single casement. We did this, too, with the two high windows on either side of the fireplace in the living room which was above the built-in bookcases.

When everything was arranged, so I thought, as nearly perfect as possible, I told Isobel that I was going to take my sketches to an architect and have him make some real plans and specifications.

"But your sketches are all right now," Isobel insisted, "they look as good as any we've seen in the magazines."

"I know," I said, graciously accepting the compliment, "but they need an architect. I don't know how high the risers on a step should be. I don't know whether those stairs are going to come out all right, or if they're going to have a step too many or too few, or maybe a half step somewhere to fool somebody."

I took another breath, "Besides, the architect makes specifications which call for the right sort of material, and checks up on the contractor, so you can tell if you're getting gypped."

Isobel seemed to be convinced, but still persisted, "Isn't it a little early to get an architect if you don't know when and where you're going to build and haven't even got the money yet?"

"Well, yes, and no!" was my answer. "I find that if you know what you want, and if you want it hard enough, you'll generally get it. That's the theory I went on when I took you away from that big collection of other fellows who didn't want you quite as much as I did."

"NOW don't get too proud of yourself," Isobel cautioned. "You didn't do it all, you know. Supposing I preferred you to the rest of them? Maybe that had something to do with it."

"All right, have it your own way," I came back. "But as I was saying, as long as we know what we want, we're going to get it."

So with Isobel's blessing, I went to two young friends of mine who were just starting out as architects. They said that the plans I made were perfectly plain and easy to follow, but that they would have to be worked out in detail. And not until I saw their blue prints did I realize that there were so many details to a building.

The blue prints included the front and side elevations, and the floor plans of the cellar and the first and second stories. As we examined them, it seemed almost as if we owned the house already and could start moving in.

I said to Isobel, "Now we won't have to use the chiffonier as a baby's crib."

The adventures of Isobel and Leslie in planning and constructing "The House That Love Built" will be continued in the

August TRUE STORY HOME MAKER.
On Sale Everywhere July 5th

An Invitation to every TRUE STORY Reader

Every Friday, we are broadcasting a program combining delightful music, absorbing romance and adventurous travel. A complete list of the twenty-one True Story Hour stations is printed on page 127.

Why She Disappeared

(*Continued from page* 53)

often unnecessary between friends. How well I know that Alice's little ruse was just another bit of aid for me.

And there by the rippling, singing water, the wind murmuring in the trees around us, the ethereal moonlight glorifying her sweet face, I asked Janet to be my wife. I do not recall that all these beauties of nature registered with me that night, but when that hallowed hour comes to me, I am conscious of it all, a fitting setting for a perfect memory.

Perfect in spite of the quick tears, the sob in her voice; it was hard to get her to talk, but finally to my joy and relief, I was able to understand that it was not because she did not love me, but due to a deep regret that she could not come to me untouched by the experiences that had shadowed her life. To me that mattered not at all, save for the thought that she had known sorrow—she who deserved only happiness.

I do not know how long we stood there; like a dream I remember that finally Alice and Jim came looking for us. We did not need to tell them the happy news.

After the congratulations were over, Jim grumbled. "We wouldn't have come now, but they put us out of the tavern, locked it up and won't open up for breakfast for a few minutes. And we thought there was room on this bench for another couple—it's our bench anyway." And in a happy mood, we drove home.

There was no reason for delay, so in less than six weeks from the night I met Janet, she was my wife. No words can express my joy and pride nor tell the happiness of the next eight years; they were too perfect, too happy to last.

IF ever, in this world, two people were meant for each other, they were Janet and I. As the swift years went by, we grew closer and closer.

Not that we escaped sorrow. Our first baby, a boy, died at birth, and the little girl who came to us two years later lived only eighteen months. It was hard to lose them, especially little Marianne. She had grown into the very fiber of our lives, a healthy, robust child, never sick until that dreadful epidemic of infantile paralysis swept our city.

Our grief only made our love deeper, made us more dependent on each other and, terrible as it was to lose Marianne, I knew it would have been far worse to lose Janet. It was well in those years that I had no inkling the Fates were weaving that loss for me, too.

But she was always in perfect health and, though rather delicate in appearance, full of life and vitality.

"We shall have more children, Tom," she often whispered. "We are young yet and I pray every day for them."

We knew that she grieved for Marianne, but she was brave about it, and life was full of interests and activities for Janet.

She had so many friends and had completely thrown off the reserve that had crept over her in former years. Her beautiful nature grew and expanded like a rich flower.

96 out of every 100 Brides give their hands Beauty Care right in the dishpan

Brides tell us . . . clever wives everywhere say . . . "We have found a wonderful new beauty secret *right in the dishpan!*"

As 1605 out of 1657 recent brides questioned in 11 big cities explained it—

"We have discovered such a simple way to keep our hands smooth and white in spite of housework—*using Lux for our dishes.*"

Beauty Experts Agree

Experts in 305 famous beauty shops are enthusiastic about this new kind of beauty care for the hands!

These experts say—

"With all our experience we cannot distinguish between hands that never wash dishes and hands that wash dishes with Lux . . . *Lux in the dishpan gives real beauty care.*"

Start today giving *your* hands this wise beauty care! It's so inexpensive!

Lux for all your dishes costs *less than 1¢ a day!* Lovely white hands for such a tiny cost!

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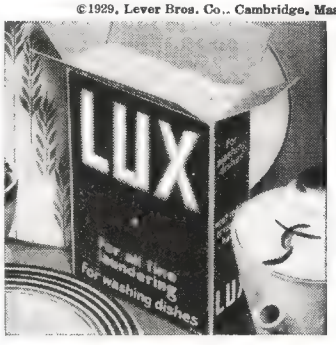

Everyone knows who they are...

but you never dreamed they had

GRAY HAIR!

Here is a famous Broadway star and a social leader—both restore their hair to youthful color, yet not even their best friends know it.

Test free their way to youthful color

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Miss B..... (*well-known actress*) was told by her physician to use this way because of its safety. This way replaces crude, dangerous dyes.

YOU'LL never know these women once had hair streaked with gray. Thousands of others who know them in society or see them daily on the stage will never know it.

Now you may end gray and faded streaks by the method they find so priceless. In the privacy of your boudoir you will be amazed at how it erases the years. Send the coupon to Mary T. Goldman, its discoverer, for a free test package to try.

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When it arrives, simply dampen a comb in this amazing liquid—clear and colorless as water—then run it through the hair. That's all.

Touch only certain parts or the entire head, it makes no difference. You can almost see the color creep back, so naturally does it do its work. Streaks disappear . . . gray vanishes. If auburn, your hair reverts to auburn. If black, black it will be.

No need now for crude, messy dyes judged dangerous to hair. This way defies detection. Nothing to wash or rub off.

Please send for your free test package. Then snip off a single lock of your hair and try it first on that.

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Check color: Black....dark brown....medium brown....auburn (dark red)...light brown...light auburn...blonde...

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Please print your name and address

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Hair Color Restorer

How proud and happy I was those days! "I wish we could live forever, Janet!" I often said.

Once she answered, "Why, we shall live forever, Tom, only it will be different."

"But I like it this way," I retorted. And despite her deep religious faith, Janet laughed merrily.

"You will be rather a broad-shouldered angel, Tom!"

"I'll probably get thinner, not having anything to eat, but I guess I can stand it, if they'll let us have a little corner of Heaven for ourselves."

It was often necessary for me to take long trips, and Janet nearly always accompanied me. We visited most of our large cities, attended the opera in New York and so forth. Her mind was a storehouse of interesting information, as she was a voracious reader. So wherever we went, she knew what to look for. We had wonderful times.

IT was about eight years after we were married that I went East alone. Janet's mother had been taken seriously ill just as we were ready to leave.

It was the first long trip I had made without her, and I missed her happy comradeship. I was very busy, going from one city to another in the interest of our mining activities, but I had time to think of Janet. One night I kept dreaming about her, waking several times shaken with fear that she was in danger. Ordinarily I paid little heed to dreams; seldom experienced them, but that night was one succession of nightmares, and the next day they kept recurring to my mind.

I hurried through the remainder of my business, deciding to finish it through the medium of telegrams, and started home sooner than I had planned to do. It seemed as though the train fairly crawled along, and the relief I felt when I saw Janet at the station to meet me was unspeakable.

As plainly as though it were yesterday, I can see her as she stood on the platform, waving me a welcome. She wore a brown velvet costume trimmed with fur that set off her beauty to perfection, her eyes so softly luminous, her sweet, sensitive mouth. I was sure that every man present envied me when she rushed into my arms.

"Oh, Tom, I thought you'd never get here! If you had stayed much longer, I'd have gone to meet you!"

"I wish you had. I should have stayed at least a week more." In the seclusion of the car, I pulled her closer to me. She had driven down to meet me in her own little coupé.

"Then you were lonesome, too?" Her eyes were rapturous.

"I don't need to tell you that, do I? But I was sort of anxious, too—thank heaven, you're all right."

"Anxious?" She laughed merrily, "I was never better!"

When we reached home, Lutie, the capable colored housekeeper who had been with us for years, had a particularly good lunch ready.

I shall always remember that meal; the last time that Janet and I sat down together in our pretty dining room. The midday sun shone warm and bright through the windows, where Janet had drawn the draperies back, "So we can see the gorgeous autumn colors," she said.

And we were so utterly happy—had so much to tell each other. I moved my place around to the side of the table so I could be nearer to her. Finally, Lutie, privileged by her years and long service, laughed good-naturedly, "Do you all want me to cough when I open dat do', or jes' 'tend lak I don' see all dem kisses, Mistah Tom?"

"I don't care, Lutie, do as you like. Six weeks is a long time to be gone, you know," I laughed.

After lunch I had to hurry to the office for a conference with Jim. Our big car had been taken to the garage for repairs after I went away, and had not been brought back. "Take mine," Janet said.

But I knew she was going to her mother's that afternoon and replied that I'd call a taxi; then she could stop at the office for me on her way home.

While waiting for the taxi to come, we walked around the yard, commenting on the improvements we were planning, and as I rode away, she stood plucking the dead blooms from a bed of phlox, the sun warming her hair to a cloud of glory; a perfect picture of a beloved, happy woman.

That afternoon went by quickly. Jim was more than pleased at the results of my eastern trip, and I was elated at his words of honest praise. Half-past five came, and Janet was not there yet. It worried me, but trying to conceal the anxiety in my voice, I called her mother and to my surprise learned that Janet had not been there at all, nor had she telephoned her mother. Her mother had thought little of it, supposing that we were spending the afternoon downtown together and would drive out that evening.

JIM sat across from me. "That's queer," he commented, understanding from my side of the conversation.

Then the telephone rang: it was Lutie, wildly excited and difficult to understand, because she was almost hysterical. But I was able to gather that she had been gone from the house several hours and had just returned, Janet having told her that we would have a late dinner. She had known Janet was going to her mother's, but the car still stood in the driveway where we had left it at noon, and she was afraid Janet had been kidnaped. No, her purse lay on the table where she had left it.

A cold sweat broke over me. "I'll be right out, Lutie. Don't call any one else."

"What has happened?" Jim asked breathlessly.

"I don't know, but I'm afraid! Janet isn't home, and her car is in the driveway where she left it. You know she always takes that car." And I grabbed my hat and coat.

"We'll go out in my car—it's right outside," Jim dashed along with me, and we sped homeward as fast as traffic would permit. Lutie had turned on nearly all the lights in the house.

"I've looked all ovah downstai's and in the basement, Mistah Tom, but I'm afraid to go upstai's! I jes' know some-

thin' awful has happened to Miss Janet, or she'd telephone!"

Jim and I bounded up the stairs; by instinct, I went first to our room. Everything was in order and in the closet; as I turned from the closet door, Jim gripped my arm, saying, "I found this on the dresser." And he handed me an envelope. My name, "Tom," was written across it in Janet's handwriting; but evidently scrawled hastily or nervously.

"Sit down, Tom," and Jim pushed me into a chair.

It took but a minute to scan the brief message.

TOM:

Clay Maynard, my husband, came back today. He has become rich in Alaska. I am going with him of my own free will. Even if I cared more for you than for him, my religion would compel me to go with him. Do not try to find me—I shall not come back. Forget me for I am going out of your life forever. *Do not try to find me.*

JANET MAYNARD

That was all; each word in the last sentence heavily underscored, adding a terrible finality to their meaning! I thrust it at Jim. "Jim, read it aloud! tell me I've read it wrong! Read it!"

Consternation and pity in his voice, Jim read it slowly, each word burning into my brain. It sounded so unlike Janet, not even "dear Tom"; no word of endearment, no mention of the years together nor of regret.

The same suspicion darted through Jim's mind as was in mine. "Tom," he gasped, "she wrote that under threat! What shall we do?"

I SPRANG to my feet, "I must find her, Janet is frightened! She needs me!"

We acted quickly and quietly. With Jim's help and the services of a private detective we learned in a few hours that Clay Maynard had arrived in town that morning, discovered that Janet was married, and made his plans to take her with him on an afternoon train to Salt Lake City, even purchasing the railroad tickets before going to the house. That was all we could discover, no one had seen Janet until the train was pulling out, when a friend had seen her through the window.

Alice, in the meantime, came out to my own home, and she and Lutie found that Janet had taken only the barest traveling necessities in a small bag, leaving the jewelry which she ordinarily wore, even her engagement and wedding rings, thrown hastily in a dresser drawer. It was all so evident. Clay Maynard had compelled her to go with him.

Jim got in touch with some of the office force, giving necessary instructions, and left with the detective and me on a late train for Salt Lake City, leaving Alice to tell Janet's mother the meager facts we had been able to learn or guess. "Keep right with me, Tom," Jim urged. "I took the precaution of bringing a gun. Maybe you don't know it, but Clay Maynard has the reputation of having killed a man down South."

Two days later we found Janet. They were registered at a large hotel in Salt Lake City, and fortunately, Janet was in the suite alone when we arrived. Jim and the detective paced up and down the hall after they were certain that Janet

Again . . . she didn't feel like going out

ONCE she had been a companion to her husband in everything. But now she was finding it impossible to be the comrade she used to be. He could not understand why. Neither could she.

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was there alone and evidently unharmed.

But how white and frightened she was! "Tom, Tom, darling! He—Clay may come any minute—he will shoot you! Oh, kiss me again and go, go, Tom!" and she pushed me wildly toward the door.

"He can't hurt me, dearest, nor any one else." I held her in my arms, trying to soothe her, "Jim and a detective are outside the door, both armed."

She was trembling so she could scarcely talk. Oh, how thankful I was to have her again! I had seen Janet in tears before but never could I have imagined her so broken and desperate, and my heart swelled with a grim determination to settle this mad affair quickly—to kill Clay Maynard. That seemed the only solution.

"Janet, I know you wrote that note under threat. You don't have to go with him; religion or no religion, you are my wife, not his! We can get a divorce and you and I be married again. Did you dream for one minute I could let you go?"

"But I must go—you don't understand!" She was frantic, "He will surely kill you! Kill all of us! For myself, I don't care, I want to die, but I won't sacrifice you! Nobody knows what a terrible temper he has—I never told! It won't be long, Tom, for me. You must forget me, but go, please go, now!"

All the while she was holding my face in her hands, looking at me as though trying to impress every feature on her memory, as if seeing me for the last time.

"Forget you! Forget you, Janet! Why, you are part of me—these are my hands," and I took the dear caressing hands in mine. "You are all mine, Clay Maynard cannot have you! I'll never let you go!"

"I HAVE to go, Tom. It isn't my religion—I've found that you are more than that to me. You know that," she had grown quieter, "he won't hurt me if I go with him, but unless I do, he will kill you. Maybe something will happen to release me, but I must go now."

The renunciation and despair in her face and voice were tearing my heart. It was impossible for me to believe that she really thought she had to go with him, but gradually I realized her determination. "Better for me to die, for both of us to die, dear, than for you to go with him, to live with him!"

"I know it, Tom. Maybe I will die—I hope so, but if I don't go with him now it will mean that I have murdered you! You don't know—I didn't have a minute alone until this afternoon, then I sent wires to you and mother. He stood over me with a gun at the house," she trembled, "but since I came he has been kind—he won't harm me now. Oh, Tom, if I could only die now, here in your arms!"

A light tap sounded at the door, and Clay Maynard, followed by Jim and the detective, stepped into the room. At sight of Maynard, I could feel Janet trembling. He was a tall, handsome man, polished, courtly in appearance, having a manner of success and affluence.

When he saw Janet and me standing together, a dark flush of anger dyed his cheeks, betraying a violent temper, and he spoke haughtily, "Release my wife, Mr. Gaylord!"

At his words, Janet's hands covered her face, and she sank into a chair. As I turned, his hand moved to his hip pocket, and I sprang at him.

But in the same instant the detective caught his arm, and Jim pulled me back, saying quietly, "Not that way, Tom, not that way!"

I tried to calm myself, tried to reason with Clay Maynard in every manly way, urging him to release Janet, but to no avail. He was firm in his determination to take her back to his native city, New Orleans, where they would establish a home. They had stopped in Salt Lake City only to buy her a new wardrobe.

He was very suave, even expressing regret for the dastardly way he had treated her in leading her to think he was dead, giving his reason that he had left Denver under a cloud and at the time he had that letter written to her, he was in poor health and badly off financially and thought she would be happier without him.

Now, having made a fortune, he was eager to make it all up to her, and nothing could induce him to give her up. I pleaded that she cared for me.

"She may care for you," he answered, "but her religion will keep her mine. I know Janet can be trusted and have no fear of the future."

UP to that time, Jim had said nothing, but he broke in, "I don't believe that even religion would keep Janet from Tom. I believe that you have threatened her!"

Again that dark look; he turned to Janet, "Are you going with me of your own free will or not, Janet? After all, you are the one to decide."

Though he spoke gently, there was a veiled threat in the words, nor did I fail to detect the look of admiration in his eyes when Janet raised her face. Before the world, at least, if she went with him, she would be a cherished wife. Wife! My heart cried out that she was my wife, not his! But my lips were sealed, fearing what she would say and knowing why. To save my life—my life that I did not want without her!

She hesitated, looking from one to the other. Jim, his features working with feeling, laid his hand on her arm and said pleadingly, "Do not be afraid, Janet. Let your heart speak."

She rose from the chair, faltering, like one in a dream, "I—I must go with Clay. Now, go, go quickly! Good-by, Jim," and for a second she pressed his hand. Dazed, he could say nothing and followed the detective to the door, where they waited.

Then she turned to me, but when I opened my arms to her, she took my hands, holding them, keeping me back from her, looking earnestly into my eyes. The gesture was so mute, so appealing, the late sun, glancing through the tall windows, crowned her with an unearthly light; she looked like a saint about to be sacrificed. Some superhuman power came to her, and it seemed that all earthly passions were washed from her soul.

The white lips never trembled as she spoke in a voice so low I could scarcely hear the words:

"There is another world—better than this, Tom. I wish now more than ever that our children had lived so you would

have them. But I'll be with them, waiting for you. For the rest of this life, goodby." And she gently pushed me through the door.

Like a sleepwalker I went with Jim. I cannot write of those months following.

Through Janet's mother, I knew that Clay Maynard had bought a beautiful home, that they traveled a great deal, and that he was kind to her. Her mother died within a few months, the shock was too much for her, and as Janet had written no one but her mother, I could no longer keep in touch with even the vaguest rumors concerning her.

For a while, I tried to live at the house; my friends urged me to dispose of it, but I had a dim hope that some day I might have her back; finally, I had Alice pack all Janet's personal belongings, locked the house and went to a club to live.

It stood empty three years—those maddening three years thinking of Janet with Clay Maynard. Day and night she was in my thoughts: the only thing that kept me from her was the fear that she would suffer if I attempted to see her.

In the meantime, I courted death and oblivion in the trenches during the Great War. Countless deaths I have witnessed, boys who wanted to live, while I, who longed for death, came back uninjured.

Then, when I was trying to settle down at the office again with Jim, a telegram came from New Orleans; it was sent by the superintendent of a hospital, telling me that Janet was seriously injured and wanted me to come at once.

AGAIN, faithful Jim went with me, "Can't let you go alone, Tom. Maybe I can help this time."

En route, wiring along the way, the answering messages informed me that her spine had been hurt, that she was conscious and suffering but little, and that Clay Maynard had been killed in the automobile accident when she was injured.

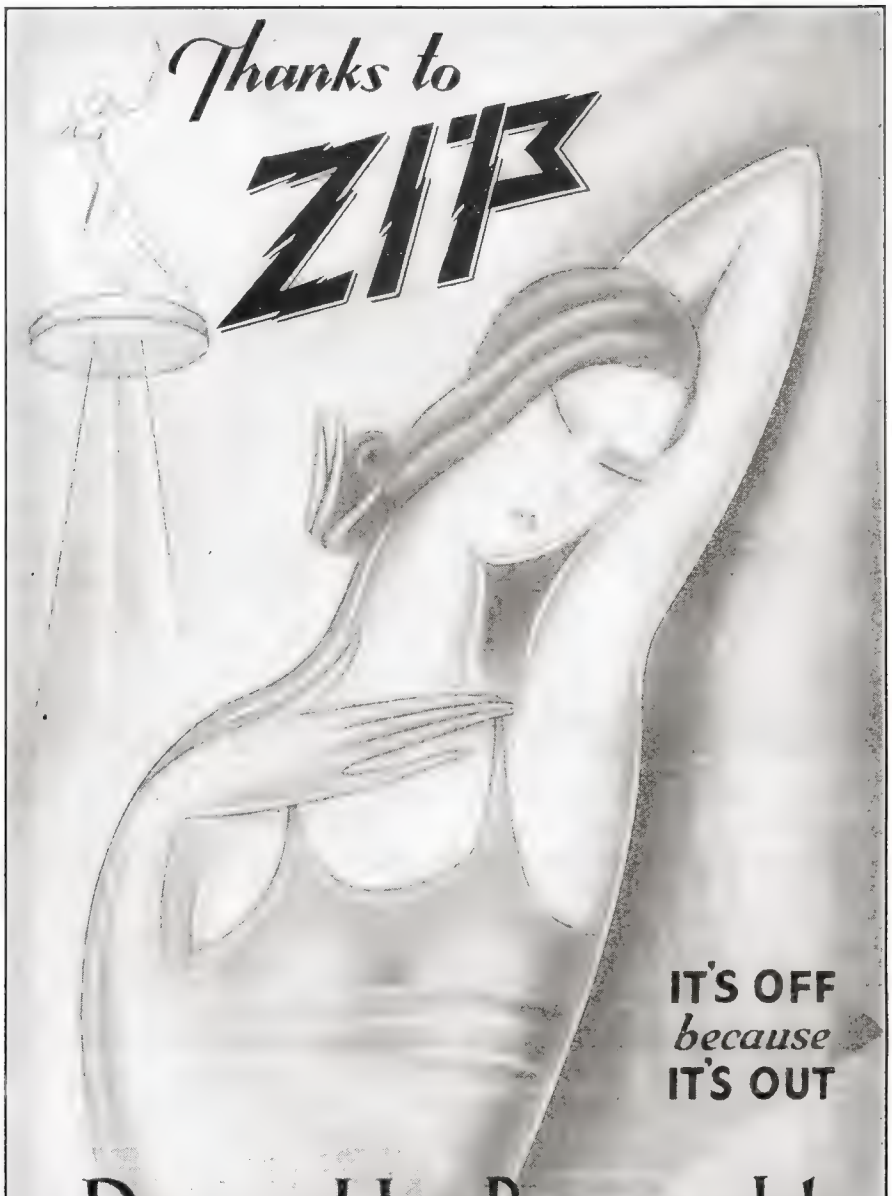
In spite of the intense worry and suspense, my heart was lighter than it had been for three years; for the time that was left, Janet was mine, I could have her with me, take care of her. In my pocket I carried her wedding ring, having gone to the safety deposit box to get some of her personal treasures.

Jim and I talked little on that trip, but he knew the wild hope I was cherishing. Before going to Janet, I saw her doctor, and he dashed my hopes to dust. Her spine was seriously hurt, paralyzing the lower part of her body.

"But," he continued, "were it not for the fact that she has been very frail for some time, she would live for years, though it is inevitable that she would be paralyzed. Now, it is only a question of time, a few months at the most.

"As soon as she was conscious, she asked for you. Her mind is absolutely clear and her courage high. I knew her very slightly but believe she has been dying of a broken heart for years. Some doctors scout that idea, but in my long practice I have seen many cases where I believe that grief shortened life when the body was apparently well."

My presence made her happy, but, oh, how white and weak she was—my Janet, who had been so bright with perfect health and high spirits! In her eyes was



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the expression of one who had given up so long ago that it was impossible to renew the fight for life. The second day, I slipped her ring on the thin white hand and whispered, "Janet, won't you wear it again?"

Tears welled up in the large eyes, "I knew you would do that, Tom, dear—now you can take me home to sleep beside the babies!"

"I'm going to take you home, dear, but you're going to live. Jim will find a priest for us and, in a few days when you are better, we'll take a nurse with us and go home."

ALICE had the house ready, everything as it used to be, but Janet stayed with me less than three months. She was so childishly happy to be home again. I would carry her or wheel her chair through the house, and through the windows she could see the shrubs and flowers that we had planted in those happy days.

We talked of her death as though it were a long journey, not sadly, but planning always that we should be together again. Life had dealt so hardly with Janet that she was scarcely of this earth when I got her back, she had too nearly crossed that mysterious border between life and death. The only way I could keep her happy was to conceal my grief.

After she was laid beside the children and her mother, I sold the home; I have never driven past it since, memory is too poignant.

Sometimes, when Jim and Alice and I sit by the fire, we talk about Janet; it is a comfort to have friends who knew and loved her. I have never ceased to regret that I did not put up more of a fight to keep her from going with Clay Maynard.

Jim always says, "No, Tom, it was better for Janet to think that she saved your life, and as for her suffering, even though she wasted away, I shall always believe that she was practically dead to the things of this world from the time she told you good-by at that hotel in Salt Lake City. She had some strange shock."

"But I might better have died than to think of her with that brute! I'll always wish that I had killed him!"

"Yes, I know, but that would have been almost unbearable to Janet. You know she was different from ordinary mortals, so religious. Somehow, I think of her as strangely untouched by those last events in her life. She was always your wife, Tom, at heart."

I have found much to interest me, to take my time, work, relatives, friends, and their children. But in my heart, life is only a husk, an empty shell, a dreary path that I must walk alone to the end. Would it not have been better if I had done the thing I wanted to do that day in the hotel? Why should Clay Maynard have been allowed to spoil our lives? Any court in the land would have vindicated me.

AH, but Janet, in the purity of her soul, would have grieved at that way, too!

Perhaps, as Jim and Alice tell me, she had more peace thinking that she saved my life and that my hands were unstained. At all events, it was not given me to settle the tangled web of our lives; perhaps if I had taken it all into my hands and decided for myself, my regret would have been greater. I can only wonder—I cannot forget!

"It's the Berries!"

(*Continued from page 73*)

settled, Billy got down to business. But what a queer business it was! He selected a bush with an unusually large number of berries on it. Then he opened the umbrella and placed it so it would form a big basket under the bush. Betty began to understand.

As if he had done the same thing every day for ten years, he grabbed the bush and shook it violently until every one of the berries and most of the stems and leaves had fallen into the upturned umbrella. To tell the truth, Billy hadn't thought about the leaves, but then, he now reasoned, they could be picked out later.

WHEN Billy emptied the berries from a single bush into a two-quart pail, it was completely filled. He had picked two quarts from a single bush, in just about two minutes! Betty was envious. It wasn't any fun dawdling along getting a quart every half hour or so, when your brother who wasn't the least bit brighter than you for your age, was getting that many in one minute.

It looked, though, as if Billy were ruining the bushes, for when he came to the second bush, he was a little too energetic and a whole branch came off in his hand as he gave it a sudden jerk.

Betty shrieked, "Oh, Billy, what is Mr. Brown going to say? I don't think you'd better pick any more that way."

BUT Billy didn't mind a little thing like that. He went right ahead as if nothing had happened; although he was a bit more careful about breaking another branch. And maybe because he was a little conscience-stricken and wanted a partner in crime, he told Betty that if she would go back home to get his old wagon that he would give her half the profits from the berries they sold.

If such was Billy's intention, it certainly worked, for the sight of all those profits looked so good to Betty that she completely forgot about the broken branches and hurried on home.

Betty didn't take long, and in addition to the wagon she brought back another umbrella. Two umbrellas, like heads, are better than one, and by three o'clock the bushel basket was full, or as full as they could safely carry it on the wagon.

The wagon had to be rolled slowly or the berries would spill. So Billy started home with it, and left Betty to fill another couple of pails. She would catch up to him before he got home anyway.

She filled the first pail quickly, but had

some difficulty finding a second bush with enough berries on it. She finally found one at the edge of a clearing in full sight of Mr. Brown's house. She got the umbrella ready and started shaking the bush. No sooner had she laid hands on it than someone rushed out of the house and swooped down upon her. It was Mrs. Brown. And it was a raving mad Mrs. Brown too.

Words flew thick and fast. So fast, in fact, that Betty didn't hear half of them. But she did hear herself being called a little demon, a wild Indian and all sorts of other things which didn't sound the least bit complimentary. And when Mrs. Brown told her that she was the kind of little girl nobody liked to have around; the kind of a girl who didn't have any consideration for other people's property, Betty's eyes filled.

Suddenly she let out a little sob and burst into tears. She cried as if her heart would break. And to think that it was all Billy's idea in the first place!

Evidently Mrs. Brown hadn't expected Betty to cry about it, and she didn't quite know what to do. She took Betty's hand in hers and told her to forget about the whole thing. But Betty went right on crying. And she cried so artistically that Mrs. Brown, in order to make her stop, actually said, "You know, Betty, now that I've thought the matter over I think you were picking your berries in the only sensible way. Hereafter, I'm always going to pick mine that way, too."

THE picture in Betty's mind of Mrs. Brown shaking blueberries into an umbrella was just too funny. She had to laugh. But she had to cry, too. So she did both.

Mrs. Brown led her into the kitchen to give her a blueberry muffin. But there weren't any more. So Betty, who had stopped crying now, asked her for the recipe. Mrs. Brown copied it out of her large cook book. It made Betty feel very foolish, because her mother had the same recipe at home. But after Mrs. Brown had started writing, Betty didn't want to tell her about that.

She took the recipe and, after thanking Mrs. Brown, hurried along home after Billy. She found him on the back porch separating the leaves from the berries. At first he was peeved because she had taken so long, but when she explained her tardiness, he admitted that she had a pretty good excuse. She told him that she would go in and bake some blueberry muffins while he went over the berries.

Betty went into the kitchen and set to work. She opened the paper Mrs. Brown had given her and read:

¼ cup of butter
¼ cup of sugar
½ teaspoonful of salt
1 egg well beaten
4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder
2⅔ cups of flour
1 cup of milk
1 cup of blueberries

Mix three-quarters of a cup of flour with the blueberries, and let stand for one hour. Cream the butter and sugar. Add the egg. Sift baking powder, salt and rest of flour. Combine the two mixtures alternately with the milk. Add the floured berries last. Bake 25 minutes at 400° F. in buttered gem pans.

It took her a long time, but when she

"Amazing—so many women must learn this from others"

—*writes a Washington hostess*

The embarrassment that comes with knowledge of this grave social offense is finally ended. An important phase of woman's oldest hygienic problem is now solved.

WHERE smart women gather socially—or in business—even the most attractive are guilty of offending others at certain times. Yet they, themselves, seldom realize it. When told, they become miserably self conscious. They try in vain to overcome the difficulty by make-shift methods. Now science offers safe and certain relief from this fear.

*Kotex now scientifically deodorizes**

Millions of women have learned to depend on Kotex within the last ten years. It has brought them better health, greater peace-of-mind under trying conditions. Now comes an added advantage. Kotex chemists have discovered (and patented) a process that absolutely ends all odors. The one remaining problem in connection with sanitary pads is solved!

No more bulky outlines

That awful feeling of being conspicuous because of the bulkiness of old-time methods is gone, too. Kotex pads are rounded and tapered so there is no evidence of sanitary protection when worn. You may add or remove layers of filler as needed—a thing all women appreciate. There is a new softness, because both filler and gauze have been specially treated. Finally, Kotex is so easy to dispose of, eliminating all need of laundering.

Buy a box today, at any drug, dry goods or department store . . . 45c for a box of twelve. Supplied, also, in rest-room vending cabinets.

*Kotex is the only sanitary pad that deodorizes by a patented process. (Patent No. 1,670,587, granted May 22, 1928.)

SUPER-SIZE KOTEX

Formerly 90c—Now 65c

Some women find Super-size Kotex a special comfort. Exactly the same as the Regular size Kotex, but with added layers of Cellucotton absorbent wadding.

KOTEX

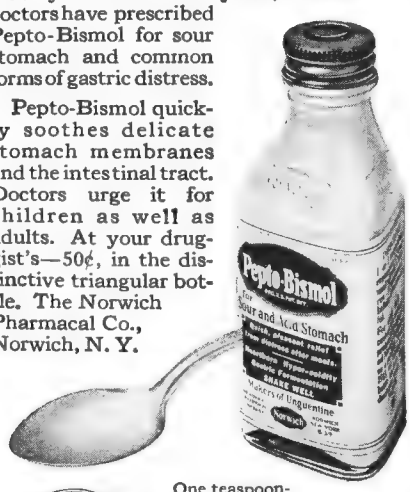
The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

STOMACH SOUR ? *Why suffer?*

Quick, pleasant relief, as prescribed by doctors for 25 years

A HEARTY meal. Then—the misery, the pain of indigestion! Is this your experience? It need not be. Today—and for 25 years, in fact—doctors have prescribed Pepto-Bismol for sour stomach and common forms of gastric distress.

Pepto-Bismol quickly soothes delicate stomach membranes and the intestinal tract. Doctors urge it for children as well as adults. At your druggist's—50¢, in the distinctive triangular bottle. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, N. Y.



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MAKERS OF UNGUENTINE

One teaspoonful every half hour until entirely relieved

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Van Ess Shampoo

makes the hardest water soft

Washes your hair this quicker, easier way

Rain water is known to be the best water for a shampoo. But *Van Ess Shampoo* makes any water as soft as rain water and hence it is the best shampoo to give the best results with any water—hard or soft. Our laboratories now offer you *Van Ess Shampoo*, the modern, water-softening shampoo which brings out the true color and brilliance of your hair. Get it from your druggist—or mail coupon for 2 shampoos free.

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was all through, the taste was worth it. The muffins were wonderful!

That evening she took some of them and wrapped them first in oil paper and then in brown wrapping paper. Then she wrote out a little note and slipped it inside the package.

Telling the family that she was going for a little walk, she went all the way over to Mrs. Brown's house, put the package on the doorstep, rang the bell and hid.

Mr. Brown came to the door, found the package and took it in to his wife.

When the door closed, Betty walked home with a light heart.

And when Mrs. Brown opened the package, she found six delicious blueberry muffins and a note, saying: "For Mrs. Brown who gave me my first lesson in consideration."

And when Billy tried to collect the bet he made with his father for picking the berries so quickly, Mr. White insisted that they weren't picked yet!

True enough, they weren't! Both the children had to work all the next day to get all the leaves and stems out. It was no easy job, either. But when they sold ten quarts to the bakery for twenty-five cents apiece, and another fourteen quarts to the vegetable store for twenty-five cents apiece, they began to think that berry picking was a great discovery.

Being clever youngsters, they summed up the whole situation themselves by saying, "It's the berries!"

Only a Woman Could Have Thought of This

(*Continued from page* 33)

They were silent at dinner, but their glares were venomous. I sat on the edge of my chair tense with expectancy, praying and hoping in my heart hostilities would not be resumed. Mother was silent and cold even toward me. I really believe she thought the same thing that Harry was thinking; that husband and wife were plotting against mother.

A wave of relief swept over me when she finally arose and with nose in the air, stalked haughtily off to her room. When she was gone I tried to engage Harry in conversation. I was quickly discouraged, however, when I received only grunts in reply. When he had finished eating he took the daily paper and stuck it up in front of his face ignoring me entirely.

As soon as I had done the dishes I went to bed. My heart was broken and my thoughts were of the gloomiest. Why should Harry be so cool and distant toward me? Surely he couldn't blame me, for his quarrels with mother. I had done my best from the beginning to pacify both of them and now instead of being brought together they were farther apart than ever before. They both were treating me with a coolness I couldn't understand.

I TRIED to figure out in what way I had failed as a wife and daughter, or why I deserved the treatment I was getting. It seemed more than I would ever be able to bear to see my house of dreams topple to ruin. What more could I do? I had crept, trembling and meek, from one to the other and pleaded tearfully with each to overlook the other's faults and not quarrel any more. I was willing to make any sacrifice for peace in my home once more. And what was the result?

Now neither of them would speak or be civil to me. Each one suspected me of plotting with the other. I didn't want to give up my husband and my hopes of a happy home, neither did I care to break my mother's heart. I had to admit now that my meek submissiveness had failed. Failed miserably and that failure meant the shattering of my brief wedded life.

All night long such thoughts as these drummed through my head as I racked my brains for a solution. Just as the first streaks of dawn came into the sky I reached a decision that was born of desperation. I doubted my ability to put it across. Still I knew the results couldn't be any worse than if things went on as at present.

It was three-thirty when I dropped off to sleep. I was up at seven and hurried to the kitchen to prepare breakfast. I was standing at the stove, making waffles, when Harry came down.

HE was still carrying a beautiful grouch on from the night before. He gave a little grunt which I suppose he meant for a greeting, but I didn't pay any attention to him and didn't even look up from my waffle iron. Of course he didn't know I was watching his reflection in the polished nickel of my range. I saw a puzzled expression cross his face as though he couldn't believe I hadn't rushed up to him with my usual cheery good morning kiss. He walked over to the window and stood looking out. Every once in a while he would glance over toward me as though trying to fathom such strange coolness on my part. Inwardly I was quaking, but outwardly I appeared cool and indifferent and seemingly interested in nothing but making waffles. I could see that his grouch was temporarily crowded out of his mind by this new puzzle.

I believe all men are alike in this respect. No matter how kind and considerate they may be otherwise, the moment they feel they have a grievance they will pout and brood and if the wife acts worried it gives them an inward feeling of satisfaction. This same grouch thrives on a frightened wife's attempts to humor or meekly try to placate him and it will not disappear until the wife is tortured to tears or just acts indifferent to it.

Mother came into the room and seated herself at the breakfast table without a word. I disregarded her just as I had Harry. The minute they saw each other they bristled up like a couple of bulldogs. They were seated on opposite sides of the table and in my nickel mirror I saw Harry hidden behind the morning paper while mother stared blankly out of the window.

I placed a stack of waffles between them and they started eating. After placing one on his plate, Harry glanced over the

table and then, as though addressing no one in particular, said:

"I'd like some syrup please."

I didn't even turn away from the stove.

"Well, if you are too crippled to walk over to the cupboard and help yourself, you will have to wait until I am through with these waffles," I said with as much sarcasm as I could command.

I was almost aghast at myself when I finished. If I had slapped him in the face, I couldn't have surprised him more. In the mirror I saw him turn toward me with his mouth open in speechless amazement at this unexpected reply. Mother, too, who thought she thoroughly understood her own daughter, looked toward me and gasped.

For one tense moment they stared alternately at each other and then at me with a mixture of awe and surprise and unbelief in their eyes. All animosity between them was forgotten for the moment by this startling change in me. I tried to appear indifferent and hummed a little tune while tapping the floor with a slippered foot in time to the music. I didn't dare turn around and meet their gaze, or I would have weakened right then and there.

Without further word Harry went over to the cupboard and helped himself. As soon as mother regained her composure, she helped herself to a waffle and promptly laid it beside her plate when she saw it was burned underneath. The next one met the same fate for the same reason.

"THE waffles are burned, dear," she said glancing toward me.

"I know they are, and I can't help it, because I am too rushed with my work this morning to make them any better," I replied as I refilled the iron.

Harry held up one of the waffles at the end of his fork and gazed disgustedly at its blackness. Mother with an even greater expression of disgust ran through the whole pile.

"I'd like one that isn't scorched, please," mother said.

"There's lots of things I'd like, too, but I can't get them," I snapped back as I whirled like a fury. "Nothing I do here is good enough. Here, take these waffles and if they aren't good enough, cook the rest yourself."

Then turning to Harry I pointed to the pile of burned pieces and fairly screamed:

"I suppose it would poison you to eat my cooking. If it isn't good enough why don't you hire a cook or go to a restaurant. Why don't you eat at a hotel? I'll tell you I'm through! All I ever get is abuse for trying to do my best. Nothing I do is right."

"Ellen!" said mother, in a tone of reproach.

"Why, Babe, what is the matter with you this morning? Are you ill? Dearest, please don't take on that way. We are not trying to criti—"

He got no further because I interrupted with a fresh outburst.

"Don't dearest me, because I tell you I'm sick of it all," I cried as I rushed out of the room clutching my hair with the most dramatic gesture I could think of.

I hurried to my room and placed my ear against the air vent that also opened into the kitchen downstairs. I could hear every word spoken as plainly as though I were in the same room with them. Mother was speaking.

"I can't understand what has come over Ellen. I'm sure she must be ill with a nervous breakdown or something. I have never seen her in such a mood before in all my life."

"Poor Babe," said Harry with feeling, "I wonder if I have been blind and not noticed how hard she was working? It must be she is run down or overworked because I can't think of any other reason. I have often spoken to her of getting a maid, but she insisted we couldn't afford it just yet, and has always said she got lots of joy out of doing her own housework. I'll never forgive myself if I have let her play out."

Even though I couldn't tell whether or not they were addressing each other, I knew that thoughts of my condition were uppermost in their mind, and it gladdened my heart to hear them talking to each other. My behavior was so utterly foreign to my nature they were both taken by surprise. Their own quarrel was temporarily dwarfed to nothingness with this new problem occupying their minds. That was just what I had hoped for and I felt good to know my plan was working out thus far at least.

Pretty soon I heard Harry's footsteps coming up the stairs. He stopped before my door and rapped softly. Then I heard mother's steps right behind him.

"Ellen," he called softly.

"Go away! Go anywhere or any place, I don't care where you go because I don't ever want to see you again," I cried in answer to him.

"Ellen dear, please don't. You don't know what you are saying. Try and rest up a bit. I won't bother you any more today, so please rest and relax," pleaded Harry.

"YES, Ellen dear, you must do as Harry says. Don't worry or think about the house because I will look after everything until you feel better. I will call a doctor, dear. Please lie down and rest until he comes," came mother's voice softly.

"I don't want a doctor, and I want you to leave me alone. Go away from me and stay away until you can be decent!" I cried through the door.

I really meant it this time because the thought of a doctor coming, almost drove me into a panic. Surely he would discover there was nothing wrong with me and that would upset my whole plan. I didn't want any interference, now that I had gone this far, but how was I to avoid meeting him? That was a question I hadn't taken into consideration.

At noon the doctor came. I opened the door of my room a little and, as their voices wafted up the stairway, I heard mother telling him in detail of my strange behavior.

"I'm sure, Doctor Dean, that her nerves have given way through overwork or worry of some sort, and I am so afraid it may be serious. Oh, I hope it can be cured and won't be permanent," she was telling him in trembling tones.

"We'll go up and talk to her. I don't believe it is serious so don't let it worry you. At least wait until we have diagnosed her case," said the doctor.

I was in a quandary as I heard their footsteps ascending the stairs.

SUMMER!

yet your POWDER *clings, rouge stays on and you look*

ALWAYS LOVELY

SUMMER . . . with old ocean beckoning down the white sands . . . limpid lakes mirroring forth joy . . . slim young bodies flashing into caressing waters. . . Summer . . . calling you to a thousand activities . . . whispering of romance in night silence . . . thrilling you with the joy of living every golden hour intensely.

Ah, yes! But there must be no pale cheeks after the swim . . . no overflushed appearance of exertion 'neath the sun's ardors . . . no shiny nose. You must remain serenely, cooly beautiful under all conditions, to fully enjoy summer . . . and with Princess Pat beauty aids *you may.*

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Princess Pat beauty aids, if used together, give a *summer-proof* make-up. You can actually go in swimming and come out with color perfect—or dance through the evening secure in the knowledge that one application of make-up is sufficient for lasting beauty.

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This is really an "acquaintance" set—enough of each preparation for thorough trial—enough for two weeks, if used with reasonable economy. And the beauty book sent with set contains information on skin care of real value—besides artful secrets of make-up which vastly enhance results from rouge, powder, lip stick and lip rouge. The set contains generous tubes of Ice Astringent, Skin Cleanser (the modern cold cream), Skin Food Cream, Almond Base Powder, Rouge and Lip Rouge. The charge of 25c helps pay for the packing of set in beautiful box, and postage. Our only other recompense is the opportunity to have you try Princess Pat beauty aids and learn their special virtues. We desire to sell only one set to a customer. And we respectfully urge your promptness.

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2709 S. Wells St., Dept. No. A-807 Chicago.
Enclosed find 25c for which send me the Princess Pat Week-End Set.

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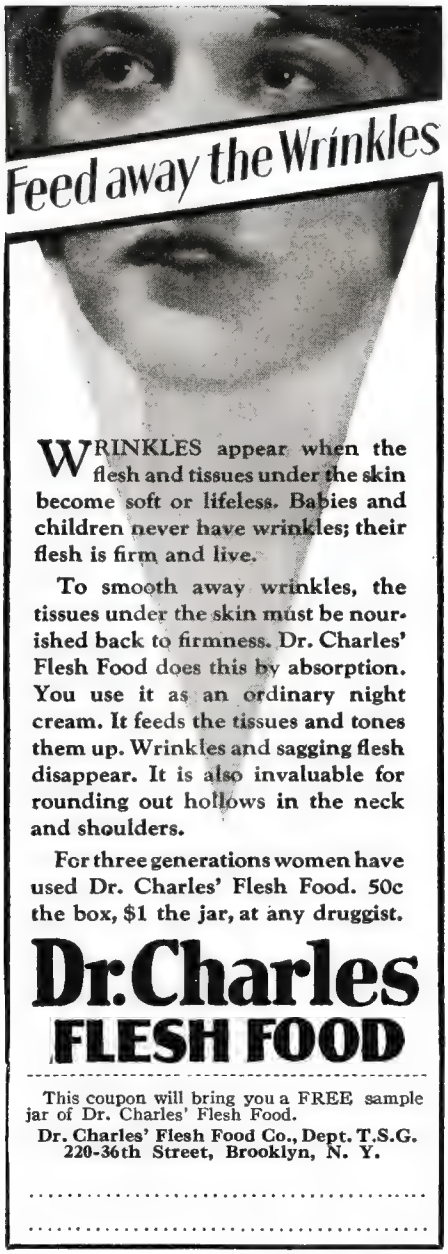

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A superior solution for woman's vexing health and hygienic problems.

A clear, odorless, harmless liquid deodorant and cleansing solution (douche) that promptly and effectively relieves irritation, reconditions delicate feminine membranes, and protects—yet **PX** is non-poisonous (no carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury solution is absolutely safe)—**PX** is odorless (PX leaves no medicinal smell)—**PX** is not injurious (irritation, with danger of injury follows the use of less carefully prepared solutions)—**PX** is dependable (being a liquid it cleanses thoroughly; it deodorizes thoroughly; it prevents infection)—**PX** is astringent—restores to a considerable degree the "life" and "aliveness" of tissue—**PX** is surprisingly healing—(promotes growth of tissue).

FREE SAMPLE OF PX and Booklet on Hygiene

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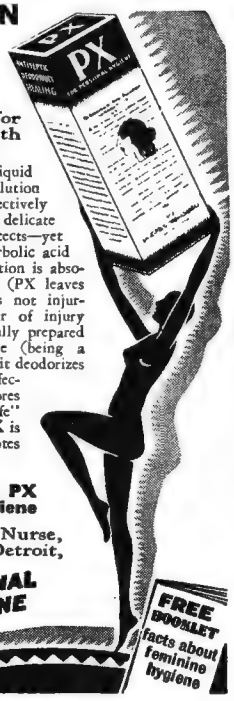

PX FOR PERSONAL HYGIENE

FREE BOOKLET facts about feminine hygiene

Quietly closing the door, I turned the key and awaited their rap. Outside my door they stopped and whispered something to each other, then mother softly tapped on the door.

"Ellen dear, are you awake? Doctor Dean is here and would like to see you," she said after a moment's wait.

"I don't care if he is! I told you I didn't want a doctor, and I won't see him. So go away and leave me alone," I answered.

"But, Ellen dear—" came in halting tones.

"I won't see him, I tell you. I won't! I won't! So go away from me," I fairly shrieked.

Then I heard the doctor mumble something to mother asking her to go down stairs and let him try to talk to me. I heard her fading footsteps as she descended.

The doctor rapped softly and, in a soft voice, asked me to open the door and admit him, because he was there to help me. I didn't answer until I was sure mother was downstairs and out of hearing. Then I walked over to the door and opened it.

I greeted him with a broad smile, and I thought his eyes would pop from their sockets. He expected to see a hysterical woman or a nervous wreck, so now he was sure he had a maniac to deal with.

"Come in, Doctor," I said softly.

He entered, still staring at me, and I could tell he was in doubt as to whether I was mad or sane.

"Have a chair, Doctor," I said as he continued to stare in speechless surprise. "I know what you are thinking, but really I'm not ready to be classed as squirrel food—yet."

A faint trace of a smile played around his mouth as I drew up a chair and sat down also. In a soft voice I told him of my troubles and of the success my plan had met with so far in bringing my mother and husband together.

"MY future happiness now lies in your hands, so won't you please help me put my plan across?" I asked in my sweetest voice.

His face widened into a grin.

"You can just bet your life I will do all I can to help you," he answered, "just leave it to me and I will throw a scare into them that they won't forget for a long while."

When he went downstairs he put on his most sober face. I listened from the upper hall and I just bubbled over with joy at what I heard.

"She will be mighty quarrelsome and hard to get along with for a while, but under no condition must she be crossed or contradicted," he was telling mother. "Humor her all you can, and remember that her quick recovery depends on how quiet and peaceful her surroundings are."

Good old Doctor Dean. He certainly played his part well.

Later on in the afternoon I went downstairs. Mother looked at me with round sympathetic eyes, but I ignored her and settled myself comfortably in a deep armchair with a magazine. Mother moved around the house still as a mouse as though the least noise might disturb me. She actually seemed afraid to speak to me for fear I would fly into another tantrum. An hour later she said softly,

"Did you rest well, dear?"

"As well as could be expected in this madhouse!" I snapped back at her.

It almost tore the heart out of me to see the tears start in her eyes. I wanted to rush over to her and ask her forgiveness. It was pathetic to see strong, determined mother, whom I had never seen shed a tear, break down and weep this way. It seemed to have aged her so much.

Oh, how I hated this rôle of an untamed shrew that I was playing! Still, on second thought, like all disagreeable tasks it was getting results, and I mustn't weaken now and spoil its effect. If I could only carry it to a successful conclusion it would insure future happiness for all of us.

She moved quietly about the room preparing dinner. When Harry's footsteps sounded, she went to the front door and met him. They held a whispered consultation out in the hall. Glancing out of the corner of my eye, I saw them both shaking their heads sadly. I thrilled when I saw mother take Harry's coat and hat and hang them up. There was genuine tenderness in the way he stroked and patted her hand as they entered the room.

"YOU are looking brighter, Babe. I hope you feel better," was his cheery greeting.

"Oh, there's nothing the matter with me," I grumbled, not even looking up from the magazine I was reading.

Any one who dearly loves her mother and is deeply in love with her husband can imagine the terrific strain on my willpower to keep on in my rôle. My heart went out to both of them, especially when I saw that hurt look come into their eyes over some snippy, hateful reply I had made.

Mother soon announced dinner and we all seated ourselves. A silence like that of a tomb pervaded the room. Finally Harry spoke up:

"Mother, I will hire a girl tomorrow to help you with the housework, because it is really too much for you."

That gave me an excuse for another flare-up and I grasped it immediately.

"I suppose that is another dirty dig meant for me. It isn't done well enough to suit you. I know I can't cook well enough to please you and now you throw it up to me I am not keeping the house as it should be."

"Hush, dear, you misunderstood Harry," said mother, "It was just through kindness and a desire to help us that he made that suggestion."

"That's right," I began to shriek. "That's just what I expected. Turn against your own daughter and stick up for him. I'm going to leave this house because I know when I'm not wanted. I won't put up with this everlasting criticism of everything I do."

I jumped from my chair in a fury and rushed out to the kitchen. It was the unreasonableness of my rage, as much as anything, which convinced them that there was something wrong with me. If I had waited for a good excuse to fly off the handle, it wouldn't have impressed them half so much.

There is a china closet with a glass door

connecting the kitchen and dining room. Through this I saw Harry get up and go over to mother and put his arms around her as she dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief. I know he wanted to say something consoling to her, but didn't know how to begin.

The sorrow and beautiful sympathy they displayed for each other made me want to rush out to them, but the time was not yet ripe. I must keep on bringing grief into their hearts a little longer if I wanted to get the desired results.

So I continued with little sign of improvement. First one, then the other, would be the victim of my unreasoning rage. I would fly into a mad unreasoning fit upon the slightest provocation. Every attempt they made to treat me kindly or humor me, brought on a tirade of abuse which seemed about to burst a blood vessel before spending itself.

As a result, I saw a bond of sympathy growing up between the two. Their common interest of soothing me so occupied their minds they forgot all about their own past quarrels. With tender words they consoled and encouraged each other.

The tragedy that had occurred to wife and daughter drew them together as nothing else could have done. Their innermost thoughts were exposed, and each saw revealed a beautiful nature and disposition neither had ever suspected the other of possessing.

THEN came the big break for Harry. It was a big franchise case for the local traction company; and if he could put it over successfully it meant the making of him.

All day and far into the night he labored, preparing his briefs. That alone was a terrific strain without the additional burden I was piling on his shoulders.

I wanted, oh so much, to be a help to him instead of a burden, but what of our future happiness? My heart bled to see new lines of worry and care showing up in his face each week. Mother took the place which was rightfully mine and struggled mightily to aid him. She encouraged and cheered him and saw that he was free, so far as possible, from all home worries. She personally looked after his every want and saw that every comfort was provided for him.

I really believe she did a better job than I could have done. When the trial was in progress and he came home discouraged and disheartened, she sent him back the next morning with new spirit and determination. He seemed to absorb some of her own indomitable will and spirit overnight and morning found him eager to return to his courtroom battle.

On the afternoon that I shall always remember as the most momentous in my whole life, I crept softly downstairs. In the parlor I saw mother sleeping in the big chair. It was the sleep of exhaustion and my heart went out to her as I saw the drawn face, now so sweet in repose.

My conscience hurt me and I asked myself if I had been justified in bringing so much worry and sorrow in her life lately. I wanted to kneel beside her, bury my head in her lap and ask her forgiveness. Just then I heard Harry's step on the porch. I hurried into the kitchen and remained quiet.

I SHALL never forget what I saw. There were tears in his eyes and a divine tenderness shone in his face as he stood there looking at poor, tired mother. Slowly he reached down and took her hand gently in his. As he did so she awoke. She opened her eyes with a start and then, seeing who it was, smiled tenderly up at him.

"Mother, I won out!" he exclaimed.

"Why, you dear boy, I knew you would. I never expected anything else," she said.

"Yes, but, you wonderful mother, all the credit is yours. I don't know what I would have done without you. Ellen's misfortune would have left me helpless if it hadn't been for you," Harry said.

"Oh, Harry, don't say that! What little I could do didn't amount to anything. You were so patient and good I cannot understand how you managed with all this trouble at home and the worries that case must have given you. It's really been a pleasure, Harry, to know I was able to be of some help," was mother's answer.

How different from the harsh, snarling words of a short time back. Tears of joy gushed from my eyes out there in the kitchen because I knew I, too, had won my battle. Such perfect understanding as existed now between these two could never degenerate into quarrels again. I could now step out of the ugly, hateful rôle and be my natural self again.

To make it look logical, I should have kept up the pretense until a slow recovery had been effected, but I couldn't.

I rushed into the room and threw my arms about both of them. No joy this side of heaven could be as complete as was ours at that moment. They still marvel at my miraculous recovery, but I'll never tell.

A Brand New Interest for Women

1. *Do you want congenial companionship?*
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We've gone to the casting directors of the musical shows and to the men at Hollywood who weed out the movie hopefuls—and they all say the same thing. A girl must have *lustrous* hair—*live-looking* hair—"*peppy*" hair—before she can be really beautiful.

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The secret is the tiny pinch of henna in every bottle of this marvelous shampoo. It doesn't change the color. Oh, no. There's not *nearly* enough for that. But it does light the natural fires in your hair in a truly marvelous way.

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No Matter Where She Went

(*Continued from page* 39)

With a terrible heartache I realized that I had never really had his love. I had aroused only pity. The thought made me despise both him and myself.

At Portland, I changed trains for Pendleton. When at last I had arrived at the end of my journey and was affectionately received by Elsie Robbins, the girl friend to whom I had written, I gave vent to my pent-up emotions by throwing myself on the bed and bursting into a storm of tears.

After a good cry I fell asleep, and never awakened until Elsie entered my room the next morning to call me for breakfast. Elsie and her mother did everything in their power to help me to forget the past, but Bob and I had been too happy that first year for me to blot out the memory of it so suddenly. He was a man of the world and I was a timid little country girl and sadly I admitted that I had been unable to hold his interest.

At times I marveled at myself that I had had the courage to walk deliberately into his office and face him at his secret love making. But it was the uncertainty of the situation that had at last driven me to action.

I COULD more easily face the truth than live in constant doubt. Elsie almost dragged me into social life and I was just beginning to enjoy the excitement, having been there about six weeks, when I discovered that I was to become a mother.

Dazed, almost panic stricken, by the discovery, I stared into the future, helplessly striving to form some plan whereby I could support both myself and my child. Timid and embarrassed by my condition, I was slowly losing all confidence in myself, when one day, to escape some visitors that had arrived unexpectedly at the house, I walked far out into the fields and sat down under a tree.

Up to now, many ideas had entered my head, among them some very strange ones, for I had almost convinced myself that such unhappiness as the future seemed to hold for me was not worth the struggle when suddenly I saw, as in a dream, Bob's office.

I saw it as it had appeared to me that night when I had suddenly surprised him with June Winters in his arms.

Slowly my helplessness and fear of the future vanished and, in its place, came an anger that mounted higher and higher, at last culminating in a determination to overcome my difficulties and harships and make a success of my life.

Calmed and strengthened, I walked back to the house and immediately made plans to accept a job of feeding baby lambs on a bottle. Month after month I lived contentedly in that lonely place, miles from Pendleton, experiencing great satisfaction in feeding and watching motherless lambs.

Often I became sad and depressed; but always in the end I became optimistic and when, at last, my baby boy was born I was full of dreams and plans for the great future I pictured for him. From the very beginning he was a healthy, normal baby, and I realized that I had something for which to live.

When he was about three months old, I could keep my secret no longer.

Overflowing with love and pride, I foolishly wrote to my aunt and told her all, at the same time begging her, under no circumstances, to enlighten Bob as to my whereabouts or tell him of the birth of my baby. Undoubtedly, she felt it her duty to inform Bob; for, almost by return mail, came a letter from Bob telling me that he was leaving the next day with great hopes of taking both the baby and me back home.

I cried when I read that letter; cried because I could not have confidence enough in him to go back home with him. I could picture him doing the same thing over again, for I realized I did not mean enough to him so that he could be happy without other women.

At last, after tears and heartaches, I decided to flee from Bob once more. That afternoon I walked to the small country town and drew my savings from the bank. Returning to the ranch, I dressed Reginald and myself, after packing my suit case. When it became quite dark, I slipped quietly out of the house and caught the train going west.

I was both happy and sad when I was comfortably settled on a train that was carrying me to Portland where I intended to catch a San Francisco train, for I had come to the conclusion that the best thing for my peace of mind was to go so far away that neither Bob nor my aunt would be likely to find me.

In my heart I found a certain satisfaction in the thought that Bob was at least repentant enough to make an effort to bring me back.

I HAD more than one object in view when I suddenly decided to go to San Francisco, for I had seen an advertisement in one of the papers where one of the large hospitals was asking for girls to enter the nurses' training school.

I was tired when we arrived at the end of our journey, but I went almost immediately to the hospital and put in my application.

That done, I placed my baby in a private family where I was convinced he would receive the very best of care.

I was accepted by the superintendent of nurses, and in less than a week I had entered the hospital as a student nurse.

The first part of my training was very hard; for in those days we were on duty twelve, and sometimes thirteen, hours a day, and I was not accustomed to the mad rush that quite often we were forced to make.

But I liked it. The excitement kept me up many times when I was so tired physically that by night I was almost exhausted. Months flew by and, step by step, I gained confidence in my ability. At first I was frightened at the responsibility that I had to assume, but by the time I became a senior, I would have been completely lost without the rush and excitement of a nurse's life. I had at last found a life's work that not only

held my interest, but would secure for me money enough to support myself and child.

When, at the end of three years, I received my diploma I was a woman; not the shrinking, undecided girl who had fled in the night and buried herself on a sheep ranch, but a woman fully prepared for the battle of life.

The very qualities that nursing develops in a girl are those most needed in the battle for existence. I had been the sensitive, dependent type but, when suddenly I realized that people much older than I looked for wisdom and consolation from me, I rose to the occasion and was surprised to find that I really was capable of giving advice.

Immediately after graduating, I went into private nursing. Between cases I began going out a great deal. San Francisco ran wide open in those days, and it was not long before I realized that the Bohemian life of the city, with its gaiety and bright lights, held a great attraction for me. The very fact that I had no hope or desire ever to enter Bob's life again made me somewhat reckless.

Little by little it dawned upon me that I had a certain attraction for men and the fact not only gave me confidence in myself but also pleased my vanity.

ABOUT this time I met and became interested in Albert Campbell. He was a man about fifteen years older than I, and his studied reserve fired my imagination to such an extent that I decided that once again I was really in love.

Albert was a worldly man. He had been married and separated at a very early age, and during those few years he had learned as much about women as some men do in a lifetime. His wife had been both pretty and vivacious, and consequently had attracted a host of men admirers.

Naturally of an unsuspecting nature, he did not doubt her veracity when she told him that she was going out with a girl friend or even when she informed him that she was going to stay all night with a chum who was quite sick. But his blind faith was suddenly shattered one night, when, in company with a man friend, he walked into one of the loudest cabarets of the city and surprised his wife just as she was finishing an Oriental dance on top of one of the cabaret tables. Poor Albert! His love dream was shattered. His respect and admiration for women suffered a terrible blow and in his great effort to forget the past he recklessly threw himself into night life, choosing for companions the wildest and gayest persons he could find.

He was on this sure road to ruin when I met him, and we had many a heated discussion, which more often than not ended in a quarrel, before I finally convinced him that the majority of women could not be judged by the actions of his divorced wife. It was, no doubt, the stand I took in regard to women that brought Albert to my feet. From that time on, he was a changed man, making every effort to climb back to respectability and a clean life from which he had dropped so suddenly on discovering the character of the girl whom he had so blindly trusted. When I was finally convinced

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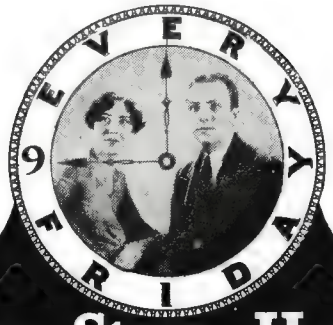
Listen In On Life!

9 P. M. Eastern Time



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that he really loved me I began to wonder at my own feeling for him. Had I found some one whom I could really love? In those first months of our acquaintance, I really believed I had. I was too young not to be searching continually for love; too young not to long for the thrill that comes from the glance of an eye or the touch of a hand. I wanted to be really in love, and I thought that I had found the right man. Those long rides down the Peninsula by Albert's side, or a quiet dinner downtown thrilled me for a time; but after awhile I began to analyze my own emotions. I liked him. I was happy and contented while with him but the thrill was gone or, at least, was going. Could it be that I was already tiring of him?

I had thrilled always at the touch of Bob's hand, but I had failed to hold him. Was I the one now that could not be held?

I had run the gauntlet of emotions in those first years of training school. One by one I had tired of my admirers and sometimes, when my thoughts wandered back to the past, I wondered if I would not have tired even of Bob. Was there such a thing as a love that would really last? Would the touch of Bob's hand thrill me now? I was no longer a timid little wife and when I thought of those laughing, tantalizing eyes and that personality that had always bent me to his ideas, right or wrong, I could not be convinced that it would lie in his power to thrill me as in the days of old. With a sigh, I turned to Albert as a husband. I would be safe with him. I would be the one to have my own way, for Albert was of the easy-going type. There would be no great thrills in life, for I had felt them already dying out. But I knew I could be contented and happy in a calm, smooth life with Albert in a home that sheltered both Reginald and me.

LONG ago I had read in a Corvallis paper that Bob had secured a divorce. Many times I pictured him with a second wife who was not only radiant and happy, but fully capable of holding his undivided attention. The thought brought always a sadness with it, for he was my first and greatest love, although it was he who had given me the greatest heartaches in my life.

My boy was now about six years old, and I realized how very much he needed a good man's guidance.

Reginald's birthday was the eleventh of March, and I had always given him a party. One evening when we three were having dinner downtown, Albert suddenly proposed that we make Reginald's birthday also our wedding day. I consented, and at Reginald's birthday party Albert and I were married. We moved into a sunny, little flat down near his place of business and with a happy contented feeling I once again entered upon married life.

My husband was not a wealthy man, but he held a good position with an insurance company and was extremely generous to Reginald and me.

Happy days followed. Many times Reginald and I went with Albert in his modest little car on some business trip down the Peninsula. Often we took our lunch, thereby enjoying a stop by the roadside and a basket lunch under some big spreading tree. I felt that, at last, I had found perfect happiness. The seclusion of a home combined with the companionship of my little boy left me nothing for which to yearn. There was nothing in life for which I actually longed; for by this time I had fully convinced myself that seeking a mad infatuation that would last through life was chasing a will-o-the-wisp.

We had been married about a month when one evening Albert told us that in the morning he was going to drive over to Marin County, a green and wooded country lying in the hills across the bay. I immediately decided to go with him and give Reginald the pleasure of a day in the woods. We set the alarm and retired early. We were awakened at five o'clock in the morning, not only by our alarm, but also by a very perceptible earthquake.

MY first thought was of Reginald. Rushing to his cot I almost dragged him out and took him into our bed. By this time the motion had almost ceased, and we were just breathing freely when it began again. The earth quivered and we were poised for flight when suddenly with a terrific rumble, the very ground beneath us seemed to rise. It quivered for a second, then with a lurch which carried the chimney of the house next door through our window and threw us to the floor to be covered with a rain of bricks, dropped us back once more on steady ground. How any of us ever escaped death is a problem that I have never been able to solve.

At last, partially stunned, I raised myself from the floor. Reginald, seeing me move, crawled over the bricks and, putting his arms around my neck, whispered in a scared little voice, "Daddy won't wake up."

Slowly the meaning of his words penetrated my hazy brain and climbing over the bricks to where Albert lay, I gently turned him over. He was dead!

I did not cry. I was too dazed to grasp the meaning of it all. Taking Reginald's hand I led him away from Albert's dead body. Going to the closet, I took out our slippers and kimonos and put them on us. Still dazed, I walked down to the street, holding firmly to Reginald's hand.

We mixed in with the crowd and finally I told some of the neighbors of Albert's death. They went upstairs with me, but there was nothing any of us could do. Mrs. Rethers, who lived in the house across the street, kindly volunteered to take Reginald with her while I looked for some one with a wagon to move Albert's body to an undertaking parlor. I came back about two hours later, unsuccessful in my quest. Fires were springing up all over the city and wagons were in constant use.

Meeting Mrs. Rethers in the crowd, she hysterically told me that in some way she and Reginald had been separated and she had been unable to find him. Helplessly I stared into the sea of faces around me. Poor Albert's body was forgotten in the new horror I was compelled to face. I rushed madly from street to street, wildly calling my boy's name.

He had his dog and, oh, how I prayed that the dog would bring him home!

Half of the business district by this time was in flames. The chief of the fire department had been killed that morning and the earthquake had broken the water mains, consequently it was small wonder that the department was unable to control the situation. The city by this time was under martial law and the population was wildly fleeing to places of safety.

As I looked upon the crowds packed around me, I knew that somewhere in that milling mass was a tiny frightened boy, sobbing broken-heartedly for his mother. If I had for one second given myself full rein, I would have run screaming into that mob, a raving maniac. Only the fierce, determined grip with which I kept my emotions under control saved me from losing my mind. The authorities by this time were forcing us, little by little, out of the burning district. Block by block we were driven back for they had decided to dynamite the homes on Van Ness Avenue as a last desperate attempt to gain control of the rapidly spreading fire and save the residence district beyond. All the time I was frantically looking for Reginald and when at last night came and I looked around me not knowing whether he was dead, or perhaps even worse, I was all but insane. All night I walked for the city was as light as day, sometimes turning to the light some little face, fast asleep on the sidewalk. I inquired often of men and women if they had seen a small boy with an Airedale dog. Walking, constantly walking, all night and when morning came, I found myself at the entrance of Golden Gate Park.

TIRED, hungry and heart-broken, and giving up all hope, I dropped on the grass and cried myself to sleep.

Hours later, I was awakened by a persistent shaking. Opening my eyes, I saw bending over me a familiar face. It was a young doctor who had been an interne in my hospital when I was in training. He had later gone to a small town in the interior to practice. He had come into the city just the night before the earthquake. He had always been a favorite with the girls in the hospital and, needless to say, I poured my whole tragic story into his sympathetic ear, and asked for his advice.

Slowly he summed up the details of my experience and said he thought it would be foolish for me to sit around and wear out my nerves waiting for news that I might not receive for weeks. He said:

"The child is more apt to have been picked up by someone than not; but it would only be one chance in ten thousand that you could find him by going around seeking him. It will only be a matter of time until the names of lost children will be posted in certain parts of the city, so try to be patient until then.

"The best thing for you to do at present is to get your mind occupied with some important work that will leave you no time to think of your own troubles. I want a nurse immediately to assist me in emergencies. You had better come with me, and get your hands and mind busy."

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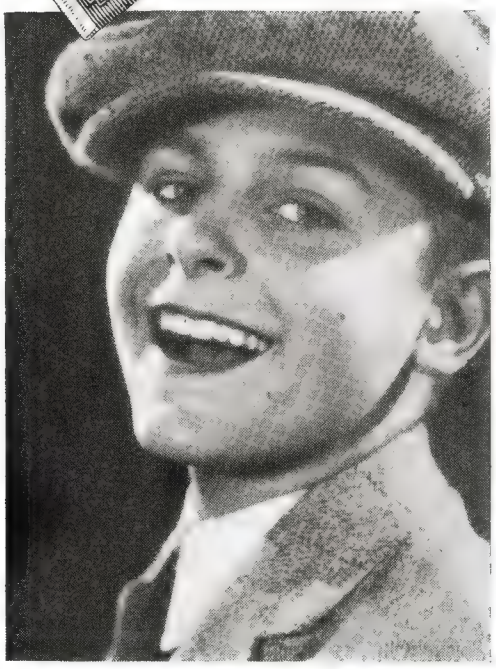

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It was good advice, but not the kind I wanted. I did not want my mind occupied with work. I had reached the stage where I wanted only to sit and dream; to live over and over my great tragedy.

The young physician was kind and patient at first, listening to my excuses for not wishing to go with him, but he was a determined man, and suddenly he lost all patience with me. Grabbing me by the arm, he pulled me to my feet with a most decided jerk at the same time exclaiming, "Look here, my young lady, you are not the only mother who, in this great calamity has become separated from her child. Forget your own troubles for the present, as long as the situation can not be altered immediately, and come help me in this emergency work."

It was just what I needed to bring me to my senses. His severe criticism cut deeply, and with a shamed face I meekly followed him to his car.

WE stopped at a place where I got some sandwiches and good strong coffee and slowly I came out of the dazed state to which I had clung so tenaciously.

Before the day was over I had caught the fire of excitement and experienced great satisfaction in being able to alleviate the sufferings and hardships around me. All day, and far into the night, we were driving back and forth over the city; sometimes picking up a worn-out mother with two or three crying children at her feet, and hurrying them on to a place of safety; or maybe lifting some invalid from a rudely constructed stretcher and carrying him on to friends or to one of the hospitals.

Every kind of emergency work we did. Broken limbs were set, burns were treated, exhausted people were resuscitated, men and women died and babies were born even, in the tonneau of our car. It gave me no time to think. For the time my own troubles were forgotten and when night came, I was too exhausted even to concentrate.

It was only those first few days that nurses were needed for emergency work. Having at last gained control of the fires, San Francisco slowly drifted back to routine and order. The summer was ahead of us, for the earthquake had occurred on the eighteenth of April. By the time fall arrived much of the debris had been hauled away and little shacks had been erected for those who had lost their homes. I was a restless being in those days, absolutely unable to content myself at anything.

The uncertainty of Reginald's fate became a nightmare that followed me day and night. I never went for a drive or a walk but what my eyes were constantly on the search. If a machine flew by quickly, I was making desperate effort to see all of the occupants or if a small boy dashed past me, without my getting a good look at him, I was wondering if he could possibly be Reginald. At last, I began to fear for my mind, so terrible was the strain of constant alertness. I decided that I must get out of San Francisco.

There was a captain of one of the mail ships, plying between Hongkong and San Francisco that I had, at one time nursed through typhoid. He had volunteered, at the time, to get me a position as stewardess on one of the steamers, if at any future date, I might wish to make the trip.

I got in touch with him and very soon he had me placed on one of his company's ships. I had had posters placed in the camps offering a reward for any news that would lead to the discovery of Reginald, and when I decided to accept the position on the steamer, my roommate, Helen McCormick, was to be on the alert for any news of my boy, and I was to share her room when in port, paying my part of the rent.

I made three trips to the Orient, actually enjoying every minute on board.

Fortunately I had duties and was compelled to concentrate on what I was doing, thereby giving my nerves a much needed rest.

At the end of my third voyage, as we landed at San Francisco, I spied Helen in the crowd on the wharf. My heart gave one terrible thump and then seemed suddenly to stop beating. She had never met me before and intuitively I knew that she had some news of Reginald for me. I rushed down the gangplank, blind to every face in the crowd except Helen's.

As I reached her she gave me no time to ask questions, but excitedly informed me that some one in the Richmond District was advertising for Reginald's mother. I was actually weak from excitement as we walked up and took a cab.

I can't remember of thinking or feeling anything, at any time, during that ride. My very senses seemed to have been numbed by the good news. I sat and stared into vacancy and seemed absolutely devoid of all emotion.

IT seemed hours later that we stopped on Sixth Avenue. I got out and mechanically followed Helen up to the door of a house, where she rang the bell. The door was opened by a little girl and we stepped inside and there, in the middle of the dimly lighted hall stood little Reginald with an air that seemed almost bashful as he approached me with a broad grin on his little face. I took a couple of steps toward him, and suddenly my knees seemed to grow weak. My legs refused to carry me and slowly I sank down to a kneeling position and, reaching out with both arms, swept my baby to my breast. Laughing and crying at the same time I rocked back and forth while wildly I rained kisses on that dear little face.

When at last my emotions subsided, I rose to my feet. Suddenly I recalled that I had some one to thank for this great fortune. Putting my arm about Reginald, I was making my way to the door at the end of the hall when suddenly my eyes fell upon the figure of a man standing near a window, only a few feet away. He seemed to have just entered. He crossed the hall, and I was in the act of addressing him when suddenly he looked up, took a step toward me, hesitated and stopped dead still. Instantly I recognized him and, for a second, I thought I was going to faint. It was Bob! I stared stupidly at him, absolutely unable to make a noise. So different was he in appearance from what I had pictured that, for once, I was utterly speechless.

He was still the immaculate, well-groomed man that I had married, almost nine years ago, but oh, how changed in some ways. The laughing deviltry that I had so often seen in his eyes was gone and in its place was a look almost of meekness. For a minute I hesitated and then such a wave of sympathy engulfed me that a sob rose in my throat. Wildly throwing my arms around him, I slowly drew down that dear head, all the time raining kisses on those dear remembered eyes. His arms closed around me in a vise-like grip. Hysterically crying and laughing at the same time, I stood there in the hall, all unmindful of the world about me.

For a few short seconds the world was forgotten; only the great heartaches that we both had experienced were vividly pictured in our minds. We were suddenly brought back to reality by two small hands that tugged at us, and, looking down, our eyes rested upon the face of our son.

Bob stooped down and gathering the little fellow into his arms, led the way into his apartment. I could not keep my eyes off my former husband. I marveled at the change in him. He was as kind and gentle as ever, but I realized that to him I was no longer a doll; no longer a dear, little clinging vine that should be petted and pampered, but a woman, whom he looked upon as his equal.

MY thoughts wandered back to the past. How little I had dreamed when I ran away from him so many years ago that my very independence and my ability to rise above my troubles and gain success would some day compel his admiration and respect as well as his love.

Unconsciously, I had taken the road that developed in me the very qualities that he admired. I marveled, too, at the emotion in my own heart, for I had thought that I was tired of men, until suddenly I was swept entirely off my feet, with one great throb of sympathy, because I read in his face the great heartaches that I had so blindly caused him.

It was at the dinner table that Bob related the happenings that had, at last, brought all three of us together.

Reginald had been picked up during the earthquake by a Mr. Thompson, a very old man. He was too old to be on the alert or make any systematic efforts to find either Bob or myself. It was through a family living next door to Mr. Thompson that Bob's whereabouts were at last discovered.

The lady of the house was giving a farewell party for her two little boys, when suddenly one of them exclaimed, "We're not going to live in this tumble-down San Francisco any more. My granddad has a ranch up near Corvallis, Oregon, and we are going up there and live with him."

Reginald excitedly arose from the table at the same time, exclaiming, "Oh, Mrs. Wilson, that's where my dad lives. Corvallis, Oregon—I remember now!"

He had so many times tried to recall the name of the town where I had told him that his father lived. After that, it was easy for Mrs. Wilson to get in touch with Bob and notify him of Reginald's plight.

Bob came down immediately and took

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charge of his long-lost son, at the same time making a desperate effort to find me. He had not even known that I had remarried, until Reginald one day spoke of his daddy who had been killed in the earthquake. It was through an ad that Bob put in a Sacramento paper that I had at last found Reginald. Helen's mother had cut out the ad and sent it to her to be given to me on my arrival from the Orient.

About a month later, Bob and I moved into our own house. We were remarried on the very day that I found both Reginald and Bob, and, after a lengthy discussion, we decided to make our home in the city that had reunited our little family.

Twenty-two years have passed since San Francisco's great earthquake, but Bob and I are still sweethearts. Often we speak of the fate that separated us, only to round out our characters by heartaches and disappointments and, in the end, bring us together, sweethearts for the rest of life.

The Man She Couldn't Deny

(Continued from page 27)

at this ball. And I was right about it.

I went to the ball in appropriate costume and mask. I recognized my husband by his costume and his voice. He danced with me, flirted with me, unaware that I was his wife, and seemed the gay, charming debonair man he had always been.

He forgot me entirely, however, upon the arrival of a certain young woman whose entrance created a stir, perhaps because her costume was mostly nudity, and to whom Basil thereafter devoted himself exclusively. This, I had no doubt, was the cabaret dancer, my husband's inamorata.

AFTER awhile I missed them from the ballroom. Chancing to pass an open door, I heard my husband's voice. I looked in and saw him and the young woman seated on a divan, smoking. I stood outside the door and deliberately eavesdropped. I had to put my hands tightly to my breast to quiet the beating of my heart at what I heard. It seemed to me it must burst of anguish.

"My season will be over in a few weeks," Basil's voice said. "How would you like to take a trip to Europe with me?"

"What about your wife?"

Basil laughed.

"My wife, dear lady, is the least of my troubles. So far as she knows, I am the same devoted, faithful husband I always was."

"But doesn't she suspect? Maybe some one has told her. There's been a lot of talk, you know, honey—"

"I don't care what she suspects, or what any one may have told her. I don't have to consider the conventions. A genius can do as he pleases. Let's not discuss it any longer."

"All rightie! Honey boy, you haven't been very nice to your little girl lately. Did you forget about the platinum watch? And I didn't get the check for the rent yet. And I'se got a lot of bills to pay, honey boy—for the pretty things I bought—that you like—"

"I'll give you some money in the morning. Come on, they're dancing again."

I sat quietly in a chair for a long time, unable to move. I felt as if I had been stricken with a mortal illness and was about to die.

So the tattled tales I had heard were true. My husband was indeed living with this girl . . . He was unfaithful to me.

I could forgive his other vices, endure his beating me, but infidelity I could not forgive.

After a while, in a blind daze, I found my cloak and went away from that house, with its blaze of lights and clamor of music and laughter that mocked at the pain in my heart. I stumbled on through the snowy streets, with no idea of destination or direction, with only a desire to creep away somewhere alone and die.

The sound of music attracted me. I looked about and found myself on a street corner in a squalid section. A little group of Salvationists were holding a meeting under a street lamp. Something impelled me to stop and listen. The light from the street lamp, blurred by falling snowflakes, fell on the bonneted heads. A girl was playing a guitar and singing. She had a sweet, plaintive voice. She sang an old song about the Savior that I vaguely remembered out of the dim past.

> "And lo, Thy hand is scarred,
> And thorns Thy brow encircle,
> And tears Thy face have marred."

I thought of my husband and his mistress, back there in the abandoned revelry. I thought of my sick baby at home. And something within me cried out fiercely, "Oh, God, I too, know what anguish is! I too, am wearing the thorns! I too, am being crucified!"

THE Salvationists knelt there in the snow to pray. I huddled by the street lamp and watched. Prayer! I wanted to scream at them that their prayers were foolish and futile, that God neither heard nor answered prayers.

One of the women rose and came over to me. She looked at my cloak and my flimsy shoes. I knew what she thought I was.

"Have you come to find God?" she said gently. "God is love."

"Is God love?" I said dully. "Love is a mockery, and God is cruel. God has robbed me—and given it to another—"

Yet another sorrow, an even greater one, was in store for me. My baby died that night.

I did not see Basil again until we parted outside the door of the judge's chambers, I with an absolute decree of divorce.

Basil went abroad with his inamorata, and I went back to the silent house on Long Island. The house that was meant

to be a dream house, filled now only with bitter memories.

Shortly afterward, I was summoned home to my father's funeral. I should have liked to see him before he died, for he had never forgiven me for marrying Basil. When the will was read, my name was not even listed among the names of his children. I had been his favorite daughter; both because I was the youngest and because of my resemblance to my mother who had died at my birth. So utterly he had plucked me out of his heart, according to his interpretation of the Old Testament. Then I was glad he had died before he knew the truth. Or did he know it now, I wondered.

The months that followed were black with despondency. I had lost everything and gained nothing, I was utterly alone now, like Hagar in the wilderness. I realized, more than ever, that I still loved Basil, and would always love him. Basil had been to me like the lights, the magic and illusion, of the theater. Do you know what back-stage is like when the show is over, without the lights, the life and color? Nowhere on earth is there a place so inexpressibly dreary, so disillusioning, so barren and abandoned. Life was like that to me now—without Basil.

When at last I had climbed out of my valley of despair, it was to the realization that my only salvation lay in work. I must gather up the poor shattered fragments of my world and, with them, try to build another world. I remembered my former ambition to go into serious dramatic work. It was not too late. I still had a measure of youth left and my name was still remembered in the theatrical world.

I SOUGHT out a famous producer who had once offered me a place. To him I told my story and my desperate need of work that would absorb and distract me. He was kind enough to remember me and my previous work. He had the great gift of sympathy and understanding, and he gave me, without hesitation, a leading part in a play he was preparing for production.

To him, I owe all the success that afterwards came to me; success that I worked for as much to justify his faith in me as to assuage my lacerated soul. How incredibly hard I worked, but how gladly!

I wanted to fill every moment with activity; to blot out the past in abnegating activities of the present. Yet inevitably there were moments, when I was alone, or in the still hours of the night, when the little doors of memory would open and let in old ghosts like butterflies into a garden.

In work I found sanity and salvation, but, in truth, no great happiness. There was always that scar, like a knife-wound, across my heart. The success I achieved was tinged with bitterness. It was like sitting in a beautifully ornate house beside a cold and desolate hearthstone.

For I did achieve success—not so much due to any talent I possessed as to my susceptibility to training and my overwhelming, almost fanatical desire for engrossing occupation. It was success that under other conditions would have been most generous, soul-satisfying. But after all, and perversely enough, I didn't

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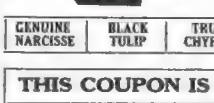

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want success. Because I was first of all a woman before I was an actress, I wanted to be a wife and mother. The memory of the love I had once possessed and lost, and of the baby fingers that had entwined themselves like tendrils around my heart, was a thing more precious than the sight of my name in electric lights on Broadway.

I heard nothing from Basil. There was a long time when my heart would leap with hope at the sight of my morning's mail—hope that gradually subsided and died under the weight of the long silence. It was sardonic that at the same time I should read in the newspapers—sometimes featured in the "scandal sheets" of the Sunday editions—reports of his affairs, mostly amorous, in various European centers. Sometimes a paragraph about his musical successes. I read them avidly though every one was like tearing open the old wound in my heart.

Then after awhile there was no more mention of him, either in the scandal sheets or elsewhere, and I lost trace of him.

There was never a time when I did not long for him; both in my spirit and in my flesh. Time, like its cousin Death, softens, and I forgot his waywardness, his brutality, his infidelity, and remembered only the boyish sweetness of him that I had so loved, the beauty of our love, the idyllic life, though so brief, we had had together.

Perhaps it was the lingering hope that would not die; that some day he would come back, that kept me in New York, though the picture people were importuning me to join their ranks.

But even hope cannot live with nothing to feed upon, and when at last I had bolted and barred the little doors of memory as best I could, so that no more butterfly ghosts should enter, I went to California.

LIFE there was vastly different. And I liked it, though I worked harder beneath the Kleig lights in front of the bewildering batteries of movie cameras than I ever did on a Broadway stage. Because it made me forget. My work was acceptable to the movie people, the critics and the public, and presently I had made a place for myself. I liked the companionship of the delightful, unconventional folk who live the life of illusion for the silver screen.

I began to be happy and to look forward to a measure of future happiness. I met Arthur Gensmere. He was a director in pictures; a man past the high noon of youth, who had fought his way up from the ranks to power and wealth.

We drifted into a friendship. I liked him. He was thoughtful, kind and unostentatious. We had much in common. There had been tragedy in his life, too; not unlike my own. He had a young son who had grown up without a mother's love, reared by servants and tutors. My heart went out to the dark-eyed lad, who was just the age my own son would have been.

At length Arthur Gensmere asked me to marry him. I told him I was not sure I had anything to give him; certainly not the first fine rapturous love of youth.

"I understand," he said, quietly. "I don't expect that. If you love me enough to marry me, that's all I ask."

"But it is only second-best love," I reminded him.

"I'm satisfied," he said.

There were many reasons why I should be satisfied, too. He was a fine man. He was prominent and wealthy. He owned a beautiful Spanish home beneath eucalyptus trees on a lovely hillside. Being his wife would mean a place in society as fine as a duchess. As mistress of his beautiful home, I should be hostess at brilliant social affairs, dinners, bridge parties. I should have leisure, servants, jewels. Best of all, I should have his young son to be mother to, to fill the empty place in my heart. I was beginning to be tired of the mimic life of illusion. I was tired of acting and rehearsing, of having to get up and rush to a studio to work every day, regardless of how I felt. The life of a movie actress, even a star, is not nearly so easeful as the public sometimes imagines.

And now life was offering me a measure of recompense for all I had suffered.

Yet, somehow, I could not decide at once. I brooded over it a long time. The little doors I had thought locked and barred so securely came open and old ghosts came in. Memories, hordes of them, that seemed to beat against my consciousness like sandflies against one's face at twilight.

ONE day after Arthur had asked me to name the day when I would marry him, I went for a long ride alone. I wanted to think.

On the outskirts of the city it became necessary to change a tire. While the chauffeur worked I left the car and strolled about, intrigued by the golden light of the setting sun on the hills, and a glimpse of blue sea beyond. Off to the right was a group of red-roofed bungalows with a little lane leading to them. I walked slowly down the lane, enjoying the pleasant air, spicy with the smell of the sea, and listening to the pound of surf on the rocky shore below.

Presently the lane left the bungalows behind and turned sharply down to the seashore. At the end, where it opened on the shore, was a tiny cottage perched on the very edge of the rocks. Not only its quaint Mexican architecture interested me, but its loneliness and isolation. Who, I wondered, would choose to live in so lonely a spot? I went down to the gate to look closer. At one side of the gate was a lettered sign:

BASIL
Violin Maker and Repairer

Basil! The name leaped at me and struck me like a blow between the eyes. There was a roaring in my ears like the pound of surf on the rocks.

Basil—violins—was it possible? After seventeen years?

Seventeen years! They had brought me success, security, even a measure of love. What had they brought to him? I had to know.

I lifted the knocker on the door. A voice said, "Come in." But my heart beat so terribly that I had to steady myself before I could obey.

At the window, beside a table littered with dismembered violins, a man stood with his back to me. An old man with thick white hair. Presently he turned and looked at me.

It was Basil! My Basil. A terribly old

man, thin and not too well dressed, with lines as deep as my finger from his nose to his mouth. But his dark eyes were as alive and glowing as the eyes I remembered.

For a moment we stood staring at each other.

Then he put out his hand. "It's Emily," he said. "Why—Emily—"

I could not speak. I was too choked with memories. He got me a chair and I sat down. He had been working without his coat and he went into another room to get it. There was something pitiful about that. It gave me time to look about, to try to get command of myself, while I wondered if my heart were actually bleeding. There was something pitiful, too, about the little workroom with its dreadful litter of too many things. The canary in the window, companion of unbearable loneliness; little potted plants, withering from lack of attention.

And on the table, among the violins, lay a popular movie magazine, the pages soiled with dirty thumbmarks, open at the review of my latest picture! And on the wall above, a printed photograph of me in my first New York success! The pitifulness of it all made me bite down deep into my lips.

Basil came and sat down, his long delicate fingers that seemed to drip like icicles from his hands, working nervously. A gesture that stabbed me with remembrance.

"BASIL," I said, "What—what are you doing out here?"

His smile was sardonic.

"I'm just spending my declining years repairing violins," he said.

"But I don't understand. You—Basil, the great violinist—why, you were rich and famous."

"Once, perhaps. But not now. The money? I lost it at Monte Carlo; on horses—and women. Oh, I still have enough to get along decently. I have a Japanese boy who looks after me. I'm all right. Tell me about yourself, Emily."

I waved my hand toward the littered table.

"Why are you doing this? You—the great violinist?"

His voice was casual. Or did he try to make it so?

"I am no longer the great violinist, Emily. My left arm is paralyzed. I was in a motor accident at Monte Carlo one night a few years ago. I never played afterwards. I can use my hand, but cannot lift my arm. So I have to content myself with working on the violins, though I can't play any more. I can't even teach."

The profound tragedy of that I could realize fully. Yet there was nothing tragic about him. He seemed so casual, almost shy; so different from the old Basil I had known. Life had beaten him.

And this was the man I had loved—the love of my life! One loves but once as I had loved Basil Schuyler.

"Did you know I was here?" I asked abruptly.

"Yes," he said. "It seemed—less terrible—to be near where I knew you were. But I didn't want you to know. How did you find out?"

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affords just that taste of mint we all like after meals and after smoking. It whitens teeth — sweetens breath — aids digestion, and calms the nerves.

J-16

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will cover gray hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it. No pack. No mess.
You get the natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

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You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair.

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Full directions in each box in English and Spanish. Colors: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn (in ordering please state color desired). Price $2.50, C.O.D. $2.77. Order through your department store, druggist or Beauty Parlor or from us. Give full local address.
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The satisfaction of knowing that you are dainty, fresh and clean comes at once with the use of Stirizol. It also eliminates body odors quickly.

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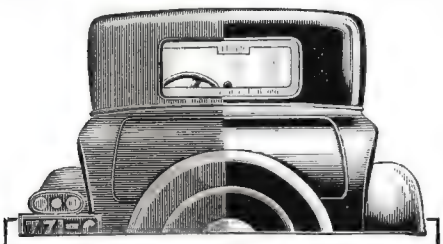

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NUREX requires no rubbing, painting, cleaning nor waxing. Just a sweep of the hand and the drab, dull surface vanishes before your eyes and the hidden color gleams forth with wonderful lustre. Your car then looks like it just came from a paint shop and the beautiful new finish will last indefinitely.

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By merely showing NUREX you will make big money. Every car owner to whom you demonstrate will buy. Sales rapidly multiply. Every sale brings you enormous repeat business. In your spare time you can easily make from $5 to $10 an hour with little effort.

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We are now appointing men in various localities to take care of the big demand. A sample supply of NUREX is furnished FREE to workers. Just write and say, "Send me your FREE sample and big money making offer."

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"I just chanced to be passing. I saw your sign. I couldn't believe at first. I just had to know—"

"I have heard a great deal about you, Emily. I've been very proud of you. I always knew you had it in you to be a great actress. You deserve your success, for—all those years. I wish you luck, Emily—and happiness."

I rose abruptly to go, aching with every heartbeat. I couldn't stand it any longer.

"GOOD-BY, Emily," he said. "And thank you for coming. But—don't come again, Emily."

Suddenly he put his hand on my shoulder and looked down into my eyes.

"Let me look at you, Emily," he said. "You've not changed a bit. Just the same sweet girl. I think you're more beautiful than you were twenty years ago. Oh, what a fool a man can be! Go now, Emily—quickly."

"Basil!" I cried, "not like this—"

"Emily," he said, "you mustn't come here again. I couldn't stand it. Don't worry about me. Don't even think about me. I'm all right. I deserved all that has come to me. But—this is the only chance I may ever have to tell you—I want you to know that, in spite of all—the others—I never really loved any woman but you. The meaning of life, the beauty of it, I learned from you.

"After that I lost you. I still love you. I wish you—the best. I shall go on loving you to the end. Good-by, Emily. And please don't think of me again."

He stooped and kissed my hands.

Outside, in the lavender glow of twilight, I turned back at the foot of the lane to look at his window. He was sitting by his littered table with his head down on his arm.

I went back through the little lane to my car, with tears in my eyes but with a song in my heart and peace in my soul.

As I drove homeward the thoughts of two men were with me.

One man—eager-faced, successful, worthy, desirable, waiting for me to name the day when I would marry him. The other, a white-haired old man, defeated, crushed, making a last brave struggle with life. And a third man—young, handsome, confident, to whom I had vowed love and fidelity until death.

And I made my choice.

That night I telephoned Arthur Gensmere and asked him to come to me.

HE came quickly, gladly, his face eager with anticipation of my answer to his frequently put question. I sat down beside him and took his hand. It was not easy—the thing I had to do.

"Arthur," I said, "you deserve something better than second-best love. You deserve a woman—a young woman—who can give you her first love—who will love you with her whole heart, and you only, until death. Some day, I know you will find such a woman.

"Arthur," I said very gently, "I cannot marry you. I am not free."

Traveling with a Baby

(*Continued from page 76*)

a journey, may make the children nervous and irritable; and I have seen children made actually ill by them. I select the simple well-cooked dishes on the menus; I see that plenty of milk and green vegetables are included; and I do not allow eating between meals.

When I travel by automobile with children of "assorted ages" I provide all the members of the family with a hot breakfast each morning before we leave our overnight stopping place. At noon we select a quiet shady spot by the roadside; here the older children relax and play while baby naps in the car; we have a picnic lunch and a brief rest. A simple and inexpensive hot meal at night completes the food program for the day. This cuts traveling costs and adds enjoyment to the trip.

FOR a short automobile trip you can take baby's food in a "running-board box," easily made by any man handy with tools. Mine is about three feet long, and as wide as the running-board. It has a removable tray like a trunk-tray, a good lock, and a strong handle. All baby's food supplies are packed in the bottom. The tray has an oil-cloth lining, and provides an ideal place for preparing and serving baby's food. Here I use the alcohol lamp or stove to sterilize bottles and nipples, and to warm the food. This box is painted an inconspicuous dark brown, and we carry it up to the hotel room along with the other hand luggage. The best thing about the box is that it keeps all the food and food equipment apart from the clothing—a most important point.

Don't forget that baby will eat more readily with his own utensils or tableware. A wise mother I know carries baby's own bib, spoon and cup in her hand-bag, and her baby feeds himself at any table, untroubled by a bulky napkin wadded around his neck, or by an unhandy, strange or awkward spoon, and is not bothered by a cup of an unaccustomed weight, size, and shape.

Clothing for Small Travelers

Three requirements I keep in mind for the children's clothing when they travel: their garments must be easily laundered; they must be loose-fitting and comfortable; and they must be of materials which will not be injured by sun or rain. Fortunately, neither the children nor I care for fancy clothes or stiff-brim hats.

I launder baby's clothing myself and use it rough-dry rather than run the risk of infections from carelessly washed clothes. I provide three little crinkly-crêpe slip dresses and three nightgowns of the same material. Light colors may be used, but I prefer white, because it always looks cool and dainty. As the babies grew older, I used rompers of the same crinkly-crêpe material. It is easy to keep such garments clean. With a strong

cord and some doll's clothes-pins they may be dried in any room or stateroom over night. A cake of hard-water soap is always included in my laundry equipment.

My baby always has his own rubber sheet, blanket, and pillow, wherever he sleeps. The best covering, because it combines light weight with warmth, is a hand-knit afghan. I have found that a dull color, such as a medium blue, pale gray, or deep rose, does not show soil quickly. My pillow cases are of crinkly-crêpe; and a knit-crib sheet completes the bedding.

As for my own clothes when traveling with very little folks, I provide myself with several dark washable dresses which will not discolor especially if I know that I must care for a small baby throughout the journey.

When I have taken my babies from a warm climate to a cold one, as I have done in going from San Domingo to New York—or the other way round—I change one garment a day until the desired change in attire is complete. I never use baby's sun-suit for traveling because it does not afford enough protection for changing conditions.

I have found that another invaluable addition when the children have been at the run-about stage is a "play-horse" light leather harness. It is particularly useful on an ocean trip.

A Word on "Comfort" Equipment

Of course, with all that I have said about the errors that come with an attempt to "travel light," I still aim to take as few articles as I can. But I have found that if there was a corner for some comfort equipment, I have been convinced of its usefulness. A combination folding crib and screened play-pen is a great comfort, especially on a steamer. It provides a safe sleeping place, and may be used as a play enclosure in the sunshine on deck.

If baby is not accustomed to a light in his room at night, and grown-ups have to occupy the same room on a journey, a tiny green shade made by covering a wire frame with dull green silk will prevent his being disturbed by older people who will find the light sufficient for their needs.

A small folding chair in the tonneau of the car gives the child a rest if it is low enough to allow him to rest his feet on the floor. A pillow or footstool is equally helpful in changing a small autoist's position on a long ride.

I always include a rubberized bag in the luggage when baby is along. Any damp articles are carried in this, and may be attended to at one's convenience.

Simple Medical Supplies

The main troubles which children may have on long journeys are likely to be due to prickly heat, constipation, and sunburn or windburn. So I take a good baby powder, a bulb syringe and a pure cold cream. An autoist's first-aid kit that comes ready-packed in a tin box, slips easily into a door-pocket or hand-bag. I also carry a germicidal soap for baby's bath.

As a final word, something about amusing children on a long trip may not be amiss. For a very little child, the best-loved friendly doll, Teddy bear, or toy

To Clear Arms and Legs of Hair

Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth

Even by running one's hand across the skin, absolutely no stubble can be felt this new way

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Every Vestige of Arm or Leg Hair Instantly But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

Money Making Opportunities

I'll Start You Without a Dollar. You'll make $85 weekly, taking orders for finest shirts, ties. Free Outfit. Dept. P.C.7, Rosecliff, 1237 Broadway, N.Y.

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Hotels Need Trained Executives—Nationwide demand for trained men and women; experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Write for particulars. Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Room BO-W637, Washington, D. C.

Women make $5 hourly. Lingerie "V" chain prevents shoulder straps slipping. Every woman buys. No experience needed. Your own chain Free. Lingerie "V" Co., 5 Rogers St., North Windham, Conn.

Without one cent investment make $65.00 every week selling finest work pants made. Every man buys 3 pair for $5.50. Outfit Free. C. Longwear Trousers, 489 Broome St., New York.

Big Pay Daily Taking Orders for Dress & Work Shirts, Pants, Overalls, Sweaters, Underwear, Hosiery, Playsuits! Outfit free! Nimrod Co., Dept. 85, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

Gold Mine for Agents! Marvel Damask Stainless Tablecloth. Agents make $5.00 hourly. Cash bonus. Free Sample Walton, 255-A Church St., New York.

Agents wanted to introduce free lathering soap and distribute samples. $1.25 an hour easy. Particulars free. Albert Mills, 3784 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

W't'd immediately. Men—Women, 18-55, qualify for Gov't. jobs; $125-$250 mth. Paid vacations. Thousands needed. Instruction Bureau, 137, St. Louis.

$10 Daily—Guaranteed Shirts and Ties. Lowest prices. Cash commissions, extra bonus. Outfits free. Crew managers write. Parmode, St. Louis.

Physicians prescribe it

prudent women use nothing else

THIS FREE BOOKLET TELLS WHY...

Every married woman should read it. Full facts about feminine hygiene in simple words. Tells why Tyree's Antiseptic Powder makes safest germicidal solution. Write for free copy.

YOU can be sure of utmost protection when you use this double-quick germ killing powder for douche solution. Your doctor would recommend it as soothing, healing, non-poisonous. You will like it. So quick and easy to use. For 40 years it has been growing in use among discriminating women—supplanting dangerous, poisonous liquids. Gently soothes the most delicate tissues and membranes. Yet every germ is killed. In powder form that cannot alter in strength, Tyree's is quick-dissolving, easy to measure, economical, and has a pleasant, delicate odor. The blue tissue-wrapped box sold by druggists contains full directions. Three sizes—small—medium—large.

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ANTISEPTIC POWDER

Dusted on the sanitary napkin, it is a deodorant and germicide. A tried and useful antiseptic for every household need.

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☐ I enclose 10c (stamps or coin). Please send me a large size sample package of Tyree's Antiseptic Powder and your free booklet, or:

☐ Please send free booklet "What Every Woman Should Know About Feminine Hygiene."

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Agents $90 a Week

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Sell new line **Insured Hosiery** for men, women, children. All styles and colors. Guaranteed to wear 6 months or new hose free. Finest line silks. All at lowest prices.

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I want men and women to act as my Local Sales Agent. No experience needed. New selling plan. Credit given. Commissions paid daily. Extra bonus. Auto furnished to producing salesmen. **Write for samples** and **state size of hose worn.**

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BLONDES!

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A PRICELESS beauty secret for every blonde who wants to keep her hair light, bright and lovely! All you do is use a special shampoo when you wash your hair. *This new shampoo for blondes only is called Blondex.* Keeps hair from darkening—puts new life and sparkle in dull, faded hair. Acts in safe, natural way—no dyes or harsh bleaches—fine for scalp. Already used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.

animal will prevent homesickness, especially at night.

As my children grew older, they would spend hours with a small box of crayons and a drawing book, or with beads to string. Later on, a tiny notebook interested them in keeping a "log" of their adventures; and still later, a small, cheap camera engrossed them in making snapshots of their very own.

I realize, of course, that every mother will not need to make all of the preparations, or to take all of the precautions I have suggested. You will select those which apply to your own particular vacation, and to your own baby, or babies.

But of this fact I am sure: that if you will give thought to your baby and to his good time, both in preparing for the trip and while you are journeying, he will repay it many times by being a good and happy traveling companion and you will have the rest and fun that you richly deserve.

Young Sinners

(*Continued from page* 62)

made me get up again, even before he said, "Peggy, get into those clothes and come with me! Your mother and father say for you to come with me."

It was a command from Billy Carter—and I obeyed. How I hated it! How he would gloat.

He left me alone for a few minutes while I took off my badly mussed evening gown and put on the simple dress and hat Bab had sent. Then I walked out. We got in his car. He took me home. Doctor and Mrs. Blair were sitting in the living room. Always loyal, always eager to help any one in trouble.

DOCTOR BLAIR led me straight up to mother's room. Mother's blessed arms! Father's blessed arms! Babs' stricken face. Mother sobbing. Billy backed toward the door, but father stopped him. They were a pathetic group.

Father had just come from church where he'd gone through with the sermon as if nothing had happened.

"Wait! One moment," said father in a voice so strange I would not have known it. "I want to get this story straight. All of it; from the first. Tell me, Peggy."

Father sat down on mother's bed and drew me beside him. My heart broke all over again, when I glanced at him. Then I made myself look full into his dear face.

"Father, I will tell you. It's all so—so—terrible—but I will tell you."

There was such a sob in my throat that I could hardly go on, but I did. I began at the beginning. I told all I knew of Cornelia and Robert's infatuation; how Cornelia had influenced the old man to take an interest in us. I related everything. And then I told every little detail of what had happened in that room at the Hut. I left out no word. And when I had finished I knew that they believed me—even Billy.

With an ever deepening frown, father said, "But—you had the pistol in your hand and were kneeling by her?"

"Yes. I grabbed it from her as soon as I could."

"And—and she pointed to Robert and accused him?"

"She pointed at him and said 'He—he.' No, she did not accuse him—exactly."

Billy here interposed, "It will be so construed. Absolutely."

Father's face quivered. There were new deep lines of sorrow burrowing into it. Mother was standing over by a window sobbing; her head buried in her upraised arms, leaning hard.

We were interrupted by the arrival of Mr. DeWitt. Karl had been sitting in the sun parlor. He opened the door, but Billy ran downstairs to meet the visitor.

He was terrible; beyond all self-control. He hurled accusations at all of us. He called father a grafting hypocrite, and every name he could think of. And when he spoke of Robert, rage choked him. He swore that he would put Robert in the electric chair if it took every penny he had on earth. He'd get the best lawyers in the world! He would drag us all down to the lowest depths of degradation; in the gutter—where we belonged. I heard him rail against me, accusing me of shielding Robert, and lying to him.

He swore he'd fix the newspapers. He'd buy the newspapers. We had all taken advantage of Cornelia. We had played her in a dirty game and frame-up. We would be disgraced; paupers, beggars in the street. He would see to that!

We could hear every word upstairs, and Billy and Karl reasoning and pleading, in vain. At last they succeeded in getting him out of the house and into his car that was waiting in front.

JUST as his car was leaving, another drove in. It contained Mr. and Mrs. Carter. From the upstairs window we saw and recognized them. I watched a shudder pass through mother, but she went to the dresser to try to make herself presentable for their sympathetic attentions.

Leaning over the balustrade, I discovered that they had not come on such an altruistic errand, but to snatch their son Billy—from among the accursed Philistines.

I stood amazed, listening to Billy's defiance of his parents. He held his ground, both physically and morally, and the parents departed. Incidentally I learned something that I had not known before: that they were sending Billy's sister Betty, my best friend, to camp this summer, in order to get her away from my evil influence!

I went back to mother and stated bluntly, "They didn't come to see us. They came to—get Billy out."

"A—ah!" I believe that mother's sigh held more relief than hurt. She had not heard about Betty.

Father was walking slowly up and down the room, hands clasped behind him, head bowed low, in as deep a sorrow as ever

falls to the lot of a human being—in this bewildering world of sin.

It so happened that old preacher Owen, from the mountain mission, had come to The Pines that night while we were all at Lake Wahna. The servants had been permanently instructed to make him welcome at any time, and he had slept in the big guest room just vacated by the DeWitts.

And it was he—in his rusty black, shabby coat—who taught father's Bible class that afternoon. He announced that a great sorrow—deeper than death—had come into the home of their leader and that he was stricken and helpless.

The people knew it, of course; for the morning newspapers had featured the scandal and tragedy, with two-inch black headlines. What they lacked in detail, they made up in headlines; headlines that were sufficient to stir the entire city and community and country to its very depths.

I knew that the Purity Leaguers and the Parent Teachers Association would demand immediate action. I knew that Caveman's Hut was doomed; as though the closing of a road house would make any difference.

The grand jury was called in special session at ten o'clock. Robert was there, of course, but they would not let me speak to him. Robert had evidently not slept at all. The night in a cell had reduced him to pulp. His general air was of such utter dejection that anything he might have said would have been unconvincing.

OLD man DeWitt was there, vengeance and fury boiling in his soul. I saw Robert look at him pityingly.

Robert told a straightforward story, disclaiming any intent of wrongdoing; certainly none of murder. And yet, while he did not kill her, he declared—such a thought had never once entered his mind—there was no motive for it. Yet he supposed he was to blame. He supposed so. That was evidently what she had meant, he said, when she pointed at him and said, "He—he—"

How they questioned Robert! They tried to beat him down with questions.

Then they questioned him about me. They intimated that Robert was lying—to save me. What was I doing there anyhow? Wasn't I given to fits of uncontrollable anger? Hadn't Mrs. DeWitt made me very angry? Wasn't it entirely beyond all reason that she should take her own life? And on and on.

Billy made a speech, calling attention to the two packed suit cases in her car; her evidently premeditated intention of running away. And the fact that she had with her all her valuable jewelry. He explained how he had taken me there because I was trying to shield both of them.

They questioned me. Wasn't I sometimes so flamed with anger that I didn't know what I was doing? Hadn't Mrs. DeWitt made me mad—like that? Didn't I hate her anyway? Hadn't she always been an enemy of mine? And on and on.

When they were all through we went into another room. No one would allow me to speak to Robert, not even when it was announced that a true bill had been found against him.

These photographs show the glorious transformation of lovely waves put in Miss Sidway's hair. When the molds came out of Miss Sidway's hair, she exclaimed with delight, "That's the loveliest wave I ever had! From now on, I'm going to use these molds myself."

Here is a manufacturer with such pride in his product—such confidence in its excellence—that in photographing a demonstration of this product for publication, he invited these representatives of great papers to be present, that readers may be assured of complete truthfulness and entire sincerity in every phase of this advertisement. Such is the straightforward clean-cut policy of ARCADY HOUSE.

Marvelous New Marcel Molds Make Hair Gloriously Wavy

In 20 Minutes—At Home—Your Hair Will Look Just Wonderful!

Beauty Specialist Discovers Secret of Successful Home Marcelling

And now the Beauty Parlor brought to your own room.
No more expensive treatments.
No more "appointments," delays, disappointments.
No more tedious "processes"—no more danger from hot irons.
For here Science combines with the Art of the Professional Beauty Specialist to give you what every feminine heart and head has longed for—**the perfect waver.**
So simple a girl of ten can use it with perfect results.
So speedy that 20 minutes span the gap between straggly, unkempt hair and the glorious waves of your favorite style.
So sure that you can hold any wave you have, or reproduce it perfectly, or create something wholly new.
In your own room—without work of preparation—without electricity or hot irons—free from danger of drying out or searing your hair.
There has never been a waver like this before. Never anything so simple and effective. It is the scientific result of long, intelligent and ingenious invention on the part of an American Beauty Specialist of high repute and established success.

The great difference between this and all other wavers

This waver slips into the hair as easily as you pass your fingers through. But it does something no other waver ever does: **It locks in!** By a simple clip, it holds in place—stays where you put it—and **locks the wave in,** MOLDING every contour firmly, gracefully, lastingly.
It makes a soft, undulating wave that lasts from one shampoo to another.
If you see your wave becoming faint and loose, all you have to do is slip these marvelous molds into your hair, lock them in place over the wave, remove them in 20 minutes, and, lo! there's your fresh new wave again! Can such good news for womankind be true? We refer you to every woman who has so far had the opportunity to try out, test and use this marvelous new device. Read what just one of them says:

"I think the Marcel Molds are wonderful. My girl friends could hardly believe I had done it all myself, yet it is true that I got a delightful, soft marcel wave in so short a time it surprised me. Will you please send another set for my chum?"
(Signed) B. M. T.

The Art of Beauty, the Sureness of Science, Create this Marvelous New Molder

One of America's finest Beauty Specialists brought this waver to us. It is the result of her work and hopes and dreams over many years of professional hair dressing, plus the skill and science we placed at her command with our expert manufacturing facilities.
Margaret Beynon Sylva, of Illinois, in her 17 years of Beauty Parlor proprietorship, with **women's hair as her personal specialty,** learned all the longing that women have for a successful home marceller. She knew as keenly as you do the expense, the trials, the disappointments—the dangers, even—of the beauty parlor method, with its rush, its new help, its hot irons. Mme. Sylva helped to make many other wavers before this final success arrived. They slipped out of hair. They were hard to set in—"tricky." She found at last the touchstone of triumph:

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And with that great idea she came to us. We worked it out. But not so swiftly or easily as these words imply.

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Robert was indicted for murder in the first degree. I was held, under bond, as witness.

They carried Robert back to jail.

Mother took me home and put me to bed.

Billy came back to The Pines with Karl. They shut themselves in Karl's room.

At two o'clock, our old, fat colored cook who had been with us since before I was born, brought a tray with my dinner.

When she entered my room her sympathetic loyal heart was so full that she could scarcely speak. She put the tray down, reached over and gathered me up from the bed and in her arms. I was a featherweight to her Amazon strength.

"You — precious — lamb! You — poor — little — baby-chile. Don' you worry. Yo' ain' done nothin'. You ain' done nothin'!"

She sat down in a rocking chair and began to rock and croon, holding me tight, just as she used to do when I was a baby. Somehow I began to feel a peace stealing over me; a comfort in her loving black arms and strength. And, for the first time since the tragedy I could cry. In a blinding flood, the tears came.

BACK and forth, she rocked and crooned one of her old "'fo' de wah" spirituals.

It's me—it's me, oh Lord—a-standin' in de need o' prayer,
It's me—it's me, oh Lord—a-standin' in de need o' prayer.

She let me cry and cry; then she put me back in bed and smoothed the covers. She brought a damp towel from the bathroom and washed my face, just as she used to do when I was little and would run in and out of her kitchen.

"Now, honey, you'se a gonna eat this broiled chicken and rice and gravy. Eat it all. Don't never leave nothin' on yo' plate. 'Tain't manners."

Eat! How could I eat? My throat would not swallow. But I wanted to do as she said. I said, "Huldah, you won't leave us, will you?"

She rose to her full height and squared her big feet on the floor. She boomed:

"'Tain't nobody could make me, chile. Nobody! Where you all is, I is! I done tole yo' ma and pa. That's fixed. Now eat yo' vittles, an' I'll be back—"

Afterward, I was told, she had carried a tray to Robert at the jail. She marched through the streets of Huntsville, her head defiantly high, and holding the covered tray in front of her. At one corner, where an excited crowd had gathered, she yelled:

"Stan' back! Git out o' my way! I'se a-carryin' Marse Robert his dinnah. Git!"

She had cleared a path before her.

I ate the delicate food that she had prepared. But while I was eating, choking down that awful lump in my throat, one phrase of hers began a maddening beat in my brain again. "Yo' ain' done nothin'. Yo' ain' done nothin'."

I had never rebelled at punishment for wrongdoing. I wouldn't have rebelled then, if I had felt that I was guilty; that I had done anything to merit suffering like this. What had I done? Again and again, I asked the question.

And this terrible suffering that was tearing the very heart out of my body was not for myself. I could stand anything. My pain was for what was happening to Robert; to mother and father and Babs.

Why wouldn't people believe me? I asked myself this question again and again. They had to believe me! How could I make them?

There must be a way out. There was bound to be a way out. I must find a way out! I determined that I would find a—way—out! I felt a bit comforted after this grim determination.

That afternoon at four o'clock, all the officers of the church, except Mr. Carter, came to The Pines. And old preacher Owen was with them.

They sat in the living room and library. Babs, Karl and I were in the sun parlor: silent listeners, out of sight, but we could see them.

Father with mother at his side entered the living room with the look Savanarola might have had on his face when he went to the stake, or when the flames began to touch his feet. I felt that I could not bear to see it. I could not stand it! But I had to.

The spokesman was an ex-federal judge. His judicial manner could never have been more impressive and dignified than when he said to father with slow, distinct emphasis, "We have come, sir, to express our sympathy, our loyalty and our unfailing confidence in you."

I saw father's face blanch. I am sure that he must have expected reproof and condemnation.

"You are—kind," came in a hoarse whisper from father. "Of course—I am dazed and stunned. I am incapable of connected thought at this time. But you must know, of course, that when I have recovered from shock, the first thing I will do, will be to resign from the session and all active work in the church."

FATHER and mother had sat down while he was speaking. I watched the men glance at each other. Again the judge spoke:

"That is what we anticipated, and hope to prevent. We do not want you to resign."

Here he paused and shifted the subject. "My dear sir, we cannot blame you for the acts of your children. We know you. You have walked in and out among us for more than twenty years. We know your life. We know your sincerity. We are unanimous in that we have no word of blame or censure for you. I want to make that clear and emphatic."

"You are—kind," father repeated, a catch in his throat. "As I said, I am stunned. My brain is numb. I suppose you would put the blame for, for this terrible thing on the spirit of modern, flaming youth. That hackneyed misnomer! And I—I cannot agree with you on that. My son is in jail, accused of murder. I know I have convinced myself that he is innocent—of murder. Whatever his sins, they are mine. We make our children what they are!"

Mother had sat in stoic silence. But now she spoke, and her voice was firm and clear. "He shall not take the blame. If there is any blame, it is mine. Every mother is responsible for her own

children. Their sins must be—hers."

I just couldn't stand to hear them say these things—but I had to. Again I repeated to myself, "I must find a way out. I must find a way out!"

Babs was sobbing into the cushions of the swing. Karl sat down and put his arm around her shoulders.

I put a hand to my face. I had bitten my lips until they were bleeding. Karl saw it and passed me a big neatly-folded handkerchief. I took it, went over in a corner and stood looking out the window, the handkerchief pressed to my lips.

"I will find a way out. I will find a way out," was still the refrain beating into my brain. I heard father talking:

"There are some who will say—that I am a hypocrite; that I have been living with one foot in the church and one foot in the world, leading a double life. I really cannot see it that way—yet. It may be true. Certainly I have failed as a father—"

I could not bear to hear my father say that and then choke up so that he could say no more. I could not stand it—but I had to.

"I will find a way out. I will find a way out." That beat in my brain went on and on.

AGAIN I was listening to father.

"There must be reasons; deep, deep reasons under all this. But I cannot now see that these reasons have to do with treachery to my family or the work of ministering elder in our church."

"No, no," they assured him in chorus.

"If you've heard the whole story, which I suppose you have, you know that I had made a little money, and had saved it—"

"That is your affair—not ours," the judge interposed quickly.

"Now I do not believe in the sort of holy life that separates itself," father continued. "Every life should be holy. Every calling should be holy—in the pew or in the pulpit."

"You have done nothing for which to reproach yourself, sir. We have no word of reproach for you. That is not our mission," repeated the judge emphatically.

But father's mind was running along a straight line. He went on, "Perhaps I was a coward to hide my feeble literary activities. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed, except for the cowardice of subterfuge. It was no sin to provide for one's family—"

Again the judge interrupted, "Indeed no! We agree with you. We understand. Please do not torture yourself with useless things—"

But father went on down his line. "On my small salary as a college professor I could scarcely live in a manner acceptable to modern standards. Those standards we maintained, and it left nothing over, month by month. I did this outside work, writing these silly plays, looking to the future of old age—and my family."

The Judge glanced appealingly around at his colleagues. But they were shaking their heads in silence and gazing on the floor. Again the judge spoke.

"Please! You do not have to explain to us. Certainly you do not have to try to justify anything that you have done. We know you, sir, and have confidence in you.

They Thought I Was Trying to be Funny—

Until I Started to Play — Then I Gave Them the Surprise of Their Lives

THE crowd sat spellbound. Harry had just played the violin—beautifully. With mock dignity I arose.

"With your kind permission," I announced, "I shall now charm you with a piano recital."

Everyone snickered. They were sure I couldn't play a note. "Does he really play?" one girl asked. "Yes," Phil laughed, "he plays the Victrola—beautifully!"

With studied clumsiness I fell over the piano stool. Then I proceeded to pick out "Chop Sticks" with one finger! The crowd laughed. This was the dramatic moment for my surprise. Dropping the mask of the clown, I struck the first sweet chords of Wagner's lovely "The Evening Star" from "Tannhauser."

The laughter died on their lips. The magic of my music cast a spell over everyone. As I played on with complete confidence I forgot the room—the people—everything. I was alone—lost in the sheer beauty of the immortal master's tender melodies.

The Thrill of My Life

When the last notes had faded away, there was a roar of applause. Then came questions and congratulations from my dumbfounded friends—"How long have you been playing?"—"Who was your teacher?"—"Where did you learn?"

"I know it is hard to believe," I replied, "but I learned at home—*and without a teacher.*"

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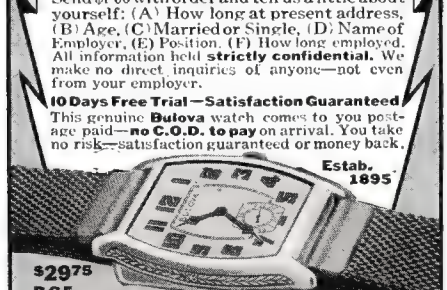

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It is enough. We respect you. Our hearts ache with yours. I repeat that you must not blame yourself. It was to prevent this very thing that we intruded ourselves so hastily today."

Father slowly shook his head. "I, too, can only repeat that I have failed. The fact remains. The fault is somewhere in me. I am being punished. I accept it."

The judge said, "May I venture to suggest that perhaps we can think more clearly than you, at this moment. We want to protect you—and yours. We beg you, sir, just to let matters rest as they are. We are all stunned now. But we feel and believe that things will come out all right."

Still father shook his head. "They can never be the same. I must resign and get away," he repeated again.

The judge became emphatic. "No. We entreat you! Take no hasty action. We cannot accept your resignation."

Father slowly shook his head. "You will have to, I fear," he said wearily. "I can see—nothing else to do. I must find where the fault lies. I am submerged in sorrow—trouble—"

The judge interrupted, "As I have tried to make clear, we want to face these troubles with you. You need us now. You have been with us in sorrow and death for twenty years. Our troubles were your troubles. You must now let your troubles be ours."

Old man Owen's quavering voice spoke then for the first time. He astonished them all when he said, "I believe that brother Peyton is right. You can bear the burden with him. But he is doing right—"

FATHER gave him a grateful look and said, "I know it. I cannot even try to express the deep gratitude of my soul toward you all: I can never forget your coming here today—and what you have said. But it is best that I resign and go away."

The judge pleaded. "We beg of you—"

But father interrupted, "I must go away—and find myself. Can't you understand? I have failed! The whole structure of my life lies in ruins. It is God's punishment, or it would not be."

Tense silence. The clock in the hall chimed the half hour. Again came father's voice. "The thought has come to me today with an uncanny persistence, that it may all be, because I have been as the fig tree that the Christ accursed. Accursed because it was all leaves and show—and bore no fruit. This thought I have not been able to down. Perhaps my life has been full of leaves without fruit; lacking spiritual power to show men and women—and even my own children—the paths of duty and righteousness. The inevitable consequences of the transgression of law. Man's law. God's law. Of sin."

Father paused. I saw the judge's hand brush his eye. One of the other men sobbed aloud. Father continued, "Better men than I have been caught in the traps of materialism, expediency and—semblance."

Father here stood up, with mother behind him. He reeled and would have fallen, had she not steadied him. The interview was over.

"You will excuse me now, please. My dear friends, God bless you! You have eased the awful hurt. But you must see. The fact remains that I have failed! I must go away and bear the punishment. Let it be known that I have resigned—at once. There is nothing else to do."

I could not stand to hear my father say these things—but I had to.

My soul cried in panic. My father was giving up everything and going away.

From The Pines—our home! I could not bear that thought. Again—the incessant beat in my brain: "I will find a way out. I will find a way out!"

I listened to them leaving. When they had gone mother and father went into the library, and closed the door. I could not bear to think of them—alone—in that room, suffering. I could not stand it—but I had to.

"Oh, God! Oh, God—" It was a mechanical cry—an exclamation, not a call. Strange, I thought—that I cannot pray to God when I so terribly needed all the help there was.

"I WILL find—a—way—out!" I went upstairs to my room. I reviewed all the circumstances and details. I could not bear the thought of Robert—in jail. I could not stand it—but I had to.

I could even see Robert being dragged out of the cell and along a corridor, by burly men; seated in a mechanical contrivance and shocked into eternity. Bobbie!

My mind was clutching blindly in the dark at any straw of hope. There was none. Nobody would believe us. Despair was growing blacker each minute.

I determined that I would get Robert out of that cell. I would fix it so father should not give up anything and have to go away. I would fix it!

Robert was accused of murder; but they had found me kneeling by Cornelia with the pistol in my hand. Robert had been standing back in the room. It was Cornelia saying, "He—he—" that made people think that he had done it. Cornelia had not meant them to think that; whatever else she might have meant. She had not meant that. I knew it. Bobbie knew it.

I had told them. Robert had told them. They would not believe either of us. They would never believe either of us. Old man DeWitt's lawyers would attend to that. I had told the exact truth—and they wouldn't believe. *How could I make them believe?*

Slowly an idea was kindling in my distraught brain. It grew from a tiny little spark—quickly! Oh, very quickly!

I was finding a—way—out!

If I confessed that I did it, then they might believe me. If I confessed that I did it. But that wouldn't help!

They would let Robert go and put me in jail, and mother and father would be just where they now were. Maybe they wouldn't even believe me if I did confess—unless—unless—

The tiny spark had burst into a flame of inspiration and resolution.

I had — found — a — way — out!

I would confess in a definite, written way, that I did it. And then—I would kill myself!

Then they would believe! They would

believe then! Only Robert would know the real truth and nobody would pay any attention to him. They would all believe *that*. They would *have* to!

It would not be necessary for father to go away. I would fix it. I could not bear the thought of father giving up his work at the college and in the church, and of mother packing all her things and moving out. Where would they move? We had no other home. We had never had any other home. And all of father's money was gone. We had no home! No money!

My confession and death would hurt them, of course it would. But not as they were being hurt now! Down in the library—alone—and as they must live on, being hurt.

It would be a sweet sorrow compared to what it was at that time! And they would go on living in The Pines, and father would keep his position and everything.

I had found a way out—for everybody.

It was settled. Only the details remained. I must be careful not to make a blunder. Karl had a pistol. He and Robert had practiced shooting at a target in the back yard, one day, at Easter time. And they had let me shoot. I could do it—with that pistol.

It was somewhere in Karl's room. I would find it. And then I would do it—that very night! It would end everything. Robert would not spend another night in jail.

I FELT almost happy. It was such relief to have found a way out, with that incessant beating in my brain. I'd find the pistol first, and have it ready.

I slipped into Karl's room. It was easy. I found the pistol lying in the top bureau drawer. I was afraid to touch it, but I did. I lifted it up and carried it to my room putting it in the bottom bureau drawer. It was there—ready.

I remember that I had always been called a little pagan. I had often boasted that I could die the death of one. I could!

They would never believe, otherwise! Never! But—they would believe—*then*. They would *have* to!

This would be the test of the sort of stuff I was made of! And I could do it! I knew that I could do it.

After all, I was only a little noise that would presently pass away anyhow. What did a few years more or less, matter? Selfish, individual life has no meaning, except when it is fused into a fierce composite flame with all other life. Out of all these mingled spirits—little, ugly, weak, vain, silly lives—would come a vision of beauty and power and justice one day. I could be a tiny part of that.

It was strange, I thought, how I could thus stand off and view life. I seemed detached.

I remembered, as a little child, that I was afraid of life. Then later it was something to be conquered. I lost fear and became a militant conquerer. I was—*cocksure!* Silly dream! Nobody can conquer life. It conquers you! Sooner or later, it will step out and do its stuff—and your bluff is called. Mine had been called.

Yet it could not break me nor defeat

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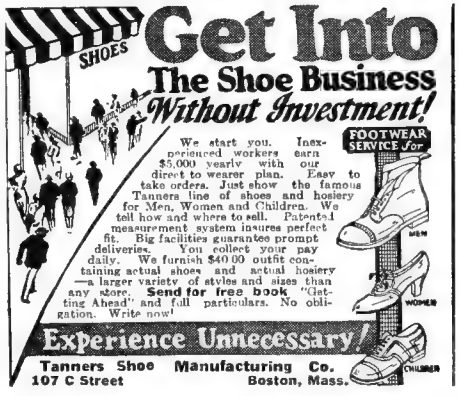

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me. Not now! It had done its worst! And I would defeat it! I would forge good and beauty and love out of that defeat. For I knew then that there was a way.

First, I wanted to see Robert. Just a minute or two. I decided to go to see Robert.

It was then dusk, but not dark. I put on a hat and slipped out of the house without saying anything to anybody. I went to the jail. It was only three blocks.

I walked into the front office where they had first taken us early that morning. Nobody was there. I walked down a long back hall and rapped on a door.

It was opened by the jailer's wife, the woman I had hated when she brought my breakfast. I now smiled at her and asked almost gaily:

"Might I see my brother, please—just for a little while?"

The woman looked stolidly at me. I felt sure that I must have appeared harmless. She hesitated. "Well now—I dunno—about that."

"Oh, please! It can't possibly make a bit of difference. Won't you?"

She hesitated another moment, then she turned back into the room.

"I DON'T see myself—as it can make any difference. I'll go with you."

She got the keys. She led the way. We went up steep iron stairs into a hall; around a corner; through another hall. She stopped in front of a door and opened it. There were two doors. The inside one was made of iron bars, and did not open.

"Hello, Bobbie!" I called.

He had been lying on the cot, but now he jumped to his feet. His hair was tousled, his face ashy white and haggard.

I stretched my hand through the bars and he caught it and held it against his breast. He could not speak.

"Say, kid, cheer up," I said. "Everything is going to be all right. I just had to come and tell you. I know—Bobbie."

Robert's deep muffled voice spoke, "Nothing can ever be right again."

"Oh, yes, it can, and don't you forget it. You're the dearest, finest, best big brother in all the world. I love you to death, Bobbie. We all do! Buck up!"

I could see that Robert had cried until there were no more tears to come. We talked for a few minutes and I knew that I had given him fresh courage and I also knew that the sight of him had doubly strengthened my purpose and made it easier.

As I walked back to The Pines I wondered what had become of Billy. A great surge of gratitude was in my heart for all that Billy had done. What a tower of strength he had been. I must see him, too, and thank him. Yes, I must do that, I decided.

Supper was on the table when I came in. A cold Sunday supper, but Huldah was there and served. We went through the motions of eating. We choked down some food. That supper strengthened my purpose also, and made it easier.

Afterwards, I found father alone in the library. I was glad for a moment with him. Putting my arms around his neck, I said, "Father can you ever forgive me for all my badness?"

Father hugged me tight and patted my back.

"Hush, hush, Peggy. I don't understand it yet, but I feel that I should ask you to forgive me."

Oh, how tightly I hugged him! "The idea! The very idea!" I chided. Tighter and tighter I hugged him. "Why, father, you are perfect! Always. The dearest, sweetest, finest, best father any girl ever had. Remember that! Will you remember that?"

I made him promise.

I found mother in the pantry helping Huldah with the dishes. I came up behind her and put my arms around her neck.

"Mother, it's Peggy."

She stood still and crossed her arms over mine, interlocked on her breast. "Yes, dear," she said.

"Mother, I am sorry—"

"Don't, Peggy—I know—"

"You forgive me, mother?"

She turned and caught me to her and I buried my face in her neck.

"Of course, of course. There is nothing to forgive."

"Oh yes, there is. All my silly stubbornness. And mother, you're the dearest best, sweetest mother any girl ever had. Remember that! You will remember that?"

I made her promise.

I found Babs with Karl in the sun parlor.

"Hello," I called at the door. "Where did Billy go?"

"Billy is moving from his home to the club," informed Karl. This was a surprise.

"No?" I questioned. Then—I understood! Billy's loyalty was a lovely thing. I said, "Billy's a trump. Wonder if he's coming back here tonight?"

"Said he was," answered Karl.

I sat down by Babs on the couch. I put my arm around her.

BABS was too astonished to speak. I paid no attention to her bewilderment. I knew that she would remember afterward, and be glad.

"You'll forgive me for all my meanness to you, Babs, won't you?" I asked.

Babs began to cry. She said, "What's the matter—Peggy?"

I was quick to reassure her. "Nothing. Nothing whatever. You've just all been so wonderful—to me after—such terrible trouble and—everything. Here's Billy now."

I had seen him coming through the yard. I opened the front door. I led the way around the corner of the porch. We sat down in a hammock.

Suddenly I took Billy's hand, and held it close between both of mine.

"Billy, you have been so good—" I began.

Billy answered simply, "I love you, Peggy."

I bit my lips. It was all I could do to keep from crying.

"I want you to know how grateful I am, Billy—and that everything's going to be all right. You'll see."

Billy said, "If it weren't for old man DeWitt—"

"Never mind him. Everything's going to be all right," I repeated. "Karl says

that you've moved to the club. I wouldn't do that, Billy. Don't do anything to hurt your mother and father."

"Peggy, dear—"

I dared not stay longer with Billy.

"I am so tired, I must go now," I said, as I stood up. Then suddenly—before I realized what I was doing—I put my arms around Billy's neck and kissed him on the cheek.

"Good-night, Billy dear. Good-by."

I was in the house in a flash and upstairs—in my own room. I locked my door.

The time had come. I had seen them all and had told them that I loved them. My heart was strangely at peace. I wanted to get it over with now, quickly.

I lifted the pistol from under the clothes in the bottom of the drawer. Paradoxically I was afraid of the pistol. I put it down gingerly on the corner of my desk.

I sat down at the desk. I found paper and pen. This confession was important. It must be just right and above all, it must be convincing. It *had* to be!

I wrote:

DEAREST MOTHER:

This is a confession. I shot her. I did it myself and I cannot stand it another minute. Robert lied—for me. Cornelia made me mad, mother. And you know how I am when I get mad. Don't feel that I really meant to kill her for I didn't. You don't have that to believe of me. She was determined to ruin Bobbie's life and said mean things about you and father.

They will send Bobbie home now. And tell father that he must not resign his position anywhere now—for my sake.

I don't mind. Don't grieve for me, mother. I always was a venturesome little devil. I'm not scared. I don't mind. It won't hurt but a minute. And remember—I love you all. And please love me—

Suddenly—there was a pounding on my door—a frantic pounding—and mother's terrified voice, screaming:

"Peggy! Open the door, Peggy. Quick! Peggy! Peggy!"

This remarkable story of modern youth will be concluded in the
August TRUE STORY Magazine—On Sale Everywhere July 5th.

The Love He Couldn't Forget

(*Continued from page* 44)

to, to pass the long hours until bedtime.

But nobody seemed to be in need of my cheering spiritual aid, so I lighted a cigarette, propped my feet up on the seat opposite, and prepared to entertain myself with my newly erected air castles. After a while I dozed.

There was a sharp blast of the whistle, a sudden grinding of brakes, a terrific crash ahead. My eyes flew open—to behold the car ahead telescoping back into the observation car, crushing like eggshells the terrified, wild-eyed men in its path.

I leaped into the aisle as the car careened drunkenly and toppled over on its side. A grinding agony ripped the last shred of feeling from my body and darkness smothered me.

For days I drifted about, half conscious, wholly delirious, through a burning desert of pain-shot darkness, with here and there an oasis of suffering sanity.

I COULD hear a man, somewhere, frantically arguing that he must catch a train; must go somewhere; had to be there, and cursing the bands that bound him down. Then he'd sing croakingly, "I Wonder What's Become of Sally." In saner moments, I knew that man to be myself.

Some one was there beside me, some one very dear and very tender, whose soft cool hands eased the pain and brought a measure of anity.

Then there were two. Sometimes Sally, whispering the old, endearing love-words: sometimes Nova, with soft cool hands and lovely, unscarred face, lending strength and courage.

Sally would bend above me tenderly but, as the mists cleared, she would go away and Nova would stay, holding my hot hand in hers, and smoothing back the flame that kept getting into my eyes.

Sally would not stay and let me see the little scarred face. I'd beg her to stay. I told her of the loneliness, the emptiness. I swore to her that the scars could never make any difference again. She would kiss me gently and when I could see, steal softly away and leave Nova. She would promise never to leave me for a minute; but she always did leave, just when I was beginning to recognize her sanely.

Nova stayed. She never left me for a waking minute. Nova stayed; but I wanted Sally.

I AWOKE at last, to a sane, sunshiny world. But I could not move, I felt numb from the waist down. There was not much pain; just that feeling one has when his arm is asleep.

Nova was sitting by my bed.

"Better?" she asked eagerly.

"A lot," I grinned. "How long have I been out?"

"Over a week," she informed me. "You had us all scared sky blue for a while."

I hesitated. I wanted to ask, yet dreaded her answer. "Nova, is Sally here?"

"Not now," she answered. "She was here all the time you were so sick. But she had to go back as soon as you were better. She left you a letter."

Eagerly but fearfully I tore open the envelope. Sally's careless scrawl sent a warm little thrill to my heart. Sally never could be bothered about taking pains with her writing. She had written on a sheet of hospital stationery.

Bob, I couldn't stay. I will explain why when you come to me. Because you *are* coming to me, you know. I think I saw into your heart while you were sick, Bobbie dear, and what I saw there was a promise of happiness for two very foolish people, who have learned a lesson in understanding. You promised me, Bob, and you were perfectly sane when you promised, (Nova will witness this) that you would come to me as soon as you are able to leave the hospital. I am holding you to that promise, Bob.

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But they don't come that easy, fellows. If you want muscle you have to work for it. That's the reason why the lazy fellow never can hope to be strong. So if you're lazy and don't want to work—you had better quit right here. This talk was never meant for you.

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No matter what happens in the next few weeks, you are to come to me. I love you, Bob. And if you are honest about loving me, nothing else can ever matter. I am enclosing directions for reaching the place. And, Bob, I've something to tell you; something you had every right to know before.

SALLY

Nova stole out and left me to reread the letter and puzzle over its meaning. What could Sally mean by "No matter what happens in the next few weeks?" Why did she underscore the words so heavily? It set me to wondering.

The doctor enlightened me the next day, however.

"Doc, how soon am I going to be on my feet again?" I demanded when he came the next morning.

The doctor fumbled with a roll of bandages, pretending not to hear.

"What about it, Doctor?" I insisted.

He frowned. Then he gave me a straight answer—with pity in his eyes, "What you mean by on your feet, boy, will be never."

I was a long time in grasping his meaning. At last I understood. All feeling drained away from my brain and left it numb. Now I understood Sally's meaning, and Nova's white face.

"Is that true, Doctor?" I asked dully.

"I'M afraid so, St. Clair," he replied, "I don't mean," he hastened to add, "that you will have to stay in bed and never be able to walk. You'll be able to get about on crutches. But that left leg is useless for walking and, I'm afraid, it will always be. We've not quit trying, but we have had no success."

He went away then, and the nurse came in. I heard him give her some instructions about the tablets which he had left on the table.

"Not more than two in any case—not more than two—" The doctor's words echoed in my numb brain. What could three do—or five? I would not have to drag myself to Sally like a creeping, crippled earth-creature—just half a man. I could not face Sally's pity, when I had failed her in her trouble.

"Not more than two." Would Jack call that playing the game? I could not face Sally and ask her to take back—just half a man!

A glass of water stood invitingly near. I was half delirious again.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—" I counted them out carefully. Better have good measure. I picked up the glass of water. "Not more than two—half a man—"

So intent was I upon my task of self-destruction that I did not know when I ceased to be alone. Suddenly my hand was struck down, flinging the little white tablets half across the room and spilling the water on the bed. The glass rolled to the floor, breaking into a thousand pieces, with a tinkling sound of scoffing laughter. "Half a man—half a man!"

Nova's eyes blazed down into mine, lashing me with their scorn and utter disgust. When she spoke, it was with thick fury, through tightly clenched teeth.

"You—you—oh, you miserable selfish coward! Must you do the one thing that would break Sally's heart all over?"

I threw my arm across my eyes. I could not meet her scornful glare.

After a little, she seated herself on the edge of my bed and pulled my arm down gently. Her face had undergone a lightning change. The red lips trembled and the wide gray eyes brimmed with tear-shrouded pity, tenderness and understanding.

"I know it seems like the end of the world, Bob, but it is not.

"Once Sally felt the same as you feel now. She told me. But, Bob, playing the quitter never helped any one yet. It's a pretty hard blow to take standing. But, Bob, you have Sally to stand by you. Doesn't that mean anything to you? This is why she made you make her that promise."

"Nova, I can't go to Sally now," I groaned. "She would only pity me—just half a man! I did not stand by her when she needed me. Now I am ashamed to ask her to stand by me—a cripple—dragging a dead, useless leg around through life—just half a man! You should have let me finish what I started to do; the only decent thing I've ever tried to do."

"Bob," Nova said earnestly, "will you men never learn that, with a woman, beauty has nothing to do with love? Sally admired your big splendid body, Bob—but it was you she loved; the real, inside *you*. She's told me many times!"

She went on musingly, "A woman's love is a strange thing, Bob. You may trample on it, neglect it, abuse it, play traitor to it, ignore it. But it is there to back you up when you need it. There is no sacrifice too great, no heartache but is lightened, no suffering too deep to endure for the men we love. And all we ask in return, Bob, when we love you like that, is your happiness.

"It is very strange, Bobbie dear, but it is also very true, that a woman's love hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.

"That's Sally speaking, Bob. Are you going to fail her—again?"

"NO Nova; not if she'll take me back—just as I am," I promised.

I improved rapidly, and was soon able to hobble about. I had to use crutches for any walking except in the house when I could get around by leaning on the furniture. My left leg was stiff and dragged like a dead weight.

At times, I felt I'd rather die than go through life like this. I, the fellow who had loved his muscular well-formed body; who had glorified in his strength and pitied anybody less blest than himself—to finish life just half a man!

A week before I left the hospital, Nova went back to Salt Lake. She told me she was to spend the Christmas holidays with the James'.

Christmas Eve, I alighted from the train in a little mountain village in Southwestern Colorado, torn between heaven and purgatory.

The snow crunched beneath my one good foot, and glistened on the tall evergreens surrounding the station, but the air was balmy and I didn't even need an overcoat.

I passed down the sleepy little main street toward a tiny lake, glimmering in the moonlight, at the farther edge of the town. Towering snow-crowned peaks, billowy clouds and silver moon reflected

themselves in the heart of that little mountain gem

Everywhere the windows blazed with Christmas. "And on earth peace, good will toward men." Several people greeted me as a friend with, "Merry Christmas, b other!"

I hobbled past a church from which came the sound of happy vibrant young voices caroling, "Silent night, Holy night! All things sleep—angels keep reverent watch—"

An ache came into my throat as I realized how long it had been since I had sat in a church and listened to happy young voices caroling, "Silent Night."

A warm rosy light glimmered against the mountain side above the lake. I turned off into the footpath that led around the lake, then turned again to my left and followed the sloping little path toward the light.

My crutches kept slipping on the snow every few steps, reminding me of things I was trying not to think about, it was taking all the courage I had to face Sally—like this!

The little log bungalow nestled cozily in the mothering arms of the big dark mountain, hemmed in by singing pines, a laughing little mountain brook, "quakers" and mountain ash that would be a riot of gold and scarlet in the autumn.

I might have known that Sally would search until she found just this spot, the loveliest spot of all, and then claim it for her own.

AS I neared the rustic gate I stopped abruptly and the aching lump came came back into my throat.

Through the open window came Sally's glorious voice, singing our twilight song. Softly and more softly, came the last notes, as though she knew I were near:

"No, the heart that has truly loved never
forgets.
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god when
he sets.
The same look which she turned when he
rose."

I had not thought of Sally's scars for days; and I knew I should not see the scars again—ever. It was Sally I loved—just Sally!

But how would she take my misfortune? Gamely, I knew, but would her love falter? Time alone would tell—as it had told her of my cowardice, long ago.

I lifted my hand to knock. The door opened quickly, before my hand could descend.

A woman stood framed in the doorway, against the open fire at her back; a beautiful woman, with dark tresses, wide brown eyes, and a sensitive dusky face softened by suffering—but not my Sally!

"Oh, I'm sorry; I've made a mistake!" I tried to keep the disappointment out of my voice.

The lovely vision held out her arms with a little sobbing catch in her throat.

"No, you haven't, Bob! This is your Sally—always!"

She was crushed close in my arms the next second, while the beautiful spirit of Christmas folded her wings about us; and all the loneliness and heartache was wiped out forever in one long kiss.

Sally led me into the firelit living room to warmth and light and love.

After a long time I lifted my face from her hair. "But—Sally—I don't understand—" I began.

Sally laughed softly, happily, the dear old Sally laugh I loved.

"But still I do not understand," I persisted densely. "Your scars—your nose—"

She led me to a deep chair before the fire and cuddled down beside me.

"It is not such a long nor a strange story, Bob," she explained.

Then she went on softly, "Bob, when I walked out of our little apartment that morning so long ago the only thing I wanted to do was to creep off somewhere by myself and die. But Jessie James came to my rescue, and pounded some sense into my head. She advised me to go to mother and Daddy Collins in Italy. I went.

"They told me of a miracle man in Paris; a plastic surgeon who did incredible things to people's faces. Daddy Collins took me to see him.

"HE would not operate then, but told me to come back in six months and he would see what he could do. He said he had never had to remove so many and such deep scars, but he would try, if I still wanted him to, at the end of that time.

"So I came back and bought Shadynook, and—"

"You bought Shadynook?" I cried in joy. "I tried to buy it, but the agent told me it was not for sale at any price."

"Because I owned it then, and it was not for sale," she laughed. "And, Bob, guess from whom I bought it?"

"I give up," I said. "Who? Skinflint Ripley?"

"No," she replied. "Professor Smith! You see, Bob, your letter did not deceive him for a minute. When we left the farm and went West he knew there was a reason. He investigated and learned the truth. When the farm was auctioned off, he bought it; then held it for us until we could come to claim it. Bob—there is a friend!

"I did not tell him we were separated, Bob. It was easier not to tell him than it would have been to explain. And he would not have understood as I did.

"Then my six months were up and I went back to Paris. I didn't go alone!"

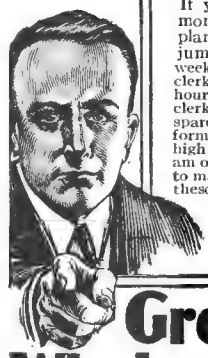
A note of portentous significance crept in her voice, but she hurried on before I could interrupt, "We will come to my companion later," she said. "Doctor Piper operated. And when he removed the bandages, I beheld the woman who sits beside you now. No, not this woman, exactly," she corrected. "But the scars were gone, and Dr. Piper assured me that the new skin would soon match the rest. It did, Bob, I wanted you to see me then!"

"But your nose, Sally?" I asked, "How do you explain that?"

"I asked the doctor if he would straighten my nose while he was doing the general overhauling," she explained. "That was easy—for him.

"Then I came to Colorado and started to write. My stories began to sell. Soon I was selling all I could write. And now—well, you have probably seen my name everywhere in the magazines for many years.

"I bought this bungalow and have lived here ever since. I could not bear



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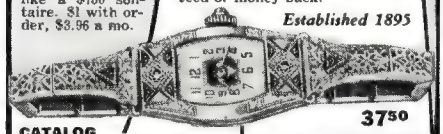

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Shadynook alone. And I love these mountains. The people in this little town have been wonderful friends. They have taken me in and made me one of themselves. I was as happy as I could be without you, and I had—well, I mustn't tell you about her yet. That would be an anti-climax.

"Jessie James wrote me that you were in Salt Lake for the summer. She invited me to visit her. Instead I sent Nova—my Nova—and your Nova!"

I couldn't believe my own ears. Could she mean—was that the reason for the striking resemblance?

As if in a dream, I heard Sally going on. "That is the great secret I have kept to the end. Nova is your child, Bob, your's and mine. I carried her under my heart all during those first months after you left me. Without the knowledge of her coming I would not have been able to carry on.

"And after she came, I had to go on. She knows all and understands all. She loves you Bob and, somehow or other, she says she has always loved you. She is a good girl, Bob. I'm proud of her, and I know you will be!"

I was unable to speak. What could I say? Here was compensation—too much to be accepted except in awed silence. I, a deserter, returned to find my beloved wife again beautiful, and myself the father of the dearest girl I had ever known—except her mother!

As I sat there without saying a word, my heart being too full to speak, Sally continued:

"Bob, if you had not told Nova, and made her believe it, that the scars made no difference; that you loved me and wanted me, scars and all, she'd have come away. I could not buy you back, Bob. It had to be your heart that needed me— not your vanity.

"WHEN you were hurt I almost told you everything then. But Bob, I had to know whether you had the courage to come to me—like this. I tried you, Bob and you rang true! You know the rest. Come!"

She led the way to a room adjoining the living room. She struck a match and lighted a candle standing on a small table. It's flickering rays illuminated the room. Nova sat there, waiting for us. She rushed to me and threw her arms around my neck.

"Daddy! Daddy!" she cried.

"It was for Nova's coming those many years ago that I bought Shadynook, Bob," said Sally. "Nobody recognized me, except the dear old doctor who had ushered you into this vale of tears and happiness. He did not tell any one when I asked him not to. I could not bear to have friends calling who had known me in those other days—those glad days on the farm. Bobbie, weren't we happy then?

"And for Nova's sake, Bob, I had to try again—and because I wanted you so. You'll never know how I've wanted you, Bob—and how long these years have been."

My arms were about my dear ones. I don't know whether or not they prayed. I know I did.

"Oh, God, make me worthy! Help me to keep the faith this time."

We returned to the living room. I helped Sally and Nova decorate the family Christmas tree. "What a pity that Nova's best Christmas present is too big to hang on the tree," Sally laughed happily.

Then we talked until morning. Sally, blessed angel, pointed to a glorious Star of Hope, one I had never even dared to hope might be there.

"Bob, they can never make me believe your leg is stiff for life! They told me I'd be scarred for life—and sent us into two decades of purgatory.

"Our little stepsister had a terribly twisted leg when she was born. Daddy Collins and mother were heartbroken. Then they heard of a Doctor Jeruso, in Berlin. They took her to him; and now the little body is perfect.

"And so, Bobbie dear, we are going to Doctor Jeruso, just as soon as we can pack our duds—provided, of course, that you propose to me and I accept, and we are respectably married again."

"Will you marry me, Sally St. Clair?" I asked soberly.

"Oh! This is so sudden!" She clasped her hands over her heart—just because she knew what would happen when she looked so kissable!

"YOU may take your crutches to Germany," Sally laughed, "but we'll bang 'em in the Rhine. You'll not wear them home!"

In three weeks we sailed for Germany, Sally, Nova and I.

They both helped me up the gangplank, as I hobbled along, dragging the stiff leg.

A year later, we returned. My wise little wife was right again—as she had always been right. A slight limp was all I brought back from Germany. Doctor Jeruso assures me that the limp will finally disappear. The "Miracle Man" has added another star to his crown.

* * *

Nova has a little brother whom she adores. It is odd that Nova has Sally's hair and my eyes, while Jesse has my hair and Sally's eyes. We thought the least we could do for that impulsive, slangy, big-hearted little Dan Cupid, Jessie James, was to name our boy for her.

We spend a great deal of time at Shadynook, and grandmother's chest stands again beneath the window in the long, old-fashioned living room at the farm.

But I have come to share Sally's love for the Colorado mountains, and we spend nearly every summer in the tiny log bungalow above the lake; the cottage to which I hobbled one Christmas Eve, long ago, with my pride in my pocket and shame in my heart, to be welcomed back into the heart of the plucky little wife whose boots I was not fit to black.

We are wonderfully happy, and there are no more quarrels. For we have traveled the Rough Road to understanding, and that understanding has made us whole.

We have both learned a valuable lesson; and I, Robert St. Clair, have learned the true value of that love which Sally taught me—the love that hopeth all things, endureth all things, and never faileth.

I have told this story clumsily, just as I said I would. But if any man could have lived it more clumsily, I'd like to meet that man.

Under Northern Lights

(*Continued from page* 59)

a minute or two. Same old Arthur. The years hadn't made such a terrible change excepting that he seemed decidedly out of place on this fashionable and busy thoroughfare. So I suggested, if he were not going any place in particular, that he come and have lunch with me. He had to refuse on account of an appointment. Remembering former days when I was so easily discouraged and had missed so much, I pressed him to come to tea with me at half-past five. This he agreed to do and I gave him my address. As he shook hands with me his eyes enveloped me, and the busy street was blotted out. The years slipped away and I was a girl again, with little shivers running up and down my spine!

I had forgotten the errand that had brought me out, and hurried home, instead, to prepare a supper that a real man would enjoy; the first in twelve months.

WHEN he came, I noticed that he had had his shoes polished, and I suspected that the dear man had indulged in a manicure. We ate—or rather he ate. I was too happily excited to do more than nibble. As we talked, he told me of how he had moved a little closer to civilization, in fact he was located on a railroad now; and that he had come down with his oldest boy (he blushed here) who was almost twelve, to place him in a boys' school.

I asked him how many children there were and he said six. This was a little shock for me, too, as I couldn't picture him as a father of a large family.

After we were finished eating we went into my cozy little living room and I switched on the electric fireplace and the soft, shaded lights. Sixteen years had fallen off my shoulders.

Arthur kept looking at me as though he couldn't understand. Finally he said:

"Yvonne, how is it that you haven't changed?"

"I don't know, Arthur. It isn't altogether that life hasn't changed. I have had disappointments." And I looked him straight in the eye. He flushed.

"Yes, I understand about your trip to Moon River. Nona told me, but what could I do? It was too late, Yvonne." His voice was trembling.

"It was too late all right." My laugh was a little hard as I laid my cigarette in the ash tray and deliberately went to the beautiful new gramophone that I had just bought, and put on the "Gypsy Love Song." It had been revived and was very popular at this time. Besides, I had payed it faithfully all these years, but it was with much the same pleasure that one grinds on a sore tooth.

With the first haunting bars of the melody the cigarette which Arthur was smoking to keep me company dropped from his limp fingers onto my Chinese rug and, rather than break the spell, I allowed it to burn a hole clear through. I had suffered, and now I took a fiendish delight in watching a little suffering in return.

Presently he got up, walked up and down and, finally, over to the machine. He opened it and took off the record, walked to the window and gave it a toss into the night. The manishness of this act amused me and I snapped back to normal. I picked his cigarette off the rug and sat down.

"You had better come and finish this," I called, and he came over.

"No, Yvonne. Don't let's stall. I want to tell you that I have been through agonies of despair since last I heard that record. I couldn't bear to listen to it again. Oh, Yvonne! I've prayed I might never see you again. Now we are together I find you more lovely than ever, and I want you just as badly. Oh, have I got to go all through this again?" And he put his elbows on his knees, head on his hands and groaned.

"Do you love me?" I asked.

"Love you! I've never loved any one else!"

"Well, then, nothing is going to keep us apart." I replied. "I too have been through the depths, and I have never loved any one else. I am free, and your religion will permit of your freedom, so you will have to get a divorce."

"But the children, and poor Nona! She's been faithful all these years." His words interpreted the workings of the heart rather than the brain.

"Arthur, I leave it to you. If you really love me, you will agree. That is, if you love me enough."

"Oh, Yvonne, I am mad about you!" And he held me to his heart.

"THEN if you are you'll take me. We've lost sixteen precious years through our folly, and nearly lost each other forever. Are we going to commit the same mistake again?"

I talked and argued far into the night, and finally he left with the understanding that he would broach the subject to his wife. If she were agreeable, he would provide well for her and the boys and supply her with the means for an easy divorce.

Poor Nona! But I steeled my heart against any pity that would creep in. I had already lost too much in life, without losing this final hope of having Arthur, at last!

About two weeks after he went back to his home at Otter Lake, I received a letter from him. It was a real love letter, the first I had ever had, and I read and reread it like a girl. With my pleasure in it there was also pain. He had spoken to his wife, told her of me, and of how it was possible, if she would consent to get a divorce, for him to be free to marry me. He said that she had taken it much better than he had hoped for. There had been no fuss; and as soon as she thoroughly understood the situation she gave her free consent. She made only one request, which amounted to a demand. She wanted to see me and talk with me first.

Accordingly I made plans to go to Otter Lake and stay for a few days as the paying guest of the station master's

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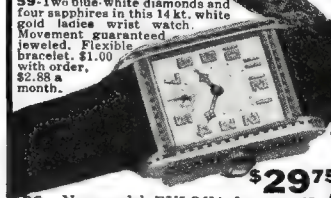

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wife. On a bright sunny day in early June I arrived there; one of the outposts of civilization.

The buildings were grouped around the station, which was practically situated on the beach. After the station and section house, Arthur's store and house connected, was of next importance. Outside of these main buildings there were a few shacks. After making myself acquainted with the station master's wife, I inquired of her where the Duncans lived. She pointed out the store and I went over with some trepidation.

I had made up my mind to let nothing come between this happiness and me and, although I argued to myself that Arthur's wife was only a squaw and he had been mine before he ever met her, still a wee small voice kept hammering at my inner consciousness.

I walked into the store and Arthur came forward rather nervously to meet me. After a formal greeting he invited me to go back and meet Nona. So, I followed him along the passage into the large living room behind.

IT was a cheerful room, and clean. But entirely lacking in the modern comforts such as we have grown to demand. Nona was sitting mending by the window, she turned her head and looked at me and nodded.

It was just twelve years since I had seen her. Time, and the bearing and rearing of many children, had wrought vast changes in her. From a comely young Indian woman she had developed into a fat squaw. The lines on her face had been put there by laughing, rather than the hand of time. Altogether she was a pleasing looking woman. But I couldn't help feeling shocked to think that here was the one woman in the world whom Arthur had chosen to bear and mother his children.

As soon as she looked at me she said in very much better English than when last we met.

"Hu-hu, hu-hu! I thought so. I remember you. Yes, I guess Arthur want you. Always want you, I guess." And she turned back to her mending. I went over to her chair.

"Is that all you are going to say?" She nodded and I continued in a voice that trembled:

"Will you forgive me for taking your husband away from you? I feel terribly sorry."

"Yes. Hu-hu. You like um, don't you?"

"I love him better than any one on earth," I answered.

"And he like you, I guess." She turned and looked at Arthur.

He spoke quietly, "I am afraid, Nona, that you won't understand, but I have always dreamed of Yvonne. She makes my blood feel like fire when I look at her."

"Uh-hu. All right. No more to say, I guess." And she went on with her mending as though we never existed.

I don't remember how I got outside, but I do remember Arthur's walking back to the station, a few yards distant, with me.

I told him that I would take the first train back to town, which didn't go until the next day, and that he could either come to me, or write me his plans. Also I told him that his wife did not seem to be worrying much. When I said that, a worried look came into his eyes, but he said nothing.

That evening I felt so troubled and unstrung, that I asked the station master to lend me his canoe, and I started out toward the opposite shore of the small lake. The quiet dip-dip of the paddle, and the calmness of the water seemed to soothe me, and I found my mind relaxing and planning for a near future of happiness.

I was lazily paddling along, so engrossed with my thoughts that I didn't notice myself slipping alongside a couple of water-soaked logs, till the side of the canoe started scraping. Greenhorn that I was, I took the blade of the paddle, inserted it between the canoe and the logs and tried to pry them apart. I put all my might into the effort, and, quicker than it takes to tell it, I found myself in the water with the canoe, upside down, near me.

In my terror I screamed and lashed about with my arms, being unable to swim more than a few strokes. I grabbed the logs, but they were so heavy with water that my added weight kept sending them down. If I had had sense enough to keep calm, I would have been able to sustain myself with the canoe. I was thrashing around so, that I didn't notice another canoe slide alongside me, and a firm voice command,

"Hold um quick!" And Nona thrust a paddle at me.

In my panic I not only grabbed the paddle, but the extended hand with such force that over went the other canoe, and Nona was struggling with me in the water. By this time my sense was entirely gone, but I was told afterward, that I nearly drowned both of us. I got such a strangle hold on Nona, that we were coming up for the last time when Arthur and one of the men from the store reached us in a rowboat.

IT seems that Arthur was busy around at the back, and Nona was sitting on the front steps of the store when I screamed for help. Without hesitating she jumped into a canoe left on the beach, and came to my rescue.

She was more nearly drowned than I, and when I "came to" on the beach, I raised myself up on my elbow, and looked over to where she was lying. Arthur was working over her. She was lying face down, apparently dead, and he was steadily working, using the same method of resuscitation that his assistant had used on me. His *assistant!*

It seeped through my water logged brain, that Arthur had left me to the care of his assistant while he, himself, was steadily working over Nona as though no one else existed! He never even turned his head to see if I had revived.

I was lying conscious, warmly wrapped up, for about ten minutes before Nona showed signs of life. As her breathing began to come naturally, the tears started to Arthur's eyes, and overflowed, I took this for a natural reaction.

As her respiration became properly established and her eyelids fluttered, Arthur broke down completely. Stroking her wet black hair back from her wet

brown face, he cried out to her brokenly:

"My little Nona! Poor little mama, poor little mama!" And I found the tears streaming down my own face.

The next day Arthur came over to the station to see me before I left, and I read in his eyes what he wanted to say to me.

"Arthur," I said, taking his hand between my own two, "It is all right. I understand!"

WORDS could never explain the tenderness that had grown in his heart for Nona, the hardworking mother of his sons; a tenderness that had come all unsuspected during the years. And I understood that her love was just as great as my own, and that Arthur was bound by many ties to her, bound so tightly that he would never be free. Also I knew that he would never know that delicious craving for her that was part of his love for me. But I realized completely that the delightful passion that he felt for me, was *not* the all absorbing theme of his life. And, knowing all this—I bowed in acquiescence.

Thus ended my only love affair.

* * * * *

Just in case I have left the reader feeling too sorry for me, I must add a little note to this story.

Another four years have passed, and I enjoy living every day of my life (Nature has so endowed me), but I look forward with special delight to my week-ends. For, on Friday night I always have three young men come to visit me; one nearly sixteen, one fourteen, and the other thirteen. These young men are attending a boys' school in my home city, and they look forward to their weekly visits as much as I do.

They all have coal black eyes, swarthy skins, and straight black hair. Their ancestry is not hard to place.

We go to shows, hockey matches, walk, read and listen to music together. They tell me all their little troubles, their ambitions; and they pet me and call me "Auntie Von." While I don't show any favoritism, the oldest boy is really *my* boy. His eyes have that soft enveloping quality so dear to my heart, with just the saving grace of a twinkle.

With so much love surrounding me, I don't feel as though Life has thwarted me, but rather that she has been kind, and made me rich indeed.

Meddling with Destiny

(*Continued from page* 30)

to stop frequently. At last we reached a lovely little clearing about half a mile from the top.

"Here is where we will lunch," Adroit declared. "We'll leave our boxes here, climb to the top and return."

The little spot looked so inviting, the grass so soft, and the path ahead seemed to grow more rocky and steep!

"If you don't mind, I think I'll wait here for you," I decided.

Of course there were protests and every one offered to be the one to stay with me. But I insisted that they go on; that I wouldn't in the least mind staying; and I mustn't spoil their outing.

"You see, I've been born and raised in the city," I explained. "And the only heights I'm used to are the skyscrapers, and one climbs them in an elevator. I'll be rested in a minute and will have the lunch all ready when you return."

At last they consented and trooped off, waving to me until they were out of sight in the thicket above. But I didn't feel rested after they left! I sat quite still and closed my eyes, and my breath came rapidly. I was sure this feeling would soon pass. But instead, my head began to reel and I felt fearfully dizzy.

Then I became frightened; jumped to my feet and called, hoping they could still hear me. My voice, weak and thin, was completely swallowed up in the vastness around me. My fright grew into panic. I must *not* stay there alone! I must find them! The farther I went the weaker I grew as I scrambled blindly upward. Several times I fell, and lay sobbing a minute before I forced myself to get up and push on. Then I fell and did not rise.

If I had been frightened before, now I was terrified! Suppose I should die there and no one found me! My heart was beating in pounding thumps that seemed as if they surely must burst the arteries at my temples. There was no use trying to go on; the only thing I could do was to attempt to retrace my steps.

I pulled myself to my feet and started slipping and sliding downwards. I don't believe there is any more horrible sensation in the world than to be lost—with the fear of dying, alone! It makes the cold sweat break out on my forehead, even now, as I write of it. I was crying and sobbing, my eyes were blinded so that I couldn't see ahead of me in the dazzling noonday sun that filtered through the leaves above me. My heart pounded so in my ears that I couldn't hear another sound. It engulfed me, seemed to crush me down. And then, suddenly, almost miraculously, it seemed to me, Pasquale stood there before me.

I CRIED out his name, the feeling of relief so great that it surged over and encompassed me like a blessed cloud. He sprang to my side and caught me in his arms as I felt myself grow limp. I didn't altogether faint this time, though I couldn't move or speak. I felt numb all over and very cold; still, I was conscious of his arms about me, of his frightened voice saying:

"Lyda! Lyda dear! What is the matter? Oh, my precious one! Speak to me!"

Finally, when my breath came easier and the dizziness passed, I opened my eyes slowly and looked up into his. They burned down into mine with such a look of relief and passion that I instinctively closed mine as I whispered. "I'm all right *now*—it was my heart. I climbed too hard and too fast! Then I got lost and—"

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But I never finished my explanation, for he caught me to him roughly and covered my face with kisses, murmuring, "I'm so glad, little Lyda, that I've found you! You frightened me so!"

At first, I lay passive in his arms, still weak and languid. But gradually the numbness left me, and my heart grew quieter. Soon I felt warm and glowing. Suddenly throwing my arms about his neck, I answered his kisses with an emotion that was startlingly new to me.

Then suddenly I felt his whole body grow rigid. He pushed me from him abruptly, turned and buried his face in his arms. How he groaned! It was now my turn to be frightened.

"Pasquale, Pasquale dearest, what—what is it?" I demanded. I was amazed at the expression on his face as he slowly raised his head and looked at me. He was haggard. Deep lines cut from his nose to the corner of his mouth, which was pressed in a hard line, though his sensitive lips still quivered.

"Lyda, I have committed a very great sin! I, whose life was to be dedicated to the glory of God, who am supposed to put the lust of the flesh from me forever—I have held you in my arms; have kissed you; have wanted you!"

AS I looked at him so strong and handsome, the pity of it surged over me. "But, Pasquale, it isn't fair!" I cried. "It isn't fair! We love each other. Your life does not belong to God! It belongs to me!"

I put my hands on his shoulders, which trembled beneath my touch. "I won't give you up—I won't! I came halfway around the world to find my love. I found him—and now—"

But drawing a breath in a long, almost strangling sob, he reached up and took my hands gently but firmly, from his shoulders. "Lyda, you aren't Catholic. You can't understand."

"I understand all that is necessary," I replied. "I know I love you—I know you love me! What else matters?" I demanded. I was still pale and shaking and now my heart began to pound again with a new emotion.

But again he shook his head. "We cannot go through life thinking only of ourselves. There is my family. If I didn't go on, it would kill my mother and break my father's heart. That I become a priest is their one great wish. It has made them so proud, so happy! No, Lyda—this cannot be."

"But why should you sacrifice your life—my life—for theirs?" I pleaded.

"Life *is* sacrifice, Lyda. Didn't Our Lord sacrifice His life for us? Come, we will go home. You are still ill."

He left a note in the clearing for the other searchers, and we returned, in silence. His a stoic silence and mine a trembling, tearful one.

"Oh, it isn't fair—it isn't fair!" I protested. Then the tears welled into my eyes so that I stumbled and he reached out a hand to steady me. At his touch, more tears came and his face set into sterner lines. Gone was the beauty of the landscape—gone was the joy from our hearts!

When we reached home, Mother Darnello became frightened.

"I'm ill," I told her, "very ill and very tired."

She looked from Pasquale's haggard face to my pale one, and shook her head. "What has gone wrong?" she asked "You ill and Pasquale looking as though he had seen the devil. And where are the rest?"

Neither of us explained. Pasquale averted his face and strode to his room.

Suddenly I flung my arms around his mother's neck, and sobbed and sobbed. She couldn't quiet me, and my crying soon reached a state of hysteria. She called her husband and he took me in his arms and carried me to my room.

Adroit and the rest came in shortly; but when she tried to quiet me I only buried my face in my pillow and sobbed the more. Narvil was sent for the village doctor, who finally arrived. But before he reached me, the hysteria left as suddenly as it had come, and an unutterable weariness overtook me. I felt myself floating off into murky space with no foundation to it. I couldn't even lift my hand or open my eyes.

The doctor was puzzled, they told me afterward. He couldn't diagnose my case. Heart trouble, hysteria—yes, he could treat those. But this queer trance-like state? No, he couldn't fathom it. I could hear his voice and the anxious tones of the others floated in on me through the mist of my feelings. But the voice I listened for I did not hear. All night they took turns in sitting by my bedside; but when daylight broke I was just the same.

"Pasquale?" I heard some one whisper. "No, he's still in his room. He hasn't slept all night. I've heard him pacing back and forth and praying. What *shall* we do?"

Then it was Mother Darnello's voice I heard. "Some one must go and tell him. Perhaps, if he comes, if he speaks to her—"

I HEARD Adroit leave the room; heard or rather, vaguely felt, Pasquale come into the room. I wanted to open my eyes, to speak to him but I was too weary, even to move. And, oh! I seemed so far off as though I were hearing all that went on from a great distance.

The effort to rouse myself made me sink into complete oblivion for a while. Then, slowly, words came to me; words that at first I didn't comprehend. It was Adroit's voice.

"The doctor says her heart is hardly beating; that her system has had some great shock. I can't see *what* happened! But he says, unless something rouses her, she cannot live!"

Then it was Pasquale's dear voice that answered. "A *novena*—it is the only thing! Surely God in His mercy will answer the prayers of all the good folk in the village. Even if He fails to hear those of a miserable sinner like me," he added. "Yes, we will make a *novena* and pray to Saint Catherine of Siena!"

I must have become worse shortly after this, for only occasionally would I come to a faint understanding of what was going on around me. I did know that a *novena* was made and that each night all the people at the village would gather at the little church in the valley to pray to Saint Catherine of Siena for my recovery. When I was able to think at all, it seemed odd that all these good people were praying for me, an American and a Protestant. It touched me strangely. On the ninth day, the final one of the *novena*, I re-

member I opened my eyes and smiled up at Adroit, who was sitting beside me.

But though I could make no other sign, I knew that Adroit had sunk to her knees and was crying softly. Presently some one else entered the room.

"Oh, Pasquale," Adroit called, "our prayers have been answered! While you were taking communion at the chapel, Lyda opened her eyes and smiled at me. She *will* get well! All praise to our beloved Saint Catherine!"

Pasquale answered something, but I didn't hear what he said. Of a sudden a lovely peace seemed to enter my soul, and I turned in my bed and slept. I knew it was sleep, not the dreadful coma that had gripped me during those awful days.

I must have slept for hours, for when I opened my eyes the dawn was silvering the horizon. I knew it was dawn!

I raised myself slowly in my bed and gazed and gazed at the patch of silvery-rose light that poured through the window. Never had I beheld anything so beautiful. I raised my arms high above my head and drew a long deep breath, wondering at the glory of new life flowing through my veins. I didn't feel ill, nor even weak; only as though I had taken a long, long rest and had awakened, still languid but doubly refreshed. Then I heard a slight movement, and turned quickly to make out the dim outline of Pasquale. He had been sitting in a straight-backed chair in the shadow cast by the bed.

"Lyda," he whispered. There was a note of awe in his voice. "Lyda—I've been sitting here, watching you all night! The others are worn out. I made them go to bed, and said I'd call them. I'll—" He rose abruptly and started for the door.

"PASQUALE!" I called. I uttered that cry like a wounded soul. I knew that if he went out of that door, then he would go out of my life forever. And if such a thing happened I knew I would surely die. He stopped and hesitated.

"Pasquale," I called again, this time softly and pleadingly, "don't leave me like this! Oh, Pasquale, I couldn't stand it!" My voice had grown shrill; my breath was coming fast again.

My tone and manner must have frightened him, for he came swiftly to my side.

"Lyda dear, you *will* be ill again. You must *not* get excited. You—oh, how I love you!" he ended with a sob as he sank to his knees by the bedside and buried his face in his hands.

"Lyda," he declared, "I can't go on with the priesthood! Love is my *only* god! It would be a sin to go on. I wouldn't be worthy. It might break my mother's heart, of course, but I would be the blackest of sinners, the most unworthy of God's agents, if I went on.

" 'Honor thy mother and father'—but not by dishonoring thy God. I have prayed to Him for strength. He hasn't sent me that strength. Therefore I am not one of His chosen disciples."

All these words came tumbling out almost incoherently. I hardly heeded them at the time, though they were burned into my soul later. All I knew, *then*, was that he loved me, that I loved him, that nothing stood between us. Suddenly I was forced into action for fear this mood would change. It was his fright at my illness; his joy at my recovery. Perhaps when he talked with his family, then all would change.

I began planning rapidly. He must throw his things into his bag. I'd dress quickly and pack a few of my own.

Yes! Yes! I was strong enough! Why, nothing could keep me from going now! We would slip quietly before the rest were up. We would catch the early train for the Capital and be married before ten by the civic authorities there.

* * * *

It is difficult for me to go on from this point. How easily we take steps with no idea of what they will bring!

Anyway, Pasquale and I were married. Closing our thoughts to the unhappiness we had left behind us in the Darnello home, we sailed for America. I was gloriously happy on that trip, too! All that I had ever hoped for in love and life, I now had. Pasquale was a perfect lover, and time and again he would say, "Love is my only god now, Lyda, and you are my goddess!"

WE never spoke of the past; we planned a glorious future. He was to study law and go into business with my father, who was an exporter.

The only time Pasquale referred to the religion he had forsaken was when he asked if I would be remarried by a priest when we reached New York. I gladly consented.

Father liked Pasquale at once and we opened the house on Long Island that had been closed since mother's death. I assumed my position as keeper of the house, insisting that father make his home with us. At once, we were caught up into the whirl of society, and once more our home became the center of a care free crowd of people. Pasquale loved it all; it was so new to him. He was like a small boy on a holiday. He seemed to have left every serious thought behind him. Sometimes this worried me, for he *mustn't* give up all the fine things in life.

One day I asked him if he didn't want to go to mass that morning; if so, I'd gladly drive over and go with him.

But he only shook his head. "The church has lost all interest for me," he replied quietly. "Come, let's go for a ride along the Sound."

Horseback riding was what he liked best, and when the hunting season came in the fall, he gloried in the fox hunts, I was so proud of him, for he was by far the handsomest man at these gatherings. His dark hair and flashing black eyes contrasted so gloriously with the vivid red of his coat and the snowy whiteness of his riding breeches.

Thanksgiving Day was chosen for the big hunt. We had invited all the hunt team to breakfast at our home, before the start, because we were nearest to the club house. I didn't join them that day, as I felt strangely tired for the last week. There seemed to be a heaviness in all my limbs. I can see Pasquale yet, as he stooped to kiss me. Then he mounted his horse and lingered till all the rest had cantered out through the gate. Throwing a farewell kiss and waving to me he galloped after them.

I waved back gaily though a strange presentiment of tragedy gripped my heart.

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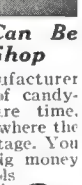

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Again it is so hard to write! This putting it down in words, brings back everything out of the past so vividly! Pasquale was killed that day—killed at the first water-jump! They brought him back to me, dying. I knew when I saw him that there was no hope. The doctor did all that he could, then shook his head. After patting my shoulder he left the room motioning for the rest to follow.

"Pasquale," I said, kneeling by the side of the couch where he lay, tears streaming down my cheeks. "Pasquale, shall I send for a priest?"

I hated to ask this, for I knew he would know then that there was no hope. Yet I knew that I *must* do it. After all, he was a Catholic.

He raised his lovely dark eyes to mine—eyes that were drawn with pain—and reaching up unsteadily, he took my hand and said, "Oh," so quietly, as though he were already beyond my reach, "Lyda darling—I'm afraid it's—too late!"

He stopped and fought for breath. Then with a final effort, he said, "Just take your—hand and make—the sign of the cross—on my forehead! And kiss me!"

I DID as he asked, my hands trembling so I could hardly control them. And then I screamed and screamed, for I knew that he was dead! My Pasquale was dead! And as surely as there were stars in the heavens, I had killed him!

I had taken him from his Church, his family, his country! It was I who had brought him there—to die outside the grace of his church. Suddenly, my screaming stopped and I sank to the floor just as the doctor reached my side.

They carried me to my room and when I regained consciousness, I insisted upon their sending for a priest, saying, "I know nothing of the ways of the Catholic church, but surely it can't be too late! It was an accident—he didn't have time! And there are masses that can be said, aren't there? Surely—surely—he can't be damned for eternity! And all for me—for my sake! Oh, that would be too horrible—I couldn't stand it—I should go mad!"

I was ill, desperately ill, for weeks, not only from the shock of Pasquale's death, for I had learned the meaning of that strange, heavy feeling which possessed me. I was to become a mother!

As I lay there day after day, endlessly thinking and filled with remorse, feeling that I had brought Pasquale to his death, I came to a clear decision. Nothing could heal the hurt in my heart, nothing could wipe out my feeling of guilt; but there was a number of things I could do to help repay for the wrong I had done.

My thoughts kept turning to the church which I had made Pasquale forsake, and I felt that only there I might find solace. So I made up my mind that, as soon as I was able to do so, I would return to Pasquale's home. I would go to Mother Darnello and beg her forgiveness. I would see that Pasquale's child was born in his native land. And there on my knees, before the altar in the little chapel where they had held the *novena* for me, I would pray to St. Catherine of Siena to send me a son. Then, if the Lord in His mercy answered my prayers, I would raise that son to be a priest! I would give back to Him the servant I had stolen; and I would give back to Mother Darnello, in her grandson, the glorious hopes which I had shattered. Adroit had married and moved away, but even knowing that she was no longer at home, did not shake my resolution.

I honestly believe that this decision was the only thing that kept me alive, giving me the will-power to make that long journey, one so full of heartbreaking memories.

Mother Darnello did forgive me! I think *that* was the most splendid act in her splendid life. Then I joined the Catholic church. I spent long, peaceful hours in the quiet of the little Church, praying that a son, one worthy to fill our highest hopes, would be born to me. Father Rigello often came to me and said, "You should go home. You mustn't overtax yourself." And, reluctantly, I would leave the quiet of the place and go out into the heat and walk slowly back to Pasquale's home.

I shall never forget the moment when I first saw my infant son. Mother Darnello had such a look of awe and wonder on her face that I marveled at it as she almost reverently lifted aside the blanket that hid his face. He was a lovely baby, small but plump, and with a quantity of black hair like Pasquale's. As I gazed at him, my heart rejoiced. Then a rush of emotion overwhelmed me, and I turned my head to the wall and cried; not hysterically but with tears that seemed to soothe my heart.

WE named the boy Pasquale, but I insisted on Ronald for a middle name and added King, half in fancy, and partly because it was a name that had been in my mother's family. To me, my boy was always Ronald King, though to the simple folk who knew him as he grew to boyhood, he was "little Pasquale."

Pasquale Ronald King Darnello; it was an unusual name, and he was an unusual child from the very first. He loved to play long hours alone. At these times he would often pretend that he was some famous character in history, such as Napoleon or William the Conqueror. He would strut about with such earnestness, so unconscious of all about him, that many a person who saw him would exclaim, "He's a natural-born actor!"

At first I didn't take these remarks seriously. But by the time Ronald was ten, they had been repeated so often that fear began to enter my heart. So I would talk to him for hours about the church, about his mission in the world and our hopes for him. Always he would listen, his eyes wide and serious. He loved the church and would sit still through the longest masses as no other child would do, and he seemed to look forward to the happy day when he would be made an altar boy.

I remember well one day, when he had been playing all morning at the end of the garden, so absorbed in his make-believe that he didn't hear me call, at lunch time. I decided not to call again, but to walk down and have the pleasure of the stroll back to the house with him. I could never be with Ronald too much, and counted every hour lost that I didn't spend either with him, or in the church, As I reached the bend in the walk, I stopped.

The picture I saw was so charming that I hated to interrupt it. Ronald, clad in brown corduroy trousers and soft white shirt, his dark hair rumpled and moist, cheeks flushed and eyes flashing, stood in the middle of a plank which was placed along the gravel walk. He was shouting directions at the top of his voice to an imaginary crew, which seemed to be having difficulties with the "topsail." A glow of almost unbelievable pride swept over me. Surely no mother ever before had been blessed with such a son! Suddenly, with an exultant whoop, he sprang to the center of the grass plot and called in a voice that was the very essence of triumph, "America—at last!"

A happy laugh burst involuntarily from my lips. So he was Columbus this morning—a trifle mixed in his historic points. But so realistic had been his note of exultation, that I found my own pulses beating faster with answering emotion. Then, almost instantly, fear clutched my heart. "A natural born actor." That oft-repeated phrase had again sounded its warning!

IT was just a week after this incident that we received a letter from Adroit saying that the Passion Play was to be given that year, and could we come to visit her and go to Oberammergau? Still holding Adroit's letter in my hand, I went to Mother Darnello and told her of my fear. Perhaps Ronald might be drawn by his strange fascination for the drama away from the life we had planned for him! Then I handed her the letter.

"The Passion Play, the acting of the life of our Savior, will be a good thing perhaps for Ronald to see. It might show him the drama in the life of our Lord; the beauty, the truth of it. What do you think?" I questioned.

Mother Darnello folded her hands in her lap. "Yes, I, too have been worried. Perhaps you are right, the truth of the Lord's teachings may reach him through this course as it never could in any other way. Yes, I believe it is wise for you to go."

And so we journeyed to the little Bavarian village of Oberammergau, Ronald and I, where we met Adroit and her splendid young husband. I shall never forget that trip. Ronald was all life, all joy, and seemed to unfold under the excitement of new surroundings like an exotic flower.

And the play itself! From the first hour, I realized that we had made a grave mistake. It wasn't the portrayed life that fascinated him, but the players themselves. When we would return to our room in the tiny village house where we were lodged, Ronald would be so excited that I could hardly quiet him.

I didn't mention my fears to Mother Darnello and, as the years slipped by, I was lulled into a false security. It was on his thirteenth birthday that I again spoke of the future we had planned for him.

"Ronald, you are now in your teens. Soon you will be a grown man, and then you will enter the priesthood and make us all so happy and so proud."

We were sitting in the same garden where I had first met Pasquale. Mother Darnello was beside me on the bench, her hands busy with knitting needles; but she paused and looked lovingly at the boy who stood before us.

"Yes, we will all be very proud of you," she repeated.

Ronald stood quite still, then suddenly his lips quivered and he rushed to me, burying his head against my shoulder. This unexpected burst of childish emotion from one who should have considered himself grown up and, on this of all days, left me perplexed.

"But Ronald, what is the matter?" I questioned.

"Oh—" he choked, with unexpected vehemence, as he broke from my embrace and stood defiantly before us, "I don't want to be a priest! I don't want to go into the church! And I shan't! I—I'm going to be an actor!"

With a startled cry of protest, I half rose, then with a helpless gesture, I sank back on the bench.

Ah—I had feared it all along! An actor! What a different life from the one we had mapped out for him! Mother Darnello rose to her full height, her face suddenly old and drawn; her hands trembled so that her knitting fell to the walk.

"Lyda, this house is cursed—has been cursed since first you put foot inside our door!"

Ronald stood there, frightened, not quite comprehending it all, but knowing that his words had cruelly wounded us. "But why can't I be an actor—why? Why must I become a priest, when I—"

His grandmother stiffened, and speaking to him in a harsh voice I had never heard her use with him before, she commanded, "Never let me hear such words from your lips again. It is blasphemy!"

I STOOD irresolute, looking first at the puzzled face of my son, then at the gate through which Pasquale had first come into my life.

"No—no!" I thought, "I am right—his father found no happiness by forsaking the church—just a fleeting joy—then death. I robbed the church of one priest. Destiny and duty demand that I give it another!"

"Your grandmother is right, my son," I said slowly, "Never let me hear you mention the stage again. Come here to mother!"

Reluctantly he came, and I took his hands in mine as he looked up into my eyes, and I said:

"Promise me this, Ronald. Promise by the sacred name of your father, that you will never step inside a theater. That you will dedicate your life to God!"

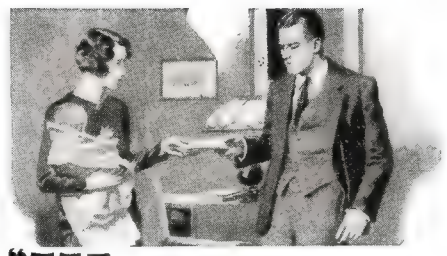
Slowly he nodded his consent, his eyes still wide with wonder and puzzlement, for surely he had never seen us act so strangely, we who so adored him.

Two weeks later we sent Ronald to a monastery school.

Though Mother Darnello never again mentioned the feeling she had toward me, and was even kinder than before, still I knew that she had given me a brief glimpse into her soul. I was an outsider; an evil influence in her home.

But for me, Pasquale would, no doubt have been living and happy to this day.

Perhaps I might have the same sinister influence on my son! Perhaps I might wreck his life, too! Yes, I had been cursed by the Lord! I couldn't shake off this



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morbid mood and could no longer find solace—even in the church. Ronald was gone—this place held only the haunting memories of Pasquale.

Then one day, I made my decision. It would break my heart; but I knew I was right. I would leave my Ronald in his father's land with his grandmother, and I would go back to America—out of his life forever!

In looking back over those next six years, I do not know how I endured them. At times, I think, I was not entirely normal. In fact, I had never fully recovered from the shock of Pasquale's death. Nothing could shake my belief that I would bring only sorrow to those I loved. I would write to my boy at long intervals, but all his vacations were spent with his grandmother, and never once did I go to see him or permit him to come to see me, though he begged so hard.

"We know what is best for you," I would answer. But finally, when he was nineteen, I received a letter I could no longer disregard:

Grandmother died this week as we cabled, and you must let me come to see you. I'm wretchedly unhappy. I've tried so hard to please both you and grandmother, but I can't—I can't! It's no use—I long for the world, and for the drama of life. Life in the monastery stifles me. I love the church; love it dearly, but I can never become a priest. Something beyond me, bigger than I am, keeps calling me. I shall always want to be an actor. Always!

Grandmother, dear kind grandmother! I know she would never have understood. But, mother dear, I know if I can see you that you won't keep me to my promise—a promise made when I was too young to understand. You are different from my father's people. I am not like them; I am like you. Please let me come!

I shuddered as I laid down the letter and gazed out over the lawn to the Sound, where the water caught the sunlight. *Could* I let Ronald come? Wasn't it here in this very house that they had brought his father back to me, dying? What should I do? Father was no help to me. He was a cold, practical business man, now quite old, but still keenly interested in affairs of business. To him, all my ideas and misgivings seemed but morbid nonsense, and long ago I had ceased to try to share them with him.

"ACTOR! An actor!" I kept repeating the words to myself, and then into my consciousness came a memory. Somewhere recently, some one had been telling of a character-reader, a man who predicted things for stage folk. They had pronounced him quite a wizard. His name? Yes, I remembered it. "Quonn," that was it! It was such an odd name that it caught my fancy.

"I'll go to see him!" I decided, though I hardly knew in what way I expected him to help me.

Quonn lived in the heart of New York, at a hotel frequented by theatrical folk. My heart beat wildly as the elevator ascended. Foolish of me to come to him, I thought, but something urged me on. Timidly I knocked at his door, to have it opened by a tall man of middle age. His hair was silvery gray, his eyes a penetrating blue. I couldn't tell you now of a single detail of that room, for after I once looked into this man's eyes, my surroundings were completely forgotten.

"You've come about your son," he said quietly as I took a seat, and he pulled up a chair and sat down before me.

"How do you know?" I marveled.

"I felt it the moment I first saw you. Things come to me like that—in flashes. Your son will some day be an actor. I feel that strongly. But now there is something standing in his way, something that is very dangerous to him. Yes, he needs help—and quickly. Someone is forcing his will upon him—crushing him!"

I said nothing, sitting there, my hands cold and the moisture in little beads upon my forehead.

"Your son needs *you!* Send for him!" he said quietly, but with conviction.

He stopped and smiled gently at me. "You are making yourself very unhappy by trying to force God's will. My dear, you can never do that. In the heavens it is mapped out for us. If we meddle—" he shrugged his shoulders and left the sentence unfinished, then ended, "Your son's life is his life. You cannot live it for him."

I wanted to know more, but he could tell me nothing beyond the things he had already said. "No, I am no fortune teller, no clairvoyant; but sometimes when people really need me, I have flashes—clear vision—for a moment, and am able to help them. It is a gift that God has given me, and for which I am very humble."

HE refused to take money, but told me to give something to charity in his name. Then I left; not comforted, but more disturbed than ever. Had I been wrong all these years? Had my meddling first started, when I prayed for the birthmark to be removed? Had this angered God? Slowly I walked, unconscious of where my feet were leading me. Suddenly I found that I was before a church. Its somber grayness towering above me seemed a symbol of firmness of my conflicting emotions. I hurried in, and fortunately found the father just leaving by the side entrance. I called gently to him. He heard, turned, and waited for me. I thought my heart would suffocate me.

In a torrent of words, there with the afternoon sun flooding in through the stained glass windows, I told him of all my perplexities and begged for his guidance.

Placing his hand on my shoulder, he said earnestly, "The man is right. You have done a great sin in trying to force your son into the priesthood against his will. An unwilling servant of God is a sin unto himself and no help to others. God alone can put such a call into the heart of a man. If God had wished him for His work, He would have seen fit to take him for His own. Go and do not worry. And let the boy come home to you."

But the decision was taken from my hands, for when I reached home that evening, a cable awaited me. It read:

Sailing New York this morning. Could not await answer. Arrive twenty-second.

The long strain of our six years' separation, together with the emotional intensity of that day, made my heart

give way and, during the entire time that I awaited his coming, I was in a state of nervous collapse. I could not, even yet, bring myself to believe that he was doing right. Each time that I improved slightly, I fretted and worried myself into a new attack, and when Ronald finally did arrive, I couldn't go to meet him.

I was able, however, to sit up in my chair, and when I heard the motor drive up to the door, heard the door bang and heard my father's voice say, "There, now, run up to your mother," I thought my heart would suffocate me. I rose to my feet, waiting. The door burst open—Ronald stood before me!

BUT what a changed Ronald! "Oh, my son!—my son! *What have I done to you?*" I cried. And I hurried toward him as he came to meet me. He took me in his arms and held me tight as I looked up to him. I could even feel the thinness of his arms through his coat. His face was pale and thin—oh, so thin—and the circles under his blue eyes were dark and deep! His eyes—such an expression of yearning! They seemed fairly to burn me. I could hardly believe that he was the healthy, happy Ronald I had sent to the monastery just six years ago! Now a boy of nineteen! And yet, so haggard, so painfully different from the care free youths of his age that I had known.

For a few seconds we said nothing, but looked deep into each other's eyes. Then slowly, almost timidly, I reached out a hand, and touched those soft dark curls so like Pasquale's. As I did so my eyes filled with tears and my throat contracted until it seemed I couldn't breathe. As though my touch had released a flood of longing—suppressed emotions in Ronald's soul, he suddenly slid to his knees and pressed his head close to my breast as he had done when just a little boy. His gaunt frame shook with his sobs though no tears came to his eyes. Gradually, as I stroked his hair and held him close, he grew quieter. Then, slowly at first, but finally with a rush as the flood gates of silence gradually opened, he told me of the things that had been hidden so long in his heart; of his homesickness, his yearnings, and his doubts!

At times I entirely lost the thread of his words. The tears were streaming down my cheeks. My boy, my little Ronald! And I had done all this to him!

"Your son is in great danger!" Those were Quonn's words. They rang again in my ears. Oh, how true! How true they were!

The look in those deep-set eyes—it was one almost of despair. A nature so intense as Ronald's could not feel things as others did. His body and his mind were almost at the breaking point. Yes, he had been wise to come. What if he had waited? I turned from the thought in horror, again to become conscious of his voice as it hurried on with that note of intensity:

"And there was grandmother; my father nearly broke her heart! If I too should disappoint her—" He stopped and looked up at me. "I was afraid it would kill her! And then I thought of you. I remembered all our talks. I knew it was your one desire—and I felt that somehow if I failed, Grandmother would blame this on you, too—

"Hush, Ronald," I said, laying my finger over his mouth, "All that is past. Grandmother knows, now, that it was for the best. And so do I." I tried to put conviction into my words, for his sake.

During the months that followed, I made him eat much good food, sleep many hours and spend the afternoons on the sunlit Sound. Never would I permit him to talk of the past, and always I dreaded the time when he would be well enough to think of his future—again suggest the stage for his career. For I knew that this was ever uppermost in his mind. If he had chosen anything but the stage! Pictures of all the dreadful things I had ever heard of the life of an actor would continually rise before my eyes, try as I would to put them from me. But, inevitably, the day came.

"Ronald," I said, it took all my will power to make me smile up into his face, "if it will make you happy, you have my consent."

I stood in the doorway and watched him drive out of the gates. Just as he passed through them, he turned and waved to me. A choking sob rose to my throat—just so had his father waved to me, from those very gates, on the day he had left gaily for the hunt. How would my son come back to me? I drew a light wrap across my shoulders and closed the door swiftly behind me, as though to shut out the memories that came crowding in so fast.

EACH evening for the two weeks which followed, Ronald called up from the city to tell of long days of fruitless search for the chance he so desired. Apparently, there was no opening for him anywhere. Each time he called his voice had grown more discouraged and its tone made my heart ache for him. But secretly, as the days slipped by, I became more and more elated. Perhaps, after all, he wouldn't be able to find an opening, and so would turn back to the life he had forsaken. At the end of the fifteenth day, I could no longer keep my feelings hidden. Then, I found myself, almost without consciously willing to do so, saying to him:

"See, everything is against you. You are destined to be a priest. Why try to act contrary to God's will?"

There was no answer, just a moment's silence, and then the click of the receiver as it was hung back upon the hook. I was frightened! Again I was trying to force my will upon him. Frantically I tried to reach him; but the operator told me that he had already left the hotel. For one agonizing week I heard no word from him, nor was I able to locate him. He had left the hotel and given no address. And then late one afternoon, as I was sitting in the bay window of my bedroom, rocking slowly back and forth, my eyes fixed on space and seeing nothing, my mind turning over all that had happened in my life, I heard the front door bang. I knew Ronald had returned. Suddenly I sat quietly, and waited, as I heard him mount the stairs. When he stood there, framed in the doorway, I knew at once that life had changed for him. There was a firmness to his step,

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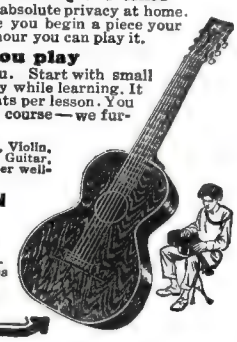

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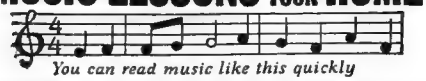
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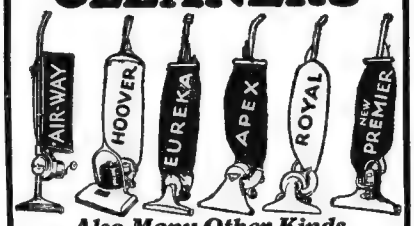

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an erectness to his body, a gladness in his eyes, that hadn't been there before. But his eyes! No longer did a light of despair, of brooding and bewilderment burn in them; but a newly-kindled light—the light of ambition!

"Mother!" he cried as he came and stood before me, the warm undercurrent of elation in his voice, "Mother, please try not to be too unhappy over my future. It means so much to me, and it makes me so unhappy to hurt you. And I am hurting you, I know it; but at last I've got my chance! I went to Quonn that night after I talked to you. I needed advice desperately. He had talked to you, had spoken words of wisdom. Perhaps he could help me, too. Life seemed so hopeless. It was your happiness and my happiness, and each lay directly across the other's path. What should I do? So I asked Quonn."

RONALD hesitated a moment, as though reluctant to go on, and then said very gently, "Mother, Quonn repeated what he had said to you; that I must live my own life, and that in so doing. I would not only find happiness for myself, but for you; that you had brooded so long on the sorrows of your life, and had become morbidly obsessed with one idea, that I would not be doing you a kindness by giving in to your desires against my will. And then he said he would help me," Again Ronald hesitated, then continued, "Mother, I've been given a part in the new picture that they are filming in the New York Studio—a picture—" He stopped abruptly. "Mother—Mother dear!—what—!"

"Nothing," I assured him, fighting desperately to steady myself as the room swam before my eyes. "But Ronald—a moving picture actor? Oh, no, no! Not that! An actor with perhaps a noble part to play—that was hard enough—but the movies!"

All the joy and the light went out of his face, and it looked suddenly haggard as it had on the day he came home to me.

"I had hoped—" he said lifelessly, and turned away from me.

With a swift movement I had reached him and caught his hand. "Forgive me, Ronald! Oh, forgive me! I have failed you, always—always! Oh, it doesn't matter what you do. I shall never interfere again. Your life is yours. From now on I shall find my happiness only in *your* happiness, my joy in your success!"

Without a word, he gathered me into his arms, and I think in that moment I was nearer to my son than I had ever been before.

The next few months slipped by quickly and Ronald was happy in his work, though I was never quite reconciled to this life of his. My soul was not at peace. But, one day, I returned from the noisy hub-bub of New York and at last my misgivings were at rest. I knew that God was good, and that strange indeed were the ways in which He guided our fate. Why? Why had this peace come to me? Just that afternoon, I had gone to the theater to see my son's first picture. He had never told me what it was.

"That's to be your surprise, mother dear," he would say.

I remember how reluctantly I entered the place of amusement. What a different future I had planned for him! It had always been my dream, some day to enter a place of worship, to hear him say his first mass! My eyes were so dimmed with tears that I didn't see the title of the picture, or the opening scene. I kept tight hold of Ronald's hand and comforted myself with the fact that he was beside me, safe and well.

AH, after all, wasn't that enough to ask? Then my vision cleared! I became conscious of the picture. Not a stupendously spectacular one, but a simple Bible tale and into the tale was woven the life of Christ. A story so sweet, so true, so inspiring that it could not help but touch the hearts of all who saw it. And yes, you have already guessed—it was my Ronald who took the part of the young Christ!

And that was only the first picture. I have sat before the silver screen countless times and seen him portraying the rôles of priest, monk, judge, kindly friend; in fact, with his sad, wistful face, a face almost ethereal, from which those marks of mental suffering have never entirely been erased, these parts have inevitably been given to him to play.

No, he never became a priest, one who could preach to only a few hundred people, at most, in a lifetime. He is only a moving picture actor; but he has played to millions of people, taking to them a message that will lighten their hearts and make them better men and women for having seen him act.

Strange, indeed are the ways of God!

"Let Us Be Gay"

(*Continued from page* 78)

talking, "he should use cool colors. You see, his bedroom has its window toward the southeast and it gets the sun the greater part of the day. He wants it to look as cool as possible."

"There you go with your artist's lingo," said Mrs. Duncan as they neared the Marshall home. "What on earth is a cool color, and what in heaven's name makes it cool?"

Jim started to explain, but decided to wait until his interested friends had recovered from the shock they received on entering his home. After making the rounds of every room even the skeptical twins were most favorably impressed.

Then Jim began to convert them to the use of color in the home. This was the substance of his message:

Coolness and Warmth

Cool colors and warm colors are so called, because they go with cool and warm ideas. The coolness of blue waters

and blue shadows makes blue a cool color. The warmth of red and yellow flames and of golden sunlight makes red and yellow warm colors. These three—blue, yellow and red, are the base, or primary colors, because they cannot be made by mixing other colors. But by mixing these three, all the other colors can be made.

The secondary colors are made by mixing equal parts of two primary colors and are orange, green and purple. Of these secondary colors, green, a combination of blue and yellow, is neutral, neither cool nor warm. It may be made cool by using more blue, as a blue-green, or warmer by using more yellow, as a yellow-green. Purple is a combination of warm red and cool blue; as a ruddy purple, like orchid, it is warm; as a blue purple, like heliotrope, it is cool.

Pastel shades are mixtures of color with white. White tones down pure colors, to give delicate pinks, light greens, faint lavenders and the rest.

Colors Have Personality

With warmth and coolness disposed of, what other ideas may color express?

Color ought to express personality. If you want your house to express yourself, choose the colors you like, or those which tell what you want your house to be like. Warm colors, such a red, rose, orange or yellow, attract at once, more than do the cool colors, such as the blues, greens, and violets. Just the same way a person with a warm, genial manner may be more winning at first sight than a cool, reserved one. But these intense persons are sometimes hard to live with; and a red or orange tinted living room sometimes gets on the nerves of those who have to live in it.

So in choosing a color scheme keep in mind how the sun comes in, the size of the room and its use.

For large masses or spaces do not have the color too pronounced; soften, or gray it, to harmonize with other colors in the room. A background must be just what the name implies; it must stay back and form a groundwork. Bright colors will not do this.

For small masses, lay on the bright tints. Spots of brightness give points of interest. Gay pictures, a vase of flowers, even bindings on books, a lamp shade or a small piece of furniture may give the right note.

For north rooms which get little sunlight, make up for lack of warmth by using warm colors, or those tinged with red, yellow, or orange. For walls or large masses here, select tans, sand color, light browns, or even flesh tints, to produce a genial effect. For a southeast bedroom which gets lots of sun, choose tints of blue or green; but don't make them too intense or too dark, because blues absorb a lot of light.

Color Can Make Rooms Large or Small

Light tints make a room look larger, lighter and cleaner. If the living room is dark because of the porch roof outside, use a light tint; if the bedroom is small with only one window, use a light warm tint, especially if the room is on the north side of the house. Light colors are best for bedrooms, bathrooms and kitchens. A sewing room, where the eyes are used on fine work, should have light walls to reflect light.

Dark shades tone down glaring light, but make a room look smaller, darker and less cheerful.

Harmony and unity in color are easily carried too far; but do not go too far, either, in trying for contrasts. Each of the primary colors, red, yellow and blue, is a contrast to the other, and it is not good to oppose one with the other. Red and blue are too extreme; red and yellow are warm to the point of hotness; the contrasts of blue and yellow are all right, however, if the tints are well chosen.

Contrasting colors, too, are a primary color and its opposite secondary tint, made of the two other primary colors. Red and green—the green being yellow and blue—is a sharp contrast; by an association of ideas it seems "Christmas-y" and may well be left to that season alone, though the Chinese are fond of it. Purple contrasts with yellow, and blue contrasts with orange.

Light tints go better together than dark shades.

You can not go wrong in solving a color problem, if you take the advice given by manufacturers of paints, dyes, draperies, fabrics and bathroom equipment. They employ high-priced and expert advisers. The booklets published by such firms are reliable.

Rooms High or Low

In draperies, upholstery and rugs, there is room for a wide choice. Draperies at doors and windows should be of about the same value as the wall. Value means relative lightness or darkness, regardless of color. They may be of a similar hue to the walls or they may contrast in color; but they should not be markedly lighter or darker than the walls.

Striped or figured patterns go well with plain walls, and plain drapes go with striped or figured walls. When both walls and drapes are figured or both are plain, the result is monotonous.

In small rooms, small close patterns are better than large scattered figures, because the larger and more pronounced the figure, the smaller the room will appear. Vertical lines make a room look higher, and horizontal lines, parallel to the floor and ceiling, make the room look lower.

Upholstery is chosen on the same basis as draperies—patterns in plain rooms, and plain fabrics with patterned wallpaper. Wear and soil marks must also be considered.

Neutral colors are best for rugs, and rugs should be darker than the general tone of the room to give a foundation effect for the whole scheme. They may be plain or figured all over, or may have a figured center or border. Plain rugs show footprints. Figured rugs are best with an all-over pattern rather than scattered designs.

Color in Bedrooms

Having absorbed all this information from Jim, who might well be nicknamed, a color encyclopedia, Mrs. Duncan and the twins were more than interested. They were violently enthusiastic. Martin,

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in spite of himself, began to seriously consider putting color in his bedroom. And when Jim told him what it would be like, he definitely decided to do so.

Jim made the plans:

"I would say that you should make the walls a light grayish blue, with a stippled pattern. If you paint them, put on a fairly dark tone first as groundwork. Then paint on a lighter color after that is dry. While the second tint is still wet, pat it with a crumpled piece of paper to get the stippled effect.

"The window drapes might have a deep cream or light tan background with a pronounced design in which many colors will appear, but with blue as the most pronounced. The same colors might be used for your bed-linen and covers. If the dominant color of the curtains is blue, your sheets and pillow-cases could also be blue, or at least white with a blue border. The bed covers can also be blue or blue with a contrasting color for a border or with a design.

"BUT," interrupted Duncan, "I just bought a lot of curtains and bedding for the boys' room, and can't afford to buy new ones. I'm afraid we won't be able to go into color until we can afford new things."

Jim early met this objection.

"See those green curtains?" he asked, pointing to the vivid bedroom drapes of his mother's room. "They're last year's tan ones, and this year I had mother dye them green. The same with the sheets and pillow-cases. Last year they were all white, and when they started to show colored linens, I wouldn't rest until mother had dyed them orchid, to contrast with her green curtains.

"So you see it cost only the price of two packages of dye, and mother has a completely changed room. She's also dyed the bed covers and bureau scarfs to match."

JIM, after this diversion, turned back to the topic of the twins' rooms. "The furniture may be an ivory tint, either plain or with a stenciled design in colors, mainly blue; or knobs and edges may be Delft blue. The rugs ought to be small scattered ones—at bedside, and before the bureau and dressing table, varied in size and shape—one oval and two oblong, or the other way around, each rug mainly blue or containing blue and tan.

Spots of accented color, not many of them nor of large size, would be rose or light green, or preferably of both rose and light green.

"Whatever you do," and these were the final words of the artist, "don't get scared if you think it looks too colorful. Go right ahead. It may be quite a wrench to make a jump into the romance and gaiety of color. But remember that we are just beginning to see more color and to take delight in it. The present tendency is no passing fad; it is going to last and become more intense. We may swing back to something more plain and tame, but it will be a long time in coming. Just now the color motto is, 'Let's be gay!' I am all for it!"

Who Casts the First Stone?

(*Continued from page* 47)

I quit work early, worried, and rounded up the cows from the pasture along the creek. After supper, I was carrying the foaming buckets in from the barn, when a cluster of moving lights in the village down the hill attracted me.

I called to Melissa and Ma to come and see. Ma came in a hurry; Melissa hesitated, as if she dreaded something, and a minute later, when she thrust her hand into mine, it felt cold as a fish.

"It must be Molly!" she whispered.

"YOU'RE dreaming!" I blustered to hide my feelings, for down inside me, I knew it was so.

I saw Ma smooth one hand back over her gray hair toward the knot at the back of her head—a thing she always did in times of great uneasiness or worry. She had done it the day my father died; she looked the same way now.

"Go harness Daisy to the buggy!" She motioned toward the bay mare stamping in the barn lot. "Melissa, grab your coat. We'll do down and see."

The lights increased as we bobbed in and out through the hickory and scrub-oak—lanterns, torches of smoking pitch. Going by old Mrs. Creary's house down the road we saw her door standing open.

"She's the ringleader of the lot!" Ma said bitterly as we bounced past; "and she was run out of St. Louis a few years ago, herself!"

"Hurry, Jim, hurry, hurry!" Melissa was clutching my arm; and we broke into a run through a deserted side-street. People chased through streets at right angles, little boys, half-dressed men and yelping dogs. People were drunk with the mob spirit, and the stream was rushing wildly past the store and straight to the little white house over the tracks.

As we came past the store, too, I could see a round glow of light before the little box porch. In the smoky glow, groups moved in and out, yelling Molly's name and commanding her to come out. Men stood in the background, looking a little ashamed, as they watched their wives. Then into the arc of light I saw a half dozen husky women move, carrying like a battering-ram, a discarded railroad tie which they ran against the door with all their might. A splintering crack followed. Melissa shrank behind my back, with a little cry.

ANOTHER crash, with a rain of the vilest language I ever heard from the mouths of women, and the door was down. Melissa trembled, afraid to look.

I saw pushed into the light a slim, pale woman, approaching middle age, with one side of her wavy dark hair loose,

where one of the women had jerked it. Her black dress had been torn from one shoulder; a soft, white shoulder which she tried continually to cover.

The excitement gripped me, and heedless of my mother's warning, I leaped from the buggy and edged through the crowd to get into the thick of the fray.

Behind her, the woman led a little blonde girl in a pink nightgown. The little girl, roused from sleep, was rubbing her eyes, and whispering with fear.

"I'll teach you and your kid—" Mrs. Creary moved through the crowd, dressed in her husband's old coat and looking like a witch. She stooped, picking up a huge dirt clod.

"Here—take that—and that!" She threw the hard clod with all her might. It struck the woman's white shoulder and she gave a sharp little cry of pain.

THE crowd burst forth in a roar, with cat-calls and yells. Sticks and dirt began to fly, a piece of fence paling here, a shingle there. A piece of scrap iron crashed a window.

I lost my reason with the mob. I wanted to throw something, too, and to yell like the rest. The women's shrill voices rose high, as Molly Bowen huddled in one corner, arm before her face. With the rest I grappled for something to throw.

My foot struck a sharp stone. Blindly I snatched it up, forgetting Melissa's crying, and hurled it at the woman.

What happened, I shall never forget. The woman pulled sharply aside, the rock hit a glancing blow on a post, and struck the curly head of the baby!

In the glow of a lantern, I saw a trickle of blood leave her temple and spread in sticky little rivers over her cheek as she went down.

I felt dizzy and sick. Then in the minute of silence, I heard a cry different from the rest, as a woman pushed her way toward the porch. I heard the same kind of a cry after I had shot a cub panther back in the hills and the mother came after her young.

It was Melissa; somehow I knew it would be Melissa. With her face whiter than Molly's she snatched up the baby and held it against her, while a quick step placed her between Molly and the mob.

"Go on—hit me!" Melissa dared them. "You sniveling cowards! You gossiping hyprocrites!"

She turned fiercely on the women, singling out their leader, the witch-like Mrs. Creary. "Who among you is so innocent that she must cast the first stone? Which of you will stand here and tell this crowd you have never committed adultery—even in your hearts?"

Then I saw Ma follow her out to the porch, her face also white with anger.

"Mrs. Creary," she looked furiously at the leader who was trying to sneak behind the crowd, "will you deny before these people that, even now, you are not legally married to your husband?"

And Mrs. Creary slunk away, slowly followed by the other wolves of her gang. The men left the place, shamed, and the mothers of little boys were heard calling them home.

Then suddenly I found myself standing alone, sick at heart, with the sight of the baby's bloody cheek before my eyes. Melissa sat inside with the child in her arms while Ma bathed the jagged scalp wound. Molly was smoothing Melissa's hair.

I LOOKED at the baby, who had opened its eyes, then back to the face of Melissa, framed in yellow hair. They were the same. Melissa was the baby's mother.

I wanted to do down on my knees and beg the forgiveness of those three wonderful women. Ma, who knew, and loved Melissa just the same; the Bowen woman—past-mistress of the most notorious dance hall in the Yukon, as I found out later—who dared to risk all this for a friend. And lastly, my wife Melissa, who dared to face a mob to save her baby.

But I did not go down on my knees. Instead, I have tried to atone all these years for throwing the stone that struck an innocent baby, letting loose on her cheek a trickle of blood.

How and Why

(*Continued from page* 74)

tender, and then add spaghetti. Allow everything to cook together for fifteen minutes longer so the flavors may blend.

We Eat More Dairy Products

L. I. R. writes: "A friend of mine and I have argued over whether people in the United States use more or less milk than they did ten years ago. Have you any figures which will settle the argument?"

The only figures I have are on the use of all dairy products, rather than on the use of milk alone, but I am sending them in the hope that they may be of some help:

In 1916, on an average, each person ate 768 pounds of dairy products, milk cheese, butter, cream.

In 1928, the average was 956 pounds for each person.

Salt Water for Constipation

Mrs. H. P. T. writes: "I have heard that salt water is very good for constipation, and I'd like to try it. But is it good for the kidneys?"

A number of noted authorities agree that salt water in the proportion of two level teaspoonfuls of salt to a quart of water, at any temperature, is palliative in cases of constipation and not harmful to the kidneys. The full quart should be drunk each morning and gradually decreased to one glass, or as little as will produce the desired result. The proportion of salt to water is most important.

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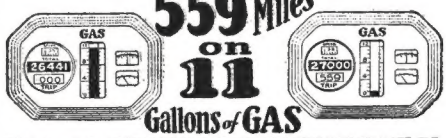

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Mark A. Estes writes: "I was making 17 miles to the gallon on my Pontiac Coupe. Today, with the Whirlwind. I am making 35 5-10 miles to the gallon."
P. P. Goerzen writes: "34 6-10 miles with the Whirlwind, or a gain of 21 miles to the gallon."
R. J. Tulp: "The Whirlwind increased the mileage on our Ford truck from 12 to 26 miles to gallon and 25% in speed."
Car owners all over the world are saving money every day with the Whirlwind, besides having better operating motors. Think what this means on your own car. Figure up your savings—enough for a radio—a bank account—added pleasures. Why let the Oil Companies profit by your waste? Find out about this amazing little device that will pay for itself every few weeks.

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How unfortunate that a minor defect can alter the course of human life.

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For halitosis is a definite daily threat to all. And for very obvious reasons, physicians explain. So slight a matter as a decaying tooth may cause it. Or an abnormal condition of the gums. Or fermenting food particles skipped by the tooth brush. Or minor nose and throat infection. Or excesses of eating, drinking and smoking.

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Listerine quickly checks halitosis because Listerine is an effective antiseptic and germicide★which immediately strikes at the cause of odors. Furthermore, it is a powerful deodorant, capable of overcoming even the scent of onion and fish.

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